

PHOTOPLAY

MAGA

ZINE

*April
15c*

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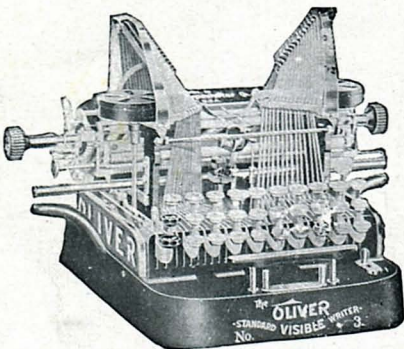


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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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VOL. VII

No. 5

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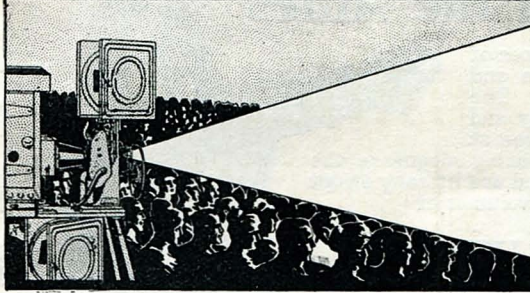
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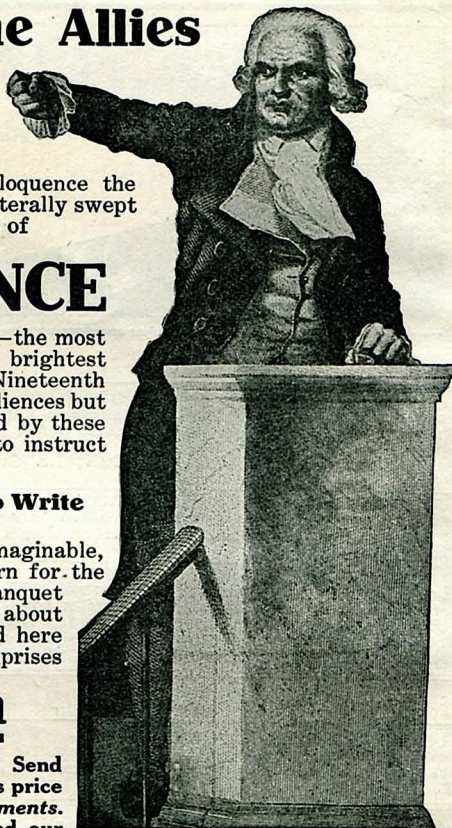
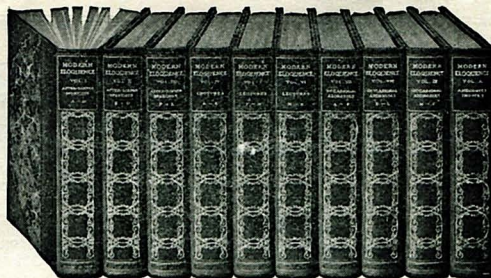
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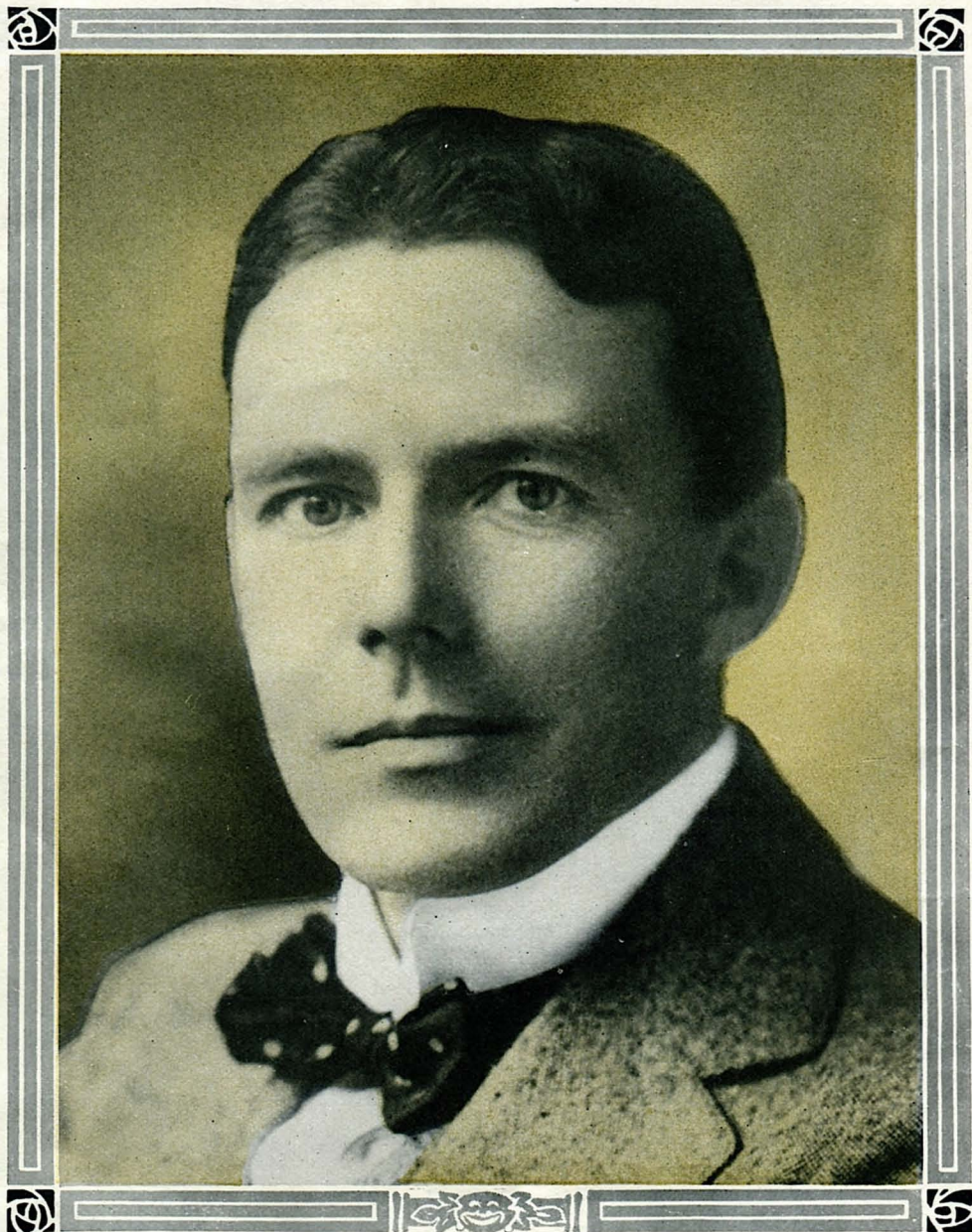
JACK RICHARDSON

whose principal characteristic is his general good nature, plays heavy leads with the "Flying A" company. In the year 1909 Mr. Richardson did his initial work with the American Company in the production of "\$5000 Reward Dead or Alive." Since that time he has been killed so many times that he finds it hard to believe that he is really alive.



EDITH JOHNSON

is a comparatively new member of the Selig forces, who has advanced herself until she plays the leads with one of the Selig companies at Los Angeles. During the past few months she has made a reputation for herself as the "lead" in such pictures as "The Lure O' The Windico," "If I Were Young Again," and "Wade Brent Pays."



HOUSE PETERS

recently returned from his honeymoon which was spent in Los Angeles. Mr. Peters made his debut as a Lasky artist in the recent Lasky-Belasco offering "The Girl of the Golden West" playing the role of Rammerly. He was cast to play the lead opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Warrens of Virginia."



RUTH ROLAND

who recently joined the Balboa players is especially fond of exhibiting her ability to ride, swim, fence, drive an auto and do almost any "stunt" that puts the thrill in the movies. Four years in moving picture work have won her a reputation for daring courage, and she is the first moving picture actress to drive an aeroplane.



SIDNEY DREW

made his screen debut with Vitagraph about three years ago in "The Still Voice." Previous to his entrance to the movie world, Mr. Drew had an enviable stage record and was one of the pioneers in legitimate vaudeville acting. He was leading man for Chas. Frohman, supporting Rose Eytinge, and later produced "Billy" at Daly's theatre and starred in it for two seasons.



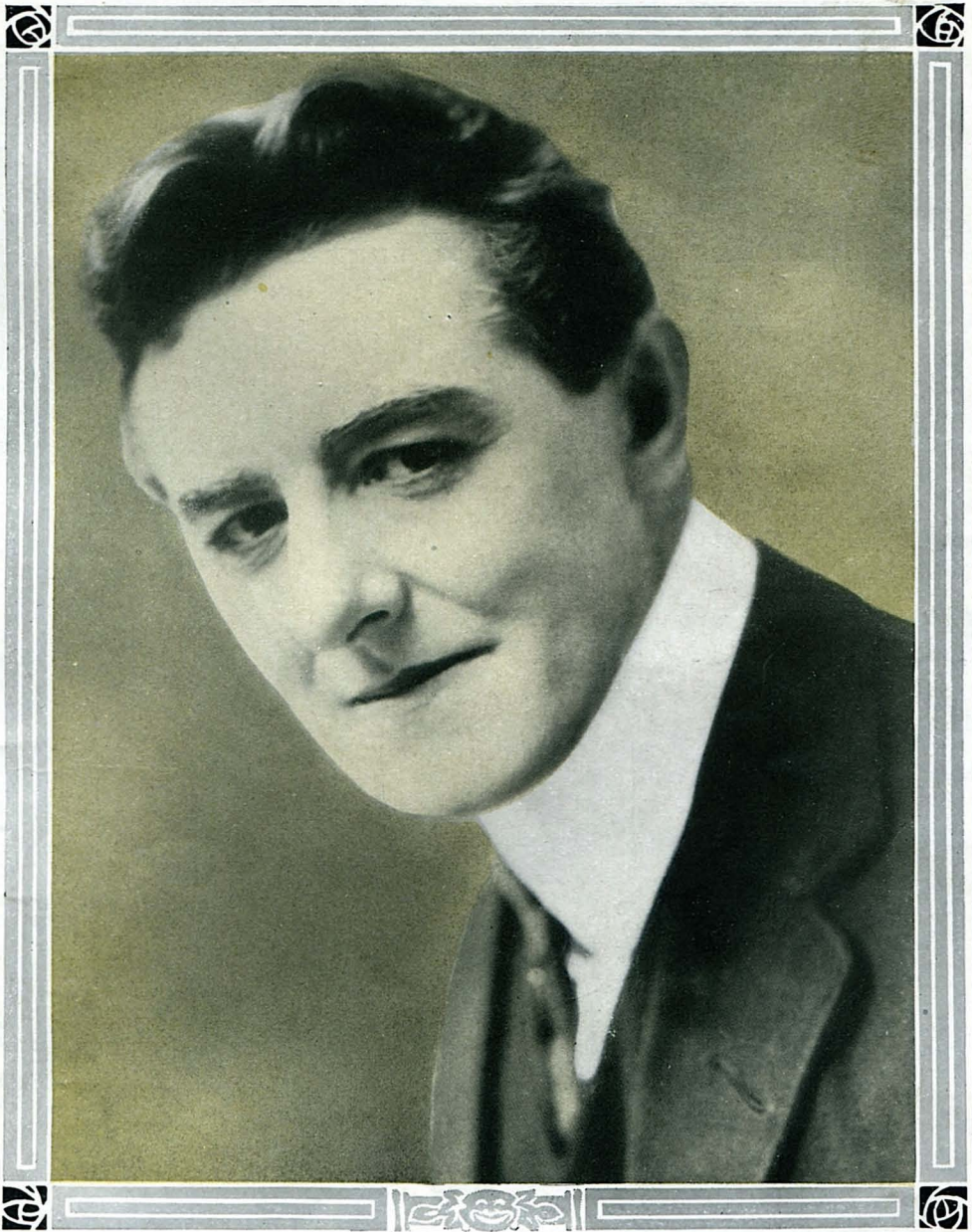
MARGUERITE SNOW

who is playing the title role of "Zudora" in the Thanhouser serial. She has earned a reputation for herself in parts requiring real dramatic ability. Miss Snow got into the movies while visiting a studio one day as a spectator, but she was a lucky accident.



VIRGINIA KIRTLEY

was attracted to the movies after five years on the stage. The reason for her entrance into the realm of the clicking camera was the fact that she could have a home of her own and spend her evenings as she wished. She has played in Selig and Mutual releases but now Beauty brand pictures claim her as theirs.



MARC MACDERMOTT

declares that he likes the stage better than he does acting for the movies. He believes that motion pictures are very wonderful things but declares that they do not offer the best opportunity for expression. To those who have seen him in Edison releases, it would seem hard indeed to imagine this fellow doing better work than he is doing now.



BEN WILSON

began his stage experience as a boy when he ran away from home to join a brass band road show. For fourteen years he played on the legitimate stage and then entered the movie field. He recently joined the Universal forces where he is writing his own scenarios and then playing the leading role as well as directing the production.



IRENE HUNTE

the attractive Reliance-Mutual star, took a brief rest from her role as lady reporter on a big metropolitan daily, and was featured in one of Arthur Mackley's western thrillers, "The Navajo Maiden." She appeared as an Indian maiden, in that picture. Now she's a star.



HERBERT RAWLINSON

has every reason to be happy for he is good looking, earnest, optimistic and young. Add to this, manliness, and the ability to wear his clothes as though they belonged to him and it will readily be seen that he has a brilliant future before him, for he also possesses personality that "gets over."



BEVERLY BAYNE

of the Essanay company firmly believes that stage experience is not essential to success in the movies. She says that all that is necessary is putting the emotional feeling into a picture. She ought to know for she had no previous experience and hers has been an enviable triumph as her large following of movie fans proves.



CRANE WILBUR

made his first screen appearance as an "extra" in a Vitagraph picture. He says it seemed such easy money that then and there he decided to be a moving picture actor. Finally the Pathe company decided that he was just the sort they needed and made him an offer. He accepted and has been with them ever since.

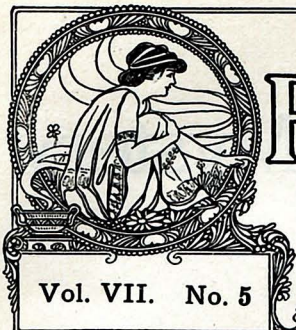


CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

is a descendent of the famous "Kemble" family, whose acting was well known in France and England. She made her first appearance on the stage at the age of three when she was carried on the stage and almost immediately carried off again. One of her recent successes was in the "Lola" as presented by the World Film Corporation.



James Cruze and Florence La Badie in the Concluding Episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery."



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Unravelling the Million-Mystery

*End of the Thanhouser Serial of Love, Crime
and Startling Adventure—The Great Riddle
Solved—The Capital Prize Awarded.*

WITH the announcement that Ida Damon, a young St. Louis stenographer, has won the \$10,000 prize offered for a satisfactory solution and final episode in "The Million-Dollar Mystery," the official progress of that huge and protracted picture-serial concludes.

"The Million-Dollar Mystery" was pictorial melodrama of the most vivid type, born on the pen of an author of national popularity, and accelerated in interest by publicity of country-wide character.

There were, in all, twenty-two episodes, the first appearing—in the first theatres to use the serial—June 22, 1914. The concluding presentations were made shortly before Dec. 1.

The author was Harold MacGrath, and there was missing in this series the final episode and ultimate explanation of the crime, mystery and consequent adventure.

The supplying of this, in a way satisfactory to the judges, who were Mr. MacGrath, Lloyd Lonergan, and "Mae Tinee," was the basis of the contest. Answers were limited to 100 words, and the "solution room" in the Thanhouser plant was packed, literally, with hundreds of thousands of answers.

In all, this picture-melodrama covered more than nine miles of film. Over 200 newspapers used the story as a serial.

Although the twenty-two episodes were run before Dec. 1, the contest continued until midnight, Jan. 14, 1915.

THE SOLUTION OF The Million Dollar Mystery

Copyright, 1915, by Harold MacGrath.

By Harold MacGrath

(Synopsis and previous chapters on page 33.)

IT will be remembered that the Countess Olga had darted up the stairs during the struggle between Braine and his captors. The police who had followed her were recalled to pursue one of the lesser rogues. This left Olga free for a moment. She stole out and down as far as the landing.

Servan, the Russian agent, stood waiting for the taxicab to roll up to the porte cochere for himself, Braine, and Vroon. Norton had taken Florence by the hand, ostensibly to conduct her to the million. Suddenly Braine made a dash for liberty. Norton rushed after him. Just as he reached Braine a shot was heard. Braine whirled upon his heels and crashed to the floor.

Olga, intent upon giving injury to Norton, whom she regarded equally with Hargreave as having brought about the downfall, had hit her lover instead. With a cry of despair she dashed back into Florence's room, quite ready to end it all. She raised the revolver to her temple, shuddered, and lowered the weapon: so tenaciously do we cling to life.

Below they were all stunned by the suddenness of the shot. Instantly they sought the fallen man's side, and a hasty examination gave them the opinion that the man was dead. Happily a doctor was on the way, Servan having given a call, as one of the Black Hundred had been badly wounded.

But what to do with that mad woman upstairs? Hargreave advised them to

wait. The house was surrounded; she could not possibly escape save by one method, and perhaps that would be the best for her. Hargreave looked gravely at Norton as he offered this suggestion. The reporter understood: the millionaire was willing to give the woman a chance.

"And you are my father?" said Florence, still bewildered by the amazing events. "But I don't understand!" her gaze roving from the real Jones to her father.

"I don't doubt it, child," replied Hargreave. "I'll explain.

When I hired Jones here, who is really Jedson of Scotland Yard, I did so because we looked alike when shaven. It was Jedson here who escaped by the balloon; it was Jedson who returned the five thousand to Norton; it was

Behold! there, in neat packages of a hundred thousand each, lay the mystic million!

Jedson who was wounded in the arm; it was he who watched

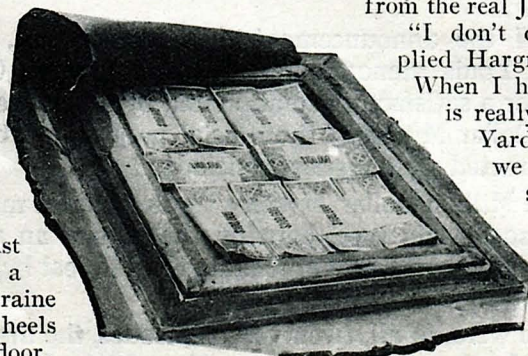
the doings of the Black Hundred and kept me reasonably well informed. I myself guarded you, my child. Last night, unbeknown to you, I left, and the real Jones—for it is easier to call him that—took my place."

"And I never saw the difference!" exclaimed Florence.

"That is natural," smiled the father. "You were thinking of Norton here instead of me. Eh?"

Florence blushed.

"Well, why not? Here, Norton!" The millionaire took Florence's hand and placed it in the reporter's. "It seems that I've got to lose her after all. Kiss her, man; in heaven's name, kiss her!"



And Norton threw his arms around the girl and kissed her soundly, careless of the fact that he was observed by both enemies and friends.

Suddenly the policeman who had been standing by the side of Braine ran into the living room.

"He's alive! Braine is alive! He just stirred!"

"What!" exclaimed Norton and Hargreave in a single breath.

"Yes, sir! I saw his hands move. It's a good thing we sent for a doctor. He ought to be along here about now."

Even as he spoke the bell rang, and they all surged out into the hall, forgetting for the moment all about the million. Olga hadn't killed the man, then? The doctor knelt beside the stricken man and examined him. He shrugged.

"Will he live?"

"Certainly. A scalp wound that laid him out for a few moments. He'll be all right in a few days. He was lucky. A quarter of an inch lower and he'd have passed in his checks."

"Good!" murmured Servan. "So our friend will accompany me back to good Russia? O, we'll be kind to him during the journey. Have him taken to the hospital ward at the Tombs. Now for the little lady upstairs."

A moment later Braine opened his eyes and the policeman assisted him to his feet. Servan with a nod ordered the police to help the wounded man to the taxicab which had just arrived. Braine, now wholly conscious, flung back one look of hatred toward Hargreave; and that was the last either Florence or her father ever saw of Braine of the Black Hundred—a fine specimen of a man gone wrong through greed and an inordinate lust for revenge.

The policeman returned to Hargreave.

"It's pretty quiet upstairs," he suggested. "Don't you think, sir, that I'd better try that bedroom door again?"

"Well, if you must," assented Hargreave reluctantly. "But don't be rough with her if you can help it."

For Braine he had no sympathy. When he recalled all the misery that devil's emissary had caused him, the years of hiding and pursuit, the loss of the happiness that had rightfully been his, his heart became adamant. For eighteen years to have ridden and driven and sailed up and down the

world, always confident that sooner or later that demon would find him! He had lost the childhood of his daughter, and now he was to lose her in her womanhood. And because of this implacable hatred the child's mother had died in the Petrograd prison fortress. But what an enemy the man had been! He, Hargreave, had needed all his wits constantly; he had never dared go to sleep except with one eye open. But in employing ordinary crooks Braine had at length overreached himself, and now he must pay the penalty. The way of the transgressor is hard, and though this ancient saying looks dingy with the wear and tear of centuries, it still holds good.

But he felt sorry for the woman up above. She had loved not wisely but too well. Far better for her if she put an end to life. She would not live a year in the God forsaken snows of Siberia.

"My kind father!" said Florence, as if she could read his thoughts.

"I had a hard time of it, my child. It was difficult to play the butler with you about. The times that I fought down the desire to sweep you up in my arms! But I kept an iron grip on that impulse. It would have imperiled you. In some manner it would have leaked out, and your life and mine wouldn't have been worth a button."

Florence threw her arms around him and held him tightly.

"That poor weak woman upstairs!" she murmured. "Can't they let her go?"

"No, dear. She has lost, and losers pay the stakes. That's life. Norton, you knew who I was all the time, didn't you?"

"I did, Mr. Hargreave. There was a scar on the lobe of your ear; and secretly I had often wondered at the likeness between you and the real Jones. When I caught a glimpse of that ear then I knew what the game was. And I'll add you played it amazingly well. The one flaw in Braine's campaign was his hurry. He started the ball rolling before getting all the phases clearly established in his mind. He was a brave man anyhow; and more than once he had me where I believed that prayers only were necessary."

"And do you think that you can lead Florence to the million?" asked Hargreave.

"For one thing, it is in her room and has always been there. It never was in the chest."



Olga, intent upon giving injury to Norton, whom she regarded equally with Hargreave as having brought about the downfall, had hit her lover instead.

"Not bad, not bad," mused the father.

"But perhaps after all it will be best if you show it to her yourself."

"Just a little uncertain?"

"Absolutely certain. I will whisper in your ear where it is hidden." Norton leaned forward as Hargreave bent attentively.

"You've hit it," said the millionaire.

"But how in the world did you guess it?"

"Because it was the last place any one would look for it. I judged at the start that you'd hide it in just such a spot, in some place where you could always guard it and lay your hands on it quickly if needs said must."

"I'm mighty glad you were on my side," said Hargreave. "In a few minutes we'll go up and take a look at those packets of bills. There's a very unhappy young woman there at present."

"It is in my room?" cried Florence.

Hargreave nodded.

Meantime the Countess Olga hovered between two courses: a brave attempt to

escape by the window or to turn the revolver against her heart. In either case there was nothing left in life for her. The man she loved was dead below, killed by her hand. She felt as though she was treading air in some fantastical nightmare. She could not go forward or backward, and her heels were always within reach of her pursuers.

So this was the end of things? The dreams she had had of going away with Braine to other climes, the happiness she had pictured, all mere chimeras! A sudden rage swept over her. She would escape, she would continue to play the game to the end. She would show them that she had been the man's mate, not his pliant tool? She raised the window and in slipped the policeman who had patiently been waiting for her. Instantly she placed the revolver at her temple. A quick clutch and the policeman had her by the wrist. She made one tigerish effort to free herself, shrugged, and signified that she surrendered.

"I don't want to hurt you, miss," said the policeman, "but if you make any attempt to escape I'll have to put the handcuffs on you."

"I'll go quietly. What are you going to do with me?"

"Turn you over to the Russian agent. He has extradition papers, and I guess it's Siberia."

"For me?" She laughed scornfully. "Do I look like a woman who would go to Siberia?"

"Be careful, miss. As I said, I don't want to use the cuffs unless I have to."

She laughed again. It did not have a pleasant sound in the officer's ears. He had heard women, suicidal bent, laugh like that.

"I'll ask you for that ring on your finger."

"Do you think there is poison in it?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," he admitted.

She slipped the ring from her finger and gave it to him.

"There is poison in it, so be careful how you handle it," she said.

The policeman accepted it gingerly and dropped it into his capacious pocket. It tinkled as it fell against the handcuffs.

"Before you take me away I want you to let me see . . . my man."

"I can do that."

At that moment the other policeman broke in the door.

"All right, Dolan; she's given up the game."

"She didn't kill the man after all," said Officer Dolan.

"He's alive?" she screamed.

"Yes; and they've taken him off to the Tombs. Just a scalp wound. He'll be all right in a day or two."

"Alive!" murmured Olga. She had not killed the man she loved then? And if they were indeed taken to Siberia she would be with him until the end of things.

With her handsome head proudly erect she walked toward the door. She paused for a moment to look at the portrait of Hargreave. Somehow it seemed to smile at her ironically. Then on down the stairs,



After the storm the sunshine; and who shall deny them happiness?

between the two officers, she went. Her glance traveled coolly from face to face and stopped at Florence's. There she saw pity.

"You are sorry for me?" she asked skeptically.

"O, yes! I forgive you," said the generous Florence.

"Thanks! Officers, I am ready."

So the Countess Olga passed through the hall door forever. How many times had she entered it with guile and treachery in her heart? It was the game. She had played it and lost, and she must pay her debts to Fate the Fiddler. Siberia! The tin or lead mines, the ankle chains, the knout, and many things that were far worse to a beautiful woman! Well, so long as Braine was at her side she would suffer all these things without a murmur. And always there would be a chance, a chance!

When they heard the taxicab rumble down the driveway to the street Hargreave turned to Florence.

"Come along, now, and we'll have the bad taste taken off our tongues. To win out is the true principle of life. It takes off some of the tinsel and glamour, but the end is worth while."

They all trooped up the stairs to Florence's room. So wonderful is the power and attraction of money that they forgot the humiliation of their late enemies.

Hargreave approached the portrait of himself, took it from the wall, pressed a button on the back, which fell outward. Behold! there, in neat packages of a hundred thousand each, lay the mystic million! The spectators were awed into silence for a moment. Perhaps the thought of each was identical—the long struggle, the terrible hazards, the deaths that had taken place because of this enormous sum of money.

A million, sometimes called cool; why nobody knows! There it lay, without feeling, without emotion; yellow notes payable to bearer on demand. Presently Florence gasped, Norton sighed, and Hargreave smiled. The face of Jones (or Jedson) alone remained impassive.

A million dollars is a marvelous sight. Few people have ever seen it, not even mil-

lionaires themselves. I daresay you never saw it, and I'm tolerably certain I never have, or will! A million, ready for eager, careless fingers to spend or thrifty fingers to multiply! What Correggio, what Rubens, what Titian could stand beside it? None that I wot of.

"Florence, that is all yours, to do with as you please, to spend when and how you will. Share it with your husband to be. He is a brave and gallant young man and is fortunate in finding a young woman equally brave and gallant. For the rest of my days I expect peace. Perhaps sometimes Jones here and I will talk over the strange things that have happened; but we'll do that only when we haven't you young folks to talk to. After your wedding journey you will return here. While I live this shall be your home. I demand that much. Free! No more looking over my shoulder when I walk the streets; no more testing windows and doors. I am myself again. I take up the thread I laid down eighteen years ago. Have no fear. Neither Braine nor Olga will ever return. Russia has a grip of steel."

Three weeks later Servan, the Russian agent, left for Russia with his three charges—Olga, Braine, and Vroon. It was a long journey they went upon, something like ten weeks, always watched, always under the strictest guard, compelled to eat with wooden forks and knives and spoons. Waking or sleeping they knew no rest from espionage. From Paris to Berlin, from Berlin to Petrograd, then known as St. Petersburg; and then began the cruel journey over the mighty steppes of that barbaric wilderness to the Siberian mines. The way of the transgressor is hard.

On the same day that Olga, Braine, and Vroon made their first descent into the deadly mines Florence and Norton were married. After the storm the sunshine; and who shall deny them happiness?

Immediately after the ceremony the two sailed for Europe on their honeymoon; and it is needless to say that some of the million went with them, but there was no mystery about it!

[THE END.]

Synopsis of "The Million Dollar Mystery"

STANLEY HARGREAVE, lured by youth's proverbial love of adventure, joins a Russian secret society known as "The Black Hundred." When he discovers that it is a criminal organization he finds no alternative between treachery to his vow and a life of crime. He chooses treachery to the vow only—not to any member of the band—and returns to America, where he amasses a fortune. He found it easier to shake his pledges than his comrades. He made money. They pursued him constantly. His infant daughter, Florence, was placed in good hands; her father provided for her, and she was brought up to know herself as Florence Gray.

At the opening of the story Florence is seventeen years of age. Hargreave, though a strong man, has wearied of the fight, and longs to join the daughter he loves. He has made, in legitimate American business, a fortune of one million dollars. He "cashes in" all his resources for the million, in actual money, which he deposits in a safe in his house, meanwhile sending for his daughter, whom he wishes to return home.

From this moment the story is a welter of mysterious adventure, fierce action and startling incident; sweetened by a splendid romance, and ennobled by the devotion of a servant faithful through all to Florence, though quite unknown to her. The "Black Hundred" surround Hargreave's house, under the leadership

of an arch-criminal named Braine, and Hargreave escapes in a balloon, which, later, is picked up a wreck at sea. Jones, a butler, appears with a letter from Florence's father in which he begs that the girl will trust Jones implicitly—and Jones' fidelity truly rewards her faith.

A newspaper reporter sent just for "a good story"—one, Jimmy Norton—falls in love with Florence.

Florence is trapped through the machinations of the wicked Countess Olga—a member of the conspirators' band—is lured to a flat, is made prisoner on a faked coaching party, is seized by auto bandits, is adjudged insane and taken to sea, leaps from the liner and is rescued by New Foundland fishermen, is again kidnapped, is tortured, is lured to a quicksand, and is thrown into an underground river—only to be rescued by Norton, as usual, whose destinies throw him, through a similar series of kidnappings, abductions, beatings and attempted murders, continually into her path.

Thus, seething with romance and revenge, with the stalwart faithfulness of the noble butler Jones, the dauntlessness of Florence, the robust love of Jimmy, the devilry of Braine and the alternate jealous hate and crafty cunning of Countess Olga, "The Million Dollar Mystery," with the missing million still un-found, circles the vortex of incident into its twenty-third and final episode.

PRIZE-WINNING SOLUTION OF

"The Million Dollar Mystery"

By Ida Damon

Following the instructions of the makers of this serial to all contestants, Miss Damon submitted her idea very briefly—exactly in the words below. But she elaborated it in a detailed scenario which accompanied her solution, and which was followed almost without change in the making of the picture.

A physician has been summoned and it is learned that Braine lives. Braine, Olga and Vroon are taken to the Siberian mines to end their lives. Hargreave, who has been acting as the butler for Florence's protection, reveals his identity and embraces his daughter. Then he joins the hands of Florence and Norton, after which he takes them to Florence's room where he turns the portrait of himself and presses a button, the back of the portrait then opens and he places her hand on the million dollars. Thereafter follows the marriage of Florence and Norton and all is happiness.

Finding the Ten-Thousand-Dollar Girl

Mr. Ramsaye, in a story written exclusively for *Photoplay Magazine*, gives, for the first time, an exact account of his adventures and some of the surprises he encountered on his novel and important assignment—Breaking the News of Fortune.

By Terrence Eugene Ramsaye

of The Chicago Tribune

IN the first place, they gave me the wrong name.

It was rather early in the morning when I started on my St. Louis quest, having just left a Chicago train.

I was looking for "Ida Brown."

I rode on cars, I believe I took a taxicab, and I am quite sure I walked miles. Far out on the South Side, with Minnesota avenue growing more Teutonic every moment, I hoped no one would mistake me for an active ally.

I found the number—3731.

An old woman, as wide as she was self-contained—and that's saying a great deal—was slowly sweeping the sidewalk.

"Does Miss Ida Brown live here?" I asked, cheerily, tipping my hat.

"No . . . go on." She did not even raise her eyes; of course she did not stop sweeping.

Further questioning seemed useless. I could not discover the reason for the woman's antagonism. I went to other numbers. No one knew an Ida Brown. I came back to the ancient sweeper.

"Madame," I said, "Ida Brown *does* live here. Now what's the—"

"Ida Brown does *not* live here." And then she added, mollified, and a bit mysterious. "There is a girl named Ida—"

"Where?"

"Upstairs."

I reflected that I had best get the last name of the girl upstairs. I came back to the rusty mystery.

"Ida—what?"

She scrutinized me icily for a full half-minute, pausing, and leaning on her broom. "Damon," she snapped, and went on sweeping. I just made that "Damon" through a heavy sea of German. I started to the front entrance.

"If you mean well," cried the old woman, shrilly, "go the back way!"

And for this instruction I could ascertain no reason, either, until I knew the family, and the way of the quiet families all along that street. The "front way" led to a "parlor" of terrible formality, sel-

dom opened save for weddings or funerals, or some equally solemn and dreadful function.

I went the back way, according to orders, and found Ida Damon's father, Albert; and her mother, Catherine Damon,



Ida Damon, Winner of \$10,000 Prize.

in their neat, well-ordered kitchen. Mrs. Damon, a quiet, kindly old lady, was going about her daily household duties. Albert Damon, 70, and an absolute replica of Franz Siegel, was wondering, moodily, whether he would work the rest of that day. He cares for tools in a big contracting company's plant.

I did not tell these quaint, simple people—who received me hospitably enough—that their daughter had actually won the grand prize of the biggest of mystery contests. I told them that she was a possible candidate, and that I should like to see her.

The mother objected; so did the father. They had her telephone number—yes—but she was stenographer in the office of a roofing company, and she had told them, very firmly, never to call her except on matters of gravest import.

A little thing like a ten thousand dollar possibility did not seem of grave import; they could see, only, that she was about to be annoyed during office hours. Finally, after serious consideration, Mr. and Mrs. Damon effected a compromise: they gave me her address, providing I would not insist that they call her on the telephone.

I went to her office. After a brief delay, I saw her.

I found a clear-eyed young woman of Germanic plumpness, with brown eyes and hair, and a clear complexion that was God's gift—no druggist's.

She was by no means excited about it. I told her what I had told them: that she was a possible candidate. She was very pleased to think that I had come all the way from Chicago to tell her, but I could see that she was, perhaps unconsciously, annoyed at being disturbed during working hours. I asked her if she would go to luncheon with me. She flushed, stammered; I believe she started to refuse my invitation—and then she accepted it.

"Where shall we go?" she asked, with delightfully ingenuous confusion.

"This is my town, not yours; suggest." I intended to be gallant, but I think I know St. Louis much better than she does.

She promptly named the sort of eating place sometimes designated as a good old fashioned beanery. Her naive economy for me, a total stranger, was rather sweet than humorous. But I suggested, in re-

turn, a perfectly respectable middle-class restaurant, where I know the food is good, and the prices are reasonable. She was confused again.

"Oh, well!" she exclaimed, looking away; "If you want to be stylish—!"

When noon came, and we sat across from each other—realizing that she was a German, and that her father and mother appeared fully inured to Germanic beverages—I suggested something to drink.

"That's a good idea," she responded, warmly. "I *would* like a nice lemonade."

And then she told me about herself; still, I hadn't told her anything more than the possibility.

She told me that she first saw "The Million Dollar Mystery" billed in front of a theatre in Chicago, while on a visit last summer. She did not go in, and thought no more of it. Weeks afterward, in St. Louis, she was at her task of checking advertisements in the newspapers, when she came upon the prize offer for a plot with which to build the final episode of the serial drama.

She followed the picture many weeks. It was her one amusement.

Then she wrote out her solution, very briefly, and sent it to the Chicago Tribune—accompanying it, however, with a detailed and very well-written scenario, and a letter, in which she said: "I do not expect to win any prize, of course, but I am so interested in this picture that I would greatly appreciate a letter telling me what you think of my idea."

Ida Damon is the quiet, determined sort of young woman who does things. She is not quite 24 years old.

She told me the story of her life as if she were telling me nothing at all—and yet it is a story replete with energy, Americanisms, determination and indomitable perseverance.

She left school at 13, and became cashier in a clothing store.

She realized that her pay here, \$5 a week, held out no possibilities. Her next place gave her an opportunity to go to night school, and before long she was a competent stenographer. She learned book-keeping during the lunch hour, and after hours.

It has always been this girl's idea to work, incessantly. It was because she was not content with gum-chewing and chatter

that she learned stenography while a cashier, book-keeping while a stenographer, and of late, in her present stenographic position, has been intently studying the advertising business.

A resolute girl like Ida Damon really didn't need the \$10,000, for she seems marked for the "get-there" rank of the world's workers. She got it, in reality, because of her ambition and incessant activity: it was just another thing to do—the working out of this puzzle. It was a delight in itself, like mastering the stenography, and mastering book-keeping.

Now that she has it, will Ida Damon listen to the blandishments of a host of fortune-hunters augmenting her already (or at least, so I suspect) not small rank of admirers; or stop work to enjoy it; or lose it in sudden splendor, or silly investments?

You will find her tomorrow in the roofing company's office, working just as hard at her stenography, and studying the business, and she will do with the money just what she told me she intended to do.

"If I should win, and didn't die of heart disease"—remember I hadn't told her all—"I should put some of it away, carefully, in the bank; and with some I should buy a home for father and mother. I should go on working, certainly! Perhaps I should buy an interest in some business that I know fairly well."

Ida Damon is very feminine and winsome, notwithstanding her assiduous business devotion. Her pastimes are highly diversified: embroidery, moving pictures, and baseball.

Her mother confessed sadly that "Ida doesn't like to wash dishes"—but what girl does?



Where Solutions Were Read and Judged

Solution room, where over one hundred thousand solutions of the "Million Dollar Mystery" were read. Three of the principals in the great serial are shown. Left to right—Sidney Bracey, Marguerita Snow, and Florence La Badie.

Confessions Of a Volunteer

JUST WHAT HAPPENED TO AN INEXPERIENCED WOMAN WHO
WENT PICTURING—UNHERALDED, ALONE AND UNPREPARED.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is seldom that any amateur possesses either the desire or the ability to relate a first experience in or not quite in the movies. In that respect, these "Confessions" are remarkable, in that they are the evident chronicle of a keenly observant but by no means professional mind. Mrs. Neal's story is presented as she wrote it, without change except in certain abbreviations. Mrs. Neal is a resident of Chicago, and has not, so far, established any regular picture connection.

By Florence Neal

I AM thirty. I have just realized it. I shall bare my soul to you; if you are thinking of going into the movies, read this.

For weeks, since the death of my husband, I have realized that I must do something to support myself and my little girl. The income from \$5,000 doesn't do very much at the present cost of living, so I put it all in the bank as a checking account, and I am now absolutely living on my capital, with the usual fool's idea that something will turn up, and that some one simply must recognize my ability to do something. I am still in my sixty-five-dollar-a-month apartment.

I am an easy victim to flattery, hence when a friend of mine said, casually: "Why don't you go into the movies? I think you'd make an awful hit!"—I fell.

I watered and nurtured the idea for days. Finally it blossomed, and I looked up the Essanay address in the telephone directory. I decided to go out at once.

I dressed in the smartest of black broad-cloth dresses, but as it was very cold I had to wear my fur coat, which emphasizes my shortness and fatness. But, of course, I expected to be asked to take it off. I did not wear a veil, and as I left the house I wondered, ecstatically: "Well, how soon will I make enough to move into that ninety-dollar apartment next door?"

I began to think how nice it would be to get money for just having Francis X. Bushman enfold me in his arms! I wondered how soon I should be taking Beverly Bayne's parts.

"Argyle!" yelled the conductor. I al-

most fell over my own feet in my haste to get to the street.

I don't remember a thing about my two blocks walk West. I was oblivious to drifts of snow and hummocks of ice.

Have you seen pictures of the Great Wall of China, or are you familiar with the high fence surrounding a ball park—or was a door ever closed in your face?

These are mild comparisons to the aloofness of that outer office of the Essanay. A small, boarded room; a few chairs, two benches, and a small hole in the wall to peer through which one must kneel on the bench beneath; and to be heard through which one must scream over telephone and typewriter within. By the time you have told the telephone operator your business your soul as well as your body is in a kneeling posture.

She gives you the stereotyped phrase: "Sit down, please. Mr. Babilie will be down soon."

You sit down, hating yourself and her. Then you look around, and you see, filled with a holy call to picturedom—perhaps I'd best tell you what I saw, and what poor Mr. Babilie has to see every working day in the year, I suppose.

On one end of my bench sat an undersized boy of eighteen. He had oversized feet in dazzlingly new tan shoes. He had a tropical jungle of hair, and in his eyes, the same expectant look that I knew shone from mine. He was so excited that he moved every minute, squeaking his shoes, pulling down his soiled cuffs, and then tucking them up again. He was far funnier in appearance than Charlie Chaplin—

so why should he worry? His engagement seemed certain on his looks. Such a hooved animal could ask any salary, it seems to me. Even I could build a scenario around him!

There were two girls whose ability to chew gum was their most noticeable quality. They chatted with incessant familiarity about all the Essanay stars, using first names. Oh, such tawdry, frippery imitations of the present styles as they had on! Two-fifty editions of cloth-upper shoes, Tipperary hats very much tip, coats that looked like the skins of gentle black cows. What difference did it make that my hat cost more than both their outfits? I was sadly one of them, and I shrank within myself, murmuring "Cheap! Cheap!" not quite inaudibly.

On the opposite side of the room sat an ordinary looking little chap of Oriental type—about 22, I should say. He seemed unwashed.

A pretty, up-to-date girl near the door left in a few minutes.

The one who held my interest was the sweetest of little creatures, poor and mended but neat and clean, with the feet of a Kentucky belle in comedy shoes. I know she needed nourishing food and warm things.

Doubtless I should have chatted with her, had not a Wilson avenue dandy entered. Faultlessly dressed in every way, with his brief little mustache, I'll wager his two assets were his tailor and his tangoing ability.

Suddenly, as he gazed up the hall, he stopped whistling, and drew off his right gray glove.

I turned. There stood Mr. Babille!

The little poor girl stood up, flushed and expectant; the Oriental shook himself like a trans-Caucasus bear; the ruminant females dabbed on more powder, with soiled chamois—I just sank back, and waited.

Mr. Babille is a flesh-and-blood *Marcus Ordeyne*. His short alpaca coat gives him a slightly ministerial air. His eyes are lovely. He could be handsome—if he so desired.

The undersized boy begged so hard that Sir Marcus put his name on a slip of paper, and the paper into his pocket. Afterward I learned that his pockets were bulging with just such papers.

The gum-chewers were so nervous that

I felt sorry for them. When they told him that they wished to appear in "society pictures," I could have hugged Sir Marcus for his straight and serious face as he told them he was "not putting on any society plays just now," but that he would keep their names and send for them as soon as he needed them.

The little clean girl had such nice manners and such a gentle voice that had I not been near her I should not have heard her story at all.

"Please tell the truth, Mr. Babille," she pleaded; "aren't you ever going to need me? You've had my address. I thought you were going to call me—but if you don't, I must take a position offered me as nurse-girl."

Sir Marcus was very kind. He spoke gently. His face was away from me. I couldn't hear, but I saw her looking up trustfully into his eyes. Then I heard him say: "Perhaps you had best take the place, even if for just a little while—" She turned away. Her eyes were dull. It is not all joy, caring for some one else's children.

When Sir Marcus turned to me I blurted out: "Oh, Lord! I can't talk here! Take me out of this dingy entryway. I want to tell you what I know I can do!"

We climbed a narrow stair to a narrow hall with offices on one side—I guess there are dressing rooms on the other. (There are.) Seated, I felt much as a terribly guilty prisoner must feel at the beginning of a third degree. I found out that this kindly Sir Marcus was just another foxy Police Inspector, listening sweetly until one has signed one's own death-warrant. And then—

"Just a moment, please; what experience have you had?"

Experience!

He had struck the brutal keynote to every nowadays position. I realized the uselessness of bluffing this clear-eyed man. In my agitation I forgot to tell him that, in boarding-school, I had been superbly acclaimed as The Mother, in "Ben Hur."

But I hurled my very best English at him; English dug up from the hidden recesses of my brain; words I had not used for years—beautiful, long early-Victorian words: and his answer was just the answer he gave the chewing girls and the shaggy boy and the sweet she-tragedy: my name,

on the detestable, pocket-bound slip of white paper!

I said desperately: "I don't think you see what a nice character woman I'd be!"

And again Sir Marcus proved his gentility. "I'll see if Mr. Baker can use you," he answered, though he must have known quite well that Mr. Baker was fully engaged.

He is a big man, sharp-spoken, full of humor, the possessor of a quick eye which either sees you not at all or burns through you. It was painfully impersonal, there. And Mr. Baker was more impersonal than his surroundings.

Mr. Babilie said: "Can you use Mrs.

Neal as the Peasant Mother in the picture you're doing now?"

"No," answered Mr. Baker, brusquely, "but if she will come in tomorrow, in a shirtwaist and skirt, not that finery, she can be in a picture of a Dorcas Society sewing shirts for Belgians."

He walked away. He had talked over, not to me.

"Nit, Nit, Nit," was my impersonal, inward comment.

I did not sew shirts for Belgians.

It was three weeks before I heard from Mr. Babilie's card index again.

That's another, and perhaps even less interesting, story.

A Fair Serial

MOVING pictures of the San Francisco Fair are to be taken, soon, with the serial story idea as the thread upon which to reveal a progressive tale of buildings, pleasure-grounds and art. The story will be more or less humorous, and the central figure will be Jess Dandy, of "Prince of Pilsen" fame, who will, in the course of the illustrative tale, travel over the entire exposition site.

Photoplay Universal

THE Prussian authorities have been using motion pictures in the Berlin schools for several years past. Russia calls insistently for American films, preferring them to any other. The Japanese revel in the new realism, and the Chinese welcome it as a desirable item in their reform programme. In India the Gaikwar of Baroda has introduced the moving picture as an educator, and Bahari Lal writes from Lucknow that the people attend picture displays there in ever increasing numbers. In the United States the industrial film seems likely to grow into even wider use.

Please note that these premier sartorial bifurcations lend their wearer more dignity and glory than was brought to Solomon by his treasures, to Napoleon by the sun of Austerlitz, or to Von Hindenburg by the victories of the Mazurian Lakes. Yet there is a note of sadness in it all; though he is 15 years old. Edison herewith and hereby loses (though only in real life) its one best kid boy.



Yale Boss and his first long pants.

Movie Fans at the Battle Front

By Ernest A. Dench

THERE is no greater lover of the movies than the soldier, no matter what nationality he may be. Our army department realised this fact when they recently arranged for such entertainments to be given at the army posts.

If there was any doubt before that the realities of war diminish his appetite for this immensely popular form of amusement, the European war has scattered it to the wind.

I did not leave my native England but a short time ago without interviewing one of the wounded British soldiers lying in one of London's hospitals after rather a strenuous time at the front.

"Being isolated here is worse than anything for an active man," he said, and I miss my regular visits to the cinema (as they term them in Britain) most highly. I'm mighty thankful a benevolent film company has come to our rescue by sending motor cars round to give us an airing as well as letting us step in at one of the big picture theaters. It comes precious welcome, I can assure you, after getting tired of reading and the monotonous daily routine.

"When at the front in France we missed them, too, but all the same we did amuse ourselves by the game of make believe. We dubbed the machine gun a 'cinema camera,' and in the throes of battle we were ordered to 'turn the crank.' We also got in the habit of nicknaming the trenches the 'Picture House Tea Rooms' and on our way to the front I have several times spent the night in a cinema theater commanded by the government. Oh, the irony of it all!

"And the churches! They tell me that the gaunt gray piles in Flanders were on occasion used as forts, in the days when men wore stew pots on their heads and fought with seven-foot swords; but certainly their old images never looked down on more unaccustomed sights than the cinema evenings afforded during the past autumn. Canvas tent flies were stretched above their high altars. Tall candles, flickering in the wind that rushed through gaps made by German shells, shed any-

thing but a religious light. Only the picture machines glowed steadily, and some men looked and laughed, and other men looked and cried. A few prayed and a few slept. But to every man it was recreation—and difference.

"One of our fellows amused himself by carrying a photograph of Mary Fuller to battle, which he informed the favorite actress in a letter would die with him should that be his fate. When he was down hearted he would give the picture a good hard look and it seemed to cheer him up a lot.

"But the brightest spots in our lives was when a camera man came our way and got us to pose for the cinema. We simply enjoyed doing this and threw in a few smiles as make weight.

"The other day I learned that one of my mates who laid his life down for his country, has, thanks to the cinema, given joy to his grief broken parents. It appears that they saw him in a jocular mood in a topical film along with me and a lot other of us chaps. The cinema manager was thoughtful enough to cut the piece of film out, which the parents are going to have an enlarged photograph made of.

"Life in the training camps, so a newly enlisted friend tells me, was dreary until several of the cinema concerns clubbed together and obtained permission from the government to install picture shows. Previously our relaxation was confined to religion and social affairs, both of which are bores.

"After a hard day's work in drilling nothing is more soothing than a pleasant couple of hours watching the magic white screen. At the particular camp where my Canadian friend was—Salisbury—the show persisted in announcing outside: 'A continuous cinematograph performance—Change of program every night.' But the same films were run for several evenings in succession, and the soldiers—including the officers—were so exasperated that they requested their money back. This being refused they broke up the show. Now the proprietor knows the meaning of 'stern military measures.' "



Military Movies in a Battered Flemish Cathedral.

Drawing by C. LeRoy Baldrige who has just returned from a two months' sketching trip among the armies of the western front.

They Made the Brown-Dolly Dance "Record"



The first film "record"—in the spirit of master singers phonographically transmitting a flawless interpretation of some melodic classic—has just been released by Universal. In it Roszika Dolly and Martin Brown, young Americans equally popular in New York and London, have pictorially embalmed five of their vivacious dance interpretations. These are a Chinese fantasy, a Spanish Habanera, an ante-bellum theme in crinoline, the "clown trot," and a classic waltz in ballet figures.



The Lady of the Cyclamen

A VIVIDLY REALISTIC TALE OF THAT PARIS OF
"JUST BEFORE THE WAR," WITH BONA-FIDE AMER-
ICANS, AND A STIRRING ADVENTURE OF LOVE.

By Edith Huntington Mason

Illustrations from the Selig Film.

IT was May-time, and the young trees were budding in the Bois, and at Armenonville, the pretty girls were preening among the tables for two.

In front of Phyllis and her father, a young French officer, very striking in his bright uniform, very handsome with his black eyes and mustache, sat writing a letter to his sweetheart, among the débris of his tea. A little breeze, with its sly invitation to mischief, crept around among the tables and the girl turned her hazel-gold eyes this way and that, and sighed.

Her father echoed her sigh, but his inspiration was sheer weariness.

"Such a warm day, my dear," he complained, "and we spent all of three hours at that art dealer's, I'll swear!—Good heavens, where is that waiter!"

David Hoyt, like most men of wealth who have retired from business, had a hobby and that hobby was pictures. In his large, imposing mansion on an avenue in Cincinnati was a room filled with a valuable collection of paintings. Portraits especially appealed to him, and the summer never passed without finding him in Europe on a still hunt for a masterpiece. That spring, as usual, he and his daughter had taken the French line to Boulogne and had rented a chateau not far from Paris.

"It was a tiresome morning," admitted the young lady, casting a compassionate eye

upon her drooping parent as he sucked a spoonful of strawberry ice. "Those pictures weren't fit to cross the street to see, much less the ocean. I wish we didn't have to be so dependent upon dealers. Wouldn't

it be fun," — her cheek kindled, and the French officer stopped writing to his sweetheart to look at her, "if you and I, father, just we two, could dig

*"I was there—with her!"
he murmured. "And
the roses, everywhere!"*



around in the old part of Paris, the artist part, I mean, and find some masterpieces. ourselves!"

A noisy group of young men entered at this moment, obviously hailing from the Latin Quartier, and took the next table. Phyllis' attention was caught by the tallest of these. Except for the fact that he took a drawing pad from his pocket and began to sketch, it could not have been guessed that he was an artist. He indulged neither in velvet coat nor flowing tie.

"Americans are the best looking," murmured the girl to herself, noting the beautiful shape of the young man's head, the width of his shoulders across, and the attractive way he had of laughing. Alas for the French officer!

Mr. Hoyt began again a discussion of the pictures they had seen that morning, and in her interest she forgot the artist across the way until presently a little sketch torn roughly from a tablet fluttered to her feet. The mischievous breeze which had been waiting around all the morning, at last had found work to do.

Impulsively Phyllis stooped and picked it up. Showing it to her father, both were surprised to see that it was an excellent likeness of herself.

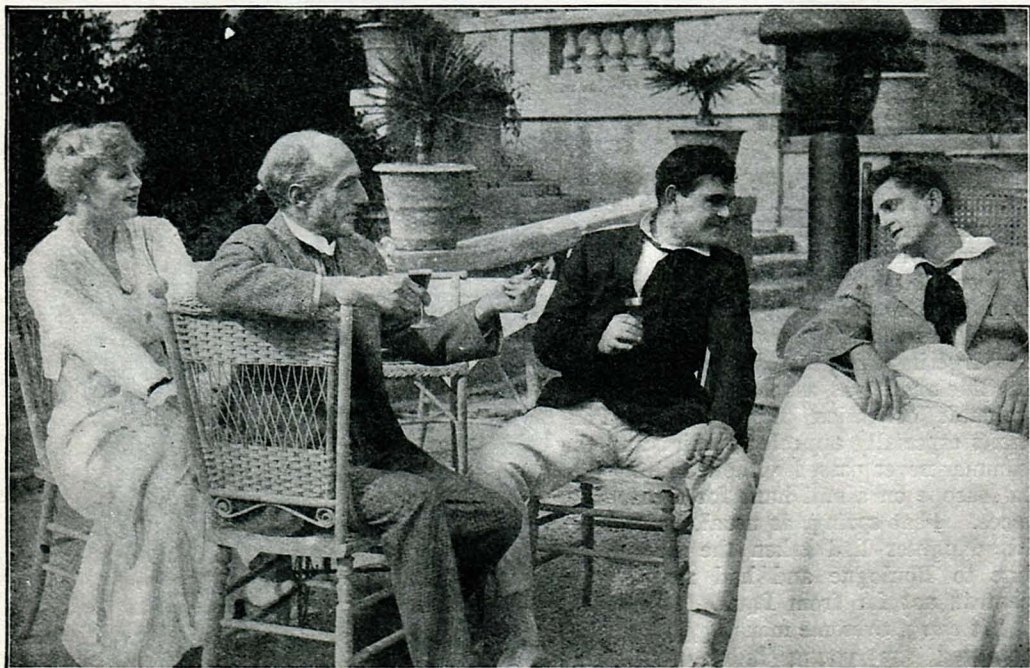
Mr. Hoyt smiled. "Lo! the masterpiece!" he said.

But the girl caught him by the arm. "Don't you see, father? We wanted to discover a picture, but we've discovered a genius, instead!" And she threw an eager glance at the young man at the next table which made him stop laughing and color with pleasure.

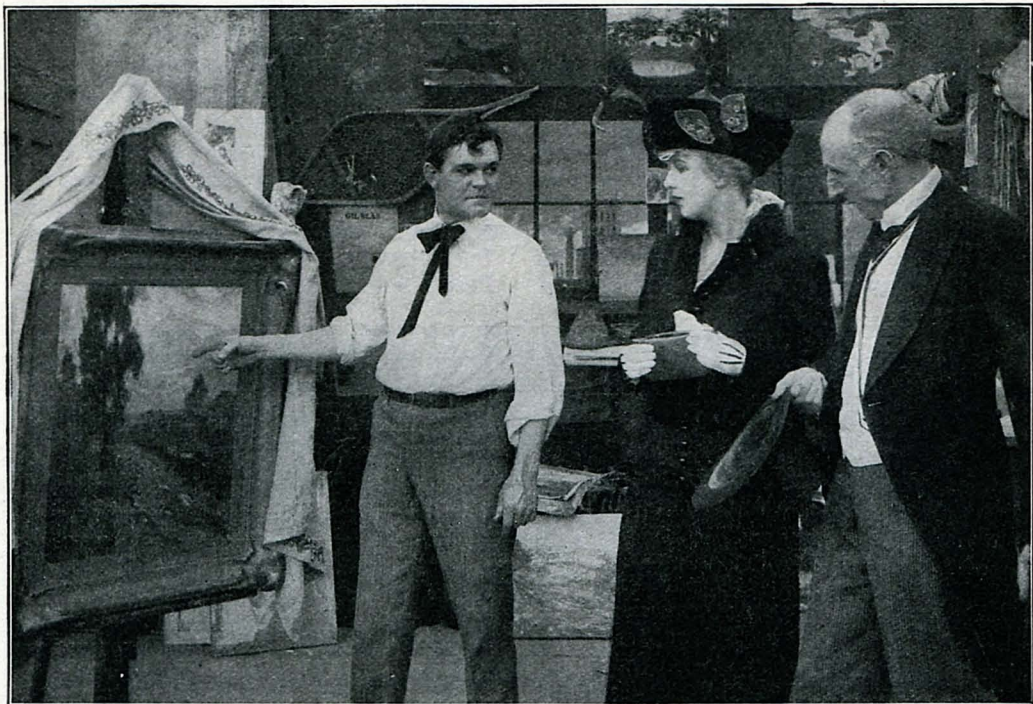
The end of the matter was that Mr. Hoyt went over to the artist and expressing interest in the sketch, asked if he might see more of his work, and was promptly invited to tea the very next day. Of course he would bring his daughter!

They say, the knowing ones, that the glamour of the Latin Quartier has passed, along with other glories of the world. But for all that, there are here and there among the old studio buildings in Paris, remnants of the student life of the artists as it used to be in the days when Trilby shouted "milk below" up the stairs of the ateliers.

In its poverty, at least, the studio which Barton shared with three or four other men gave evidence of the true Bohemian existence. But Phyllis, dainty Phyllis, with the joyous childlike spirit of fun and the woman's tact, made light of the slim resources of her host and drank tea out



"How could I sell 'The Lady of the Cyclamen?'" he asked; "she is mine, and mine only."



Her father nosed around among the canvases.

of a thick white mug and spread her marmalade on stale crackers, with all the enjoyment in the world. Perched on the high window seat, with her little feet swinging, she made eyes at the young artist over the edge of the mug while he sat and worshipped. Below them her father nosed around among the canvases.

But idyls are made to be dispelled. Bryant, the baby of the five artists who had thrown in their lot together, burst into the room with the other three men at his heels, and in tones almost falsetto with excitement announced that the Salon awards had been made and that Barton's picture was going to be hung.

In one bound Curtis Barton was in the middle of the floor stilling the tumult of congratulation with furious gesture.

"My picture?" he cried. "Good heavens, Bryant, what does that matter? What about Paul Willard, and 'The Lady of the Cyclamen!' 'The Lady of the Cyclamen!'"

A silence fell suddenly upon the room, a reverent sort of silence Phyllis felt, as if they had all removed their hats.

Then Bryant spoke, in an altered voice. "Willard is all right," he said, solemnly.

"I should have told you straight off. He has received an award, and his portrait, 'The Lady of the Cyclamen,' is to have the best place at the exhibition."

On the way back to the hotel, Phyllis asked Barton, who accompanied them, to tell her who the mysterious Willard was, at whose name men removed their hats. "And who," she said, "is 'The lady of the cyclamen?'"

They had reached the hotel, and Phyllis paused a moment for his reply. Barton's warm brown eyes looked for a moment earnestly into her hazel ones.

"The lady of the cyclamen," he said, "is the lady of the cyclamen. And Willard, the man at whose name we remove our hats, is—is—" his voice faltered, "is dying!"

Before them lay the Quai d'Orsay, alive with sauntering Parisians and hurrying Americans. A Clichy bus passed by, whirling around the corner with dangerous speed. It was, apparently, a practical prosaic enough world, yet somewhere, "Willard" was dying, Phyllis felt sure, because of his love for the lady of the Cyclamen!

She did not understand, but her eyes filled with tears.

"Tell me about it, some time," she whispered.

"Some time!" he answered, and was gone with a grave salutation.

Although the delights of Concy-le-Chateau, the summer place they had rented, beckoned enticingly to Phyllis and her father, they engaged rooms at a pension for two weeks. Mr. Hoyt was determined to stay in Paris for the portrait exhibition at the Luxembourg. Besides that, he had

when she and the lady of the cyclamen stood face to face.

The subject of the portrait certainly was not unusual, a young girl in a wicker chair, her long slim hands on the arms of it, her sorrowful eyes looking out into space, and on her knees and at her feet heaps and heaps of cyclamen blossoms falling in pink and white confusion on the April grass. But the treatment was extraordinary. People looked and looked and turned away



"They were happier than most people, I think, but . . . they separated, and not long after, Ullrica died."

given the young artist whose acquaintance they had made, a commission to paint his daughter's portrait.

During that time, Phyllis, although she saw Curtis Barton every day, asked no question about the mysterious painter of the portrait which had received the highest award at the Salon. She had a feeling that the subject was sacred, and that the young man would speak of it when he wished.

Her curiosity, however, did not at all lessen the interest she felt when at last she stood before the much talked of picture. Her father had strolled away into another room and only Curtis Barton was with her

with a dull ache in their hearts for the heart-break in the young girl's eyes.

Barton was prepared for some expression of interest which would be out of the ordinary, for Phyllis Hoyt was an excellent art critic, but he was somewhat startled when he saw the girl's large hazel-gold eyes open wide and heard the ejaculation of surprise that escaped her.

"The Lady of the Cyclamen?" she questioned, turning to Barton, bewildered, "why that's Ullrica Lord!"

The artist was stupefied. "You knew her!" he said.

"Of course," replied Phyllis, "I roomed with her at boarding school. Poor girl,

her father was a man of means, but he wouldn't let her study art, so she ran away with the idea of working her way to Paris. We never heard of her after that, and we were sorry, because we loved her."

Barton drew a long breath. "I knew she had a story," he said, "but how strange that I should hear it from you."

Phyllis put an eager hand on his arm. "You know more of it than I do," she said quickly, "tell me where she is, I want to see her!"

Barton's face saddened. "She is not living," he said gently.

Phyllis bowed her head and was grateful for the kind pressure of the young man's hand on her arm. Then, presently:

"Take me to see the man who painted her portrait," she said in a low voice, "he loved her too, I know!"

Mr. Hoyt joined them at this moment fresh from his first view of the painting and full of the desire to buy it.

"It's wonderful," he said enthusiastically, "such depth, such feeling, such quality!"

And when he found that his daughter and Barton proposed to go and find the artist immediately, he lost no time in ordering a taxi.

The pension where the painter lived, was at some distance from the Luxembourg and on the way over, Barton had time to tell the prospective picture buyer and the friend of Ullrica Lord, a little about the young genius.

Ullrica Lord, it appeared, had been one of the members of the life class which he and Willard and Bryant had attended together. She had been a shy little thing, like the pink and white cyclamen she always wore at her breast, and no one had been able to find out her name. No one that is, except Paul Willard. The girl had turned to him from the first. None of the others ever dared to go to see her, that was Willard's privilege and he guarded it jealously. The rest only worshipped from afar, calling her among themselves, "the lady of the cyclamen." The friendship between the two artists, the man and the girl, had grown ever deeper and stronger but to the surprise of the other art students, did not end in marriage. And then it developed that Ullrica had refused to marry Willard because she knew that she had lung trouble.

Barton halted there, for a moment, in his hurried recital, and the noise of the traffic in the boulevard drowned the slight sound from Phyllis which might otherwise have been taken for a sob.

"And they were never happy?" she asked.

Barton smiled. "O, yes!" he replied, "they were happier than most people I think, for before Ullrica died, they belonged to each other. When she realized that she could not live, her resolution to do without him, failed her."

"And then?" asked Mr. Hoyt.

"They separated, and not long after, Ullrica died."

There was silence a moment in the cab, then Phyllis spoke.

"The young man?" she asked, "this Willard whom we are going to see. What happened to him?"

Barton cleared his throat and the look of trouble in his warm brown eyes made Phyllis steal a comforting little hand into his.

"His health failed him completely," he continued, "from being a strong, vigorous fellow, he went to pieces and became a mere shadow. And the queer thing about it all is, that the doctors say there isn't a thing the matter with him except that apparently he hasn't the will to live."

"Without her, I suppose," murmured the girl.

"I suppose so. And yet for a while we thought he would not only live, but become the most famous painter Paris has seen for many a day."

Mr. Hoyt spoke. "The man who painted that portrait could have been that," he said.

"Yes," agreed the artist. "You see he painted it from memory right after Ullrica's death. And after that his genius left him. We used to marvel to see him work. He hardly stopped night or day for the two months he was at it and hardly ate anything at all. I think that's why he can't eat now."

The taxi turned into a side street and rolled swiftly over the neat pavement stopping presently at an old dilapidated pension.

"If he doesn't paint any more pictures," said Mr. Hoyt as they stepped out, "how does he live?"

"Oh, he does paint pictures," Barton re-

plied, "only they're not good ones any more. As I said, his genius seemed exhausted with the portrait. But some of the fellows buy them and pretend an art dealer wants them."

He strove to speak casually but blushed guiltily when he saw by the tender look in Phyllis' gold-hazel eyes that his charity toward his friend had been discovered.

The impression which Paul Willard made upon father and daughter was profound. The light which sprang into his deep eyes when Phyllis, sitting down beside his wheel-chair, told him of her friendship with the dead girl whom they both loved, caused even the unemotional Mr. Hoyt to turn away. But when it came time for that gentleman to explain that he had come to buy the famous portrait, the artist wouldn't hear of it.

He smiled with his pale lips and thanked Mr. Hoyt with the utmost courtesy, but steadfastly made the same reply to every offer.

"How could I sell 'The Lady of the Cyclamen?'" he asked, "she is mine and mine only!"

To an invitation from Phyllis to come down and visit them at Concy-le-Chateau, however, he was more responsive. Especially when he heard the name of the place.

"Ah, Concy!" he said, "you're staying there?" and a kind of rapture flooded his thin face. "Indeed and I would love to go! I was there, with *Her*, you know!" His smile grew almost unearthly sweet. "What a place it was!" he went on, murmuring almost to himself, that little town that Gabrielle d'Estries loved, and frowning above it the fortifications which John of Gaunt tried to blow down and failed to more than shake its mighty strength. And the roses everywhere, how she loved them! "Quel bonheur!" he sighed, "quel bonheur!"

The change from the stuffy pension to the rich green country at Concy-le-Chateau effected an immediate improvement in Paul Willard's health. Barton was staying there too, in order to finish the picture of Phyllis he was painting, and the three friends had wonderful times together reading on the terrace, or having tea under the trees. That is, until the arrival from the exhibition of the portrait of "The Lady of the Cyclamen."

It seemed to exert a strange influence not only over Willard but over Phyllis. The girl was no longer her vivacious self. Her hazel-gold eyes, these days, seemed always to Barton to be full of mysteries and visions. Instead of having a swim in the lake now and then, or a swift game of tennis, she seemed to prefer to do nothing all day but sit with Willard before the portrait of the dead girl.

The young artist resolved to remonstrate with her.

"Look here, Phil," he said one day when he had persuaded her at last to take a little walk with him while the invalid was asleep, "this won't do. Of course I can understand how Willard wants to spend his time moping and thinking of the past, but for Heaven's sake why should this affair of Paul and Ullrica's, take such hold of you?"

His tone was perhaps a little too authoritative for although there was between them an understanding that one day they should belong to one another, they were not formally engaged.

Phyllis was hurt. Though she was in reality, a sane enough girl, she was young and just at the age when the mysterious and the melancholy has the most attraction, and this strange tragic love story of the two artists had caught her imagination tremendously.

So it was that Barton's well-meant remonstrances were not received in good part. She was genuine in her attachment for him, but at the moment, absorbed as she was in another life,—that of the poor artist,—she was not herself.

"I'm afraid you are selfish," she said, her gold eyes coldly reproachful, "how can you so forget 'The Lady of the Cyclamen?'"

He looked at her in astonishment. "It isn't that I forget her," he said, "or my friend Willard, it's only that I can't help thinking first of you!" He caught her hand impulsively. "O, little dear girl," he said, "can't you understand?"

But the "little dear girl," would not,—or could not, so it seemed to the big artist that there was nothing left for him to do but leave her, and that afternoon he caught the first train for Paris. He did not mean to go away forever, but he felt somehow deep in his healthy sane soul, that for the present he had lost Phyllis.

Weeks passed and the deep golden splendor of midsummer settled down upon the country side. Every day saw an improvement in the spirits of the young artist, but as well, every day saw his vitality ebbing, ebbing! He and Phyllis spent long days sitting out under the trees or by the lake, he with a book and she with her sewing, hardly exchanging a word. It seemed always to the girl as if her patient were communing with another world than hers. One morning, when he had not been able to sleep, and she had taken him out into the garden, he had startled her by declaring that he had seen Ullrica, standing in the sunshine, smiling at him.

"She will come back to me, I know," he had assured the girl, smiling his heavenly smile, and with tears Phyllis had promised him that she knew he would see again the lady of the cyclamen!

A day came when Willard was very low indeed. So much so that Mr. Hoyt without consulting Phyllis, for he was aware of the misunderstanding between his daughter and Barton, telegraphed the artist to come up.

It was an enchanting evening, and Willard in spite of his weakness had insisted on being carried out to sit in his wheel chair on the terrace. Everywhere was the tranquillity of twilight and above Concycle-Chateau, a tender young moon bent lovingly. Out on the lawn a white, misty, vapour rolled in from the lake bringing with it the scent of the cyclamen-bordered paths. Nearby at the little railroad station, a train whistled, and presently there was the sound of wheels on the drive behind the terrace.

Phyllis might have heard them, perhaps, if at that moment, her attention had not

been distracted by a gasp from the invalid at her side. Looking up she saw that Willard had thrown aside the afghan which had covered his knees, and was standing staring out over the lawn. The girl could never forget the look of ineffable joy in his eyes.

"She comes to me!" he said in a low, inspired voice, "the lady of the cyclamen, she comes!" and before Phyllis could stay him, he was running out over the lawn as fleetly as a boy, with his arms outstretched toward the vapoury white mist which came in from the lake, sweet with the scent of cyclamen.

The girl stood staring a moment, then as she saw him stagger and fall, sped after him. He was dead when she reached him, lying on his face in the grass, and such a feeling of bitter loneliness came over her at the sight, that she thought for a moment, that she must die, too. Singularly enough, her grief and feeling of loss, all in a moment seemed not so much for the dead boy at her feet, as for Barton, the man who had once loved her, and whom she believed she had turned away forever.

Her sobs rose thick and fast and she knelt down in the grass, her hand over her face. At that moment some one touched her shoulder, and a voice she knew well, a sane, fine, beloved voice she had not thought to hear again, said gently: "Don't cry, little girl! Don't cry! He has found her, at last,—his lady of the cyclamen!" And Barton knelt beside her.

"Oh," cried Phyllis, as she crept into his arms and he folded them around her as if he never meant to let go, "I was crying for you, for you!" And she knew, as she felt his kiss, that in life, not death, is the beginning of love.

Click-Clicks for Votes

POLITICIANS have used about every means of impressing the public with reasons why they should be elected to office. But Mayor Harrison of Chicago is the first to adopt the movie camera as a part of his campaign. He has had a moving picture taken showing himself actually at work.

Movie Day at Pacific Fair

THE officials of the San Diego exposition are arranging to have a movie day on which all of the photoplayers in the vicinity will be at the fair grounds. If the film companies respond, there will surely be a collection of screen artists such as never was seen before.

Anita Stewart



"Everyone tells me I don't know what love is!"

ANITA: A Star-In-Law

By
Julian Johnson

QUITE a number of years ago Ralph Ince, Vitagraph's handy man, fell in love with a blonde Brooklyn girl named Lucy Stewart; and as is the way of honest men with the women they adore, he married her.

None of these Stewarts was nor had ever been theatrical, but the lens lured Lucy, and shortly after becoming Mrs. Ince she became Lucille Lee, movie heroine-in-waiting to husband Ralph. So passed the happy years: one, two, three, four and perhaps one or two more. Lucy had a dark-eyed sister in the Brooklyn public schools to whom no one paid any particular attention. She was just regular kid girl: by no means plain, but by no means distinguished.

To children and movie directors it seems that Spring days never end. One such day a little less than four years ago Ralph said to his nom-du-theatre Lucille: "Send Anna down to me after school. I can't get enough youngsters in this picture. She'll have to work."

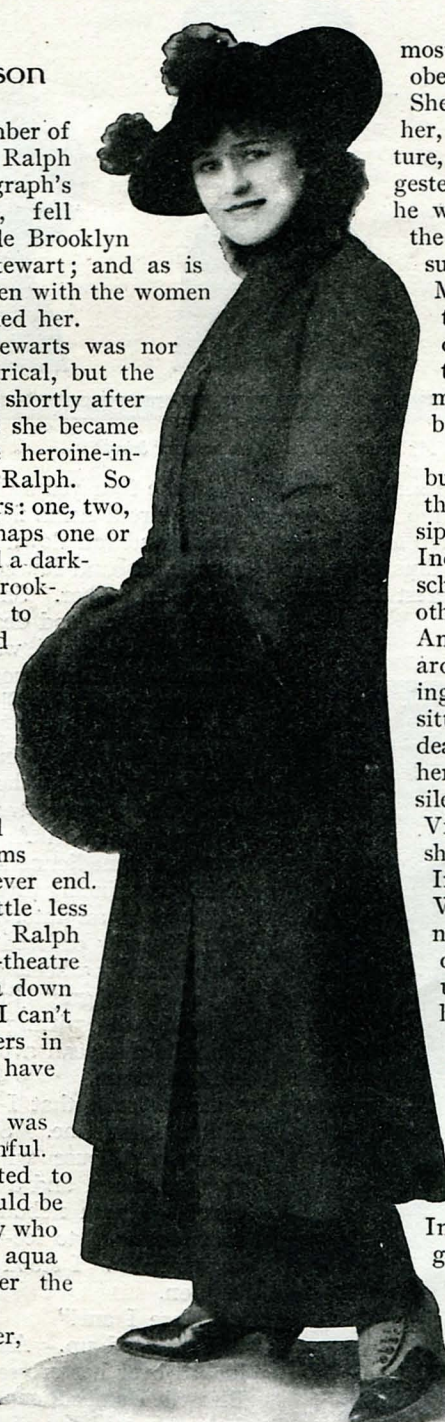
Anna's obedience was by no means painful. What girl ever hated to act? Such a girl would be as anomalous as a boy who abhorred freighting aqua to pachyderms under the Big Top.

Anna was, however, a bit different from

most hair-down-their-backs. She obeyed her director implicitly. She held every position he gave her, she studied out every gesture, every expression he suggested. Was it merely because he was her brother-in-law, with the Czarish power to send her supperless to her trundle? Maybe. She doesn't think so, though; and somehow, I don't think so, either. I think Anna was first a good minder; second, a busy little bee.

Anna continued her school, but she also kept in front of the crank while the sun dissipated late in the northern sky. Indolent summer banged the school-house doors, and as the other half-grown vacationized Anna followed brother-in-law ardently about the studio, supping and mobbing and biting, sitting up to bark or playing dead—all exactly as he told her. Bye and bye, in the silence of a projection-room, Vitagraph observers were shown a brief idyl called by Ince, its maker, "The Wood Violet." This violet was a nymph of dark eyes and darker hair, with a mouth undulate as the valleys of heaven, and silken-slender ankles flashing in and out among the leaves. "The Wood Violet" went to Europe, and made a great sensation. On the strength of it the violet took the vow of the screen, and Ince told her mother, with great heartiness, that the child's decision was right.

One more metamorphosis: If Lucy had butterflied into Lucille, why could not Anna, a rigid



"I'm going to Manhattan for shoes: I'm desperate and barefooted.... almost!"



As child; as wife; as mother bereft.

cognomen suggesting either a servant or an archaic queen, chrysallize into something more girlishly mellifluous? No sooner conceived than accepted, and thus appeared Vitagraph's youngest, slenderest and most thrilling star—

Anita Stewart.



This Wood Violet was "a nymph of dark eyes and darker hair, with a mouth undulate as the valleys of Heaven."

In the four years that have elapsed since short-skirted Anna flung her books into the sunset and ran down Flatbush to help her sister's husband few sensational things have happened to her. She has lived quietly in Brooklyn—a good deal farther from Manhattan, in some ways, than Michigan avenue—and has worked steadily in the Vitagraph studio. She has never had any other director than Ralph Ince. As she has grown into a young womanhood at once stately and vivid she has become a very fine and natural actress—perhaps the only young woman in America who can be a supreme comedienne in one picture, and an utterly convincing tragedienne in the next.

"I want an interview with Anita Stewart," curtly ordered the man who makes PHOTOPLAY's wheels go 'round.

So on a gray January Sunday, with sullen clouds spitting snow on the deserted asphalt of Ocean avenue, I went down to Anita's house.

Anita knew that I was coming, but she didn't know me. She lives in a great apartment house with a quadrangle, no street number, and a ponderous Numidian concierge with nobody home at all. The snow changed to ice-water. I didn't have an umbrella. I stood explaining in diluted fashion.

"Here I am!"

I glanced up. Anita, from a window, looked over her crossed arms calmly as the Blessed Damsel must have looked down from the gold bar of heaven. She laughed at the door. "I would have come down to



Indignant command; vivid surprise; ultimate horror.

rescue you," she explained, "except that I can't walk much today. I danced all night, and all the skin is off my right heel."

I made her tell me, for five minutes, how crazy she is about dancing. The beauty of her mouth, and of her whole face, as she talks, would be just as eloquent if she spoke Esperanto. Perhaps she told me about dancing in Esperanto. I don't remember. I remember her mouth. St. Anthony couldn't forget her mouth.

Mrs. Stewart, a plump, comely, contented woman of forty, spoke from the dining-room, where she was setting the table for the Sunday afternoon dinner.

"Anna plays real well, too," she said, glancing past her grand baby to her baby grand.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed Anna-Anita, annoyed; "you know I *don't*—why did you say that?"

"I know how annoying it is to be asked to play," I interposed. "I have no intention of imposing any such punishment."

"What shall I play you?" parried Anna-Anita, wide-eyed, and a little bit puzzled or a little bit hurt.

"Whatever you like," I answered. I felt that the stock questions would be best floated to this Vestal of the shadows on a tide of melody. Her slender fingers, chic as her feet hidden in white silk and beaded black satin, caressed the keys until they cried throbbing answer.

"On the screen you're a very wonderful sweetheart and a very enchanting wife. Have you ever been in love? Don't fumble

your answer. I'm like a doctor; it's my business to ask you your symptoms, you know."

"Everyone tells me I don't know what love is!" She laughed. Why did her fingers sob?

I did a minute of eloquent listening. Had



The piquantessence of Pierrot!

she dreamed of Vienna nights that she played Strauss so well?

"You're nineteen, beautiful, famous—"

"Oh, you—"

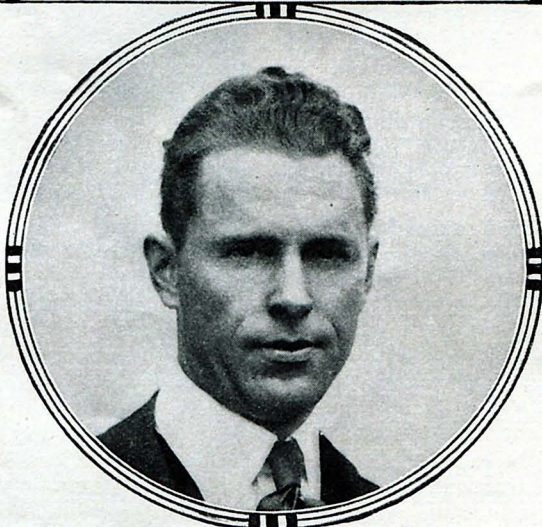
"Don't let's be superficial. You're just those three, and it's a bit of a melancholy matter, in a way. We can never seem to be those things we could not be. I know the girl-wife of 'A Million Bid,' the reckless child of 'The Painted World,' must love, some time—"

"Oh, not yet." It was a whisper.

"Probably not, but I'm wondering what sort of chap you'll marry. Will it be fame, or a million, or a humble devotion staunch but unseen in your shadow? Or will it be that rarest thing—equal partnership with a man as much in the arts as you?"

The playing ceased. Anna-Anita faced me, serious.

"You know, there are so many men who want to die for me, or about me, but when I give them the chance—they never do! And the letters!" She laughed merrily again. "Yesterday, one from a fellow in Wales; he has a lot of



Above: Anna Stewart (seated) and her sister, Lucy, in ante-picture years. Below: Ince, the domestic star carpenter.

cows and a farm without a mortgage. Perhaps, if he hadn't enclosed his photograph—oh, that face! Really, I think by mistake he sent me the portrait of his prize Poland-China hog!" She grew serious again.

"There was a boy—no, I wasn't in love with him; I just liked him—who wouldn't believe that I could be true in thought as well as in deed. He wanted to fight any man who happened to like my pictures. I didn't care because people didn't know him. I rather liked that—because I liked him! I just liked him, you understand. But he wouldn't believe me when I told him that celebrity and attention didn't mean anything to me. He was furious at anyone who spoke to me. He hated my work. We quarreled. He was going to poison himself but I guess he must have remembered another engagement, or else he forgot. He

hasn't taken it yet, and now I don't think he will."

"A pretty girl," I philosophized, "grows to distrust men."

"All men," emphasized Anna-Anita, instantly and grimly. "I don't think I could ever marry an actor; too much attention makes them conceited and selfish. I've grown hard toward men—men with wonderful wives who've tried to make dates with me, whispering lies that were just hideously silly."

Anna-Anita rose from the piano, and in walking away she turned suddenly. "Here," she said, "is my fear of a domestic tragedy: to marry, and to have my husband neglect me. Being pretty isn't any insurance. I know beauties whose husbands neglect them for frumps. It would just kill me if my husband neglected me. Last night"—plaintively—"the boy who was my escort didn't dance with me very much!"

"Anna," called Mrs. Stewart from the plates and the rose-bowl, "can't you say something about your work? Goodness! You haven't said one word yet that could be put in the paper!"

"Then I wish you would say," responded Anna-Anita obediently and professionally, "that all I am I owe to my brother-in-law. Girls whom I see coming in now are either too lazy or too proud to play bits and maids and extras. I was maid to every one of the older Vitagraph leading women."

"I take it that Ralph's a matrimonial success, too?"

"If I could get a husband like *him*! He's just as mad about my sister as he was the day before he married her. He's never happy away from her."

"Anna used to sing," informed Mrs. Stewart. "Mrs. Gunning—that's Louise's mother—was her teacher."

"I had a high lyric soprano," continued Anna-Anita. "Really, to this day I think nothing so wonderful as an operatic career. But Mrs. Gunning has been two years in Europe, and the only time for practice I have now is Sunday. And there are so many people, Sunday. A girl stayed with me last night. I had a caller this morning. I've an engagement for this evening. So you see . . ." She shrugged her shoulders hopelessly.

"You ran away yesterday," chided her mother.

"To buy shoes," confessed Anna-Anita. "I was desperate—and barefooted, almost. I think I visited every shop in New York, in the rain."

At the door, I saw the corners of the girl's mouth upturn for the fiftieth time, in the most delicate suggestion of a smile. I couldn't resist asking, then, if she were Irish.

"Why, no—English!" She laughed at the very thought.

"Anna," corrected Mrs. Stewart, invisible; "don't you remember your grandpa was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin?"

"Why, yes, ma; I forgot!"

It is the course of human events which gives some men sisters-in-law. Energetic Ralph Ince, to be original, has created a star-in-law.

Shutter Gets Jump on Gun

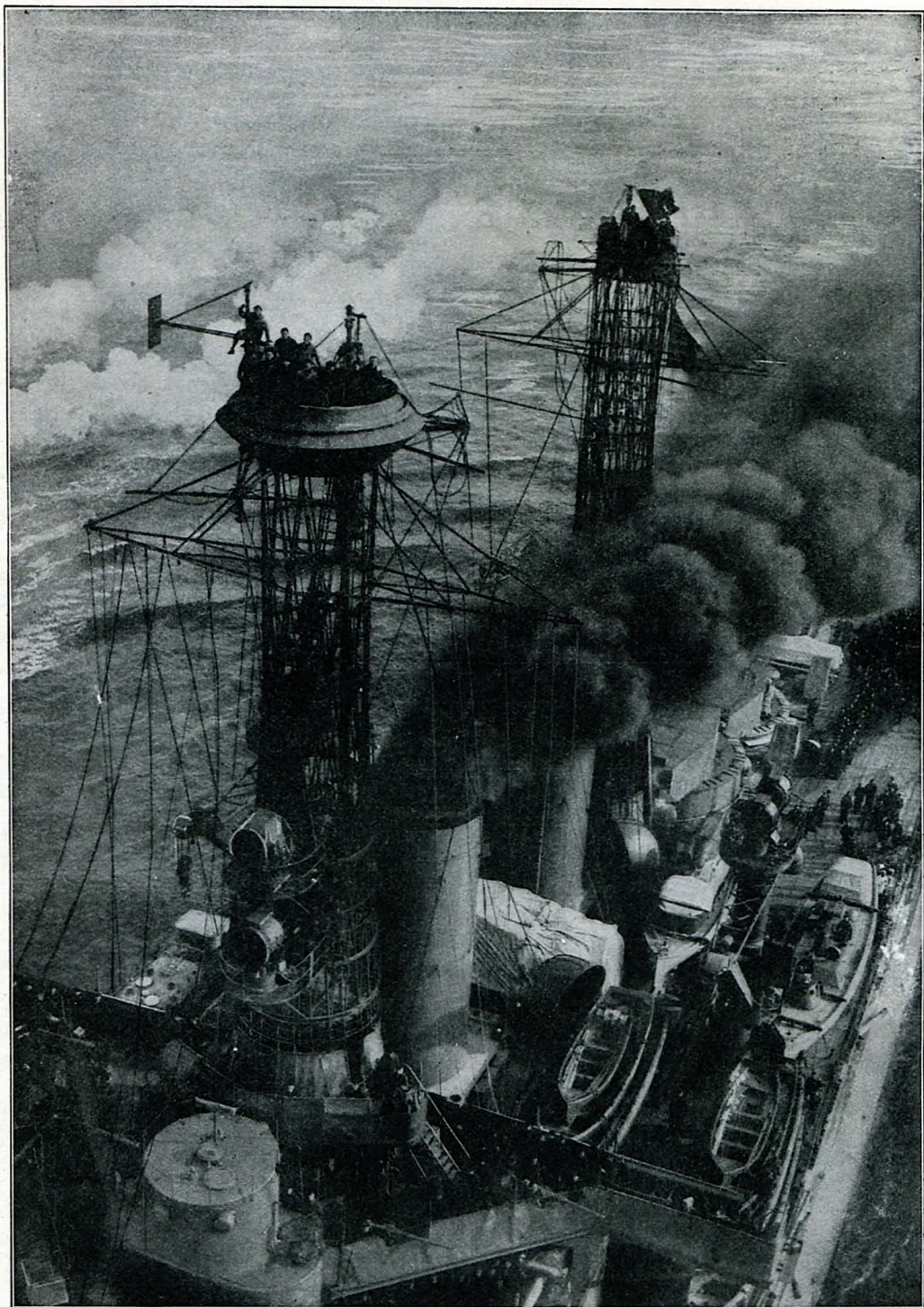
MOVING pictures have been taken of a mile-a-minute express train, automobiles traveling at the rate of over 100 miles an hour, and movies have been made of the wonders of the deep sea.

But the newest development is along the lines of speed photography, and the flight of a revolver bullet has actually been registered on the film. The camera was equipped with a device that made electric sparks at the rate of 100,000 per second, and this sparking arrangement

took the place of the camera shutter.

The film was mounted on a circle about three feet in circumference, and the wheel revolved at the rate of 9,000 revolutions per minute. When all was ready, the bullet was shot, the spark flashed, the wheel revolved, and the picture was made.

This method is so accurate that the picture showed that the piece of wood which the projectile pierced did not fall apart until the bullet was quite a little distance past the point of contact.



The Battleship "New York,"

boiling out to battle-practice at twenty knots. If invaders raided Maine or Jersey as the harrying Germans seared Scarborough, here's a sample of the American chaser to their cocktail of destruction. By constant, though little discussed battle practice trips like this American naval gunners have become the most unimpeachable marksmen on the sea.



What is the Demon in Mary's Eyes?

THIS is Dr. Crile's "ultimate horror" picture; posed by Mary Fuller. The famous Cleveland surgeon is assembling a work on "The Origin of Human Emotion," and it is his idea to illustrate with actual incidents and real photographs his most graphic passages. Dr. Crile asked many movie actresses to recall, if they could, their moment of greatest terror; or to call back their most dreadful or horrible experience—and to *express* this emotion facially. Obviously not only a mobile face, but intelligence was required; and it is quite evident that Miss Fuller's recollection is of forty-horsepower intensity. Dr. Crile has asked her what she was thinking of at the moment the camera clicked. So have a lot of people.

The Business of Smash

OLD Rome thought itself eternally unparalleled for imagination and extravagance when it ordered a few lions to eat up a few martyrs or each other in the white-sand arena of its principal amphitheatre; and since you often make others believe what you believe yourself, the spectacles of the Coliseum have stood for centuries as the red high tide of deliberate sensation.

It remained for a few cigar-chewing, shirt-sleeved American picture directors to pick up this cardinal achievement and throw it behind the junk of day before yesterday's scenery in the property room.

You read about sensations in papers and books, and hear people talk about them on the stage. If the theatre-managers tried to create them in reality the playhouses would fall down, be knocked down, or burned down. Given a few unbusy square miles, a few hundred yards of tainted celluloid, a few hundred thousand dollars worth of property and a few minutes of perfect freedom, and the picture director will embalm an incident capable of raising the hair of a nation.

They began with locomotives. A couple

of pumpkin-like old wheezers, rheumatic and passe, linked together in a death grip, and the Business of Smash was born.

Everybody's doing it, but perhaps three or four of the largest producers have surpassed all the others in the bigness and expense of their canned holocausts. Two locomotives butting their pilots off are no longer worth a click. Nowadays whole trains are ditched and burned, giant Moguls spread-eagle through the air into cool mountain lakes, hills are blasted away like earthquakes, yachts are blown up, steamers are sunk, limousines are minced by express trains, there are fifty-seven ways to destroy a new motor-car, freight trains are dynamited, mining camps are built and crammed with giant for the simultaneous detonator and camera, and lately, mansions and landmarks have been torched by the director-arsonist.

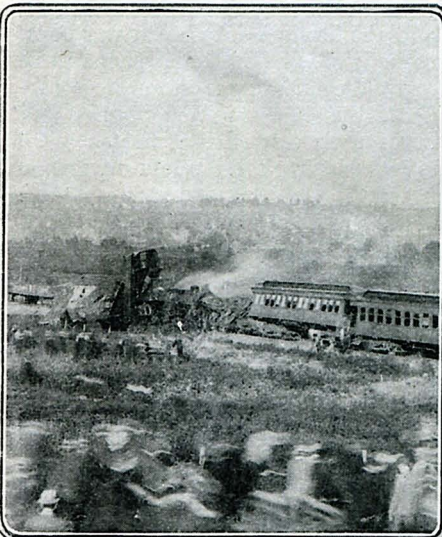
Some people call this sort of thing "Lincolncartering" the film-drama.

But The Business of Smash will probably continue, in some way or another, as long as folks surreptitiously long to buy their scares for a nickel.

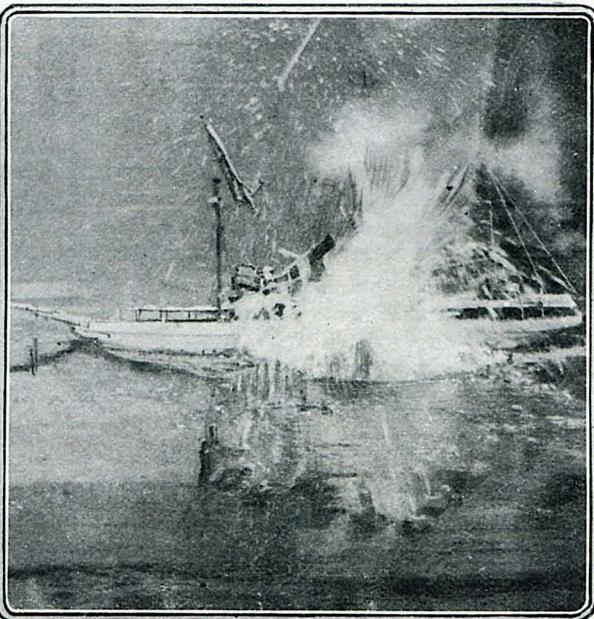
The Smasher Has Made a Joke of Everything



*Selig's houseful of dynamite, in
"The Spoilers."*

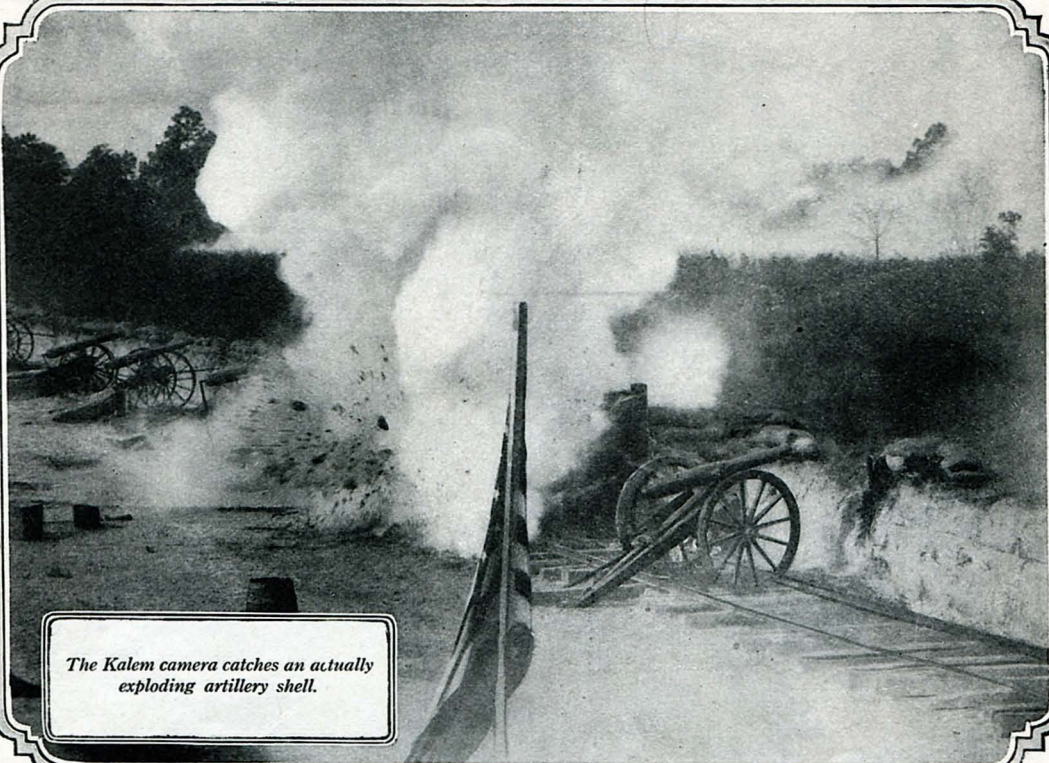


*Wholesale destruction to make a
Lubin holiday.*



Only a toy in a tank—but the film was a sensation!

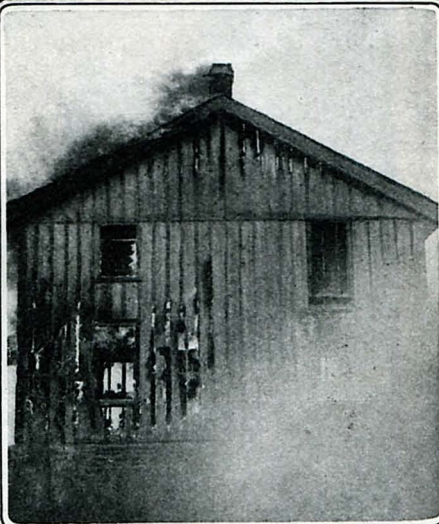
Except Human Life—Will That be Next?



The Kalem camera catches an actually exploding artillery shell.



These men were really injured in this startling Lubin crash.



A Pennsylvania landmark, torched for one movie thrill.

Exhaust Roaring and Drivers Plowing



Actual suicide of a passenger train; Vitagraph's wonderful moment.



The tremendous destruction wrought by a camera-ordered collision.

Two Demon Plunges: Car and Train

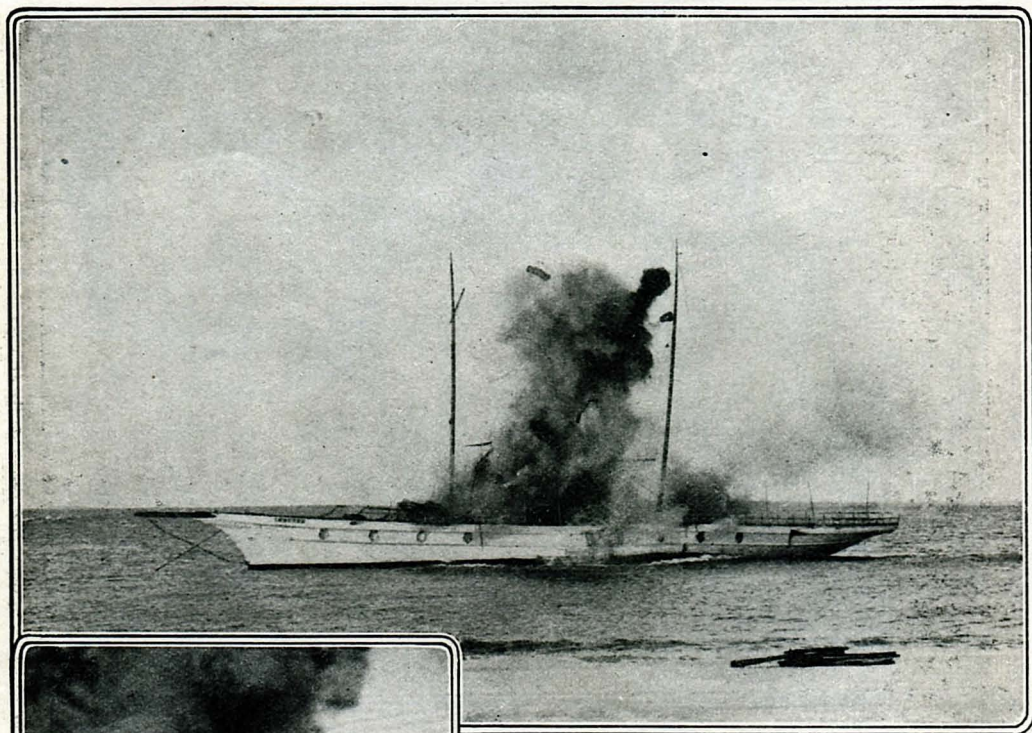


*The end of
the race.*

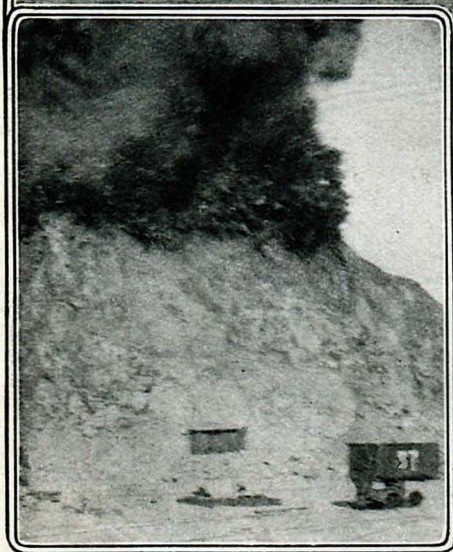


*Vitagraph "Juggernaut"
which turned a placid
lake into a geyser.*

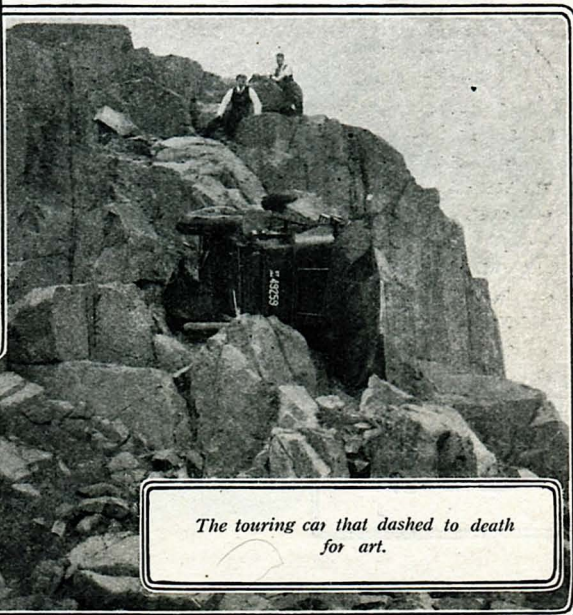
"Canned Holocausts" on Sea and Land



On-purpose destruction of a yacht by explosion and fire.



Five thousand tons of rock in one illustrative blast.



The touring car that dashed to death for art.

Crash, Fall, Blast, Smoke, and Flame



Beauty, too, endangered for the cure of ennui.



The passing of the dynamite train.

*Lubin burns a big
hotel, just for
shutter sport.*

"The Movies Are Making Money— Let's Get After 'em"

IS that the attitude of the legislators who are stirring themselves all over the country? Or is their attitude that of the man who feels, as soon as he is elected to public office that he has a mission to reform something? It is a little too early to tell.

But it is not too early, even now, to see and understand that the moving picture industry is face to face with something that is going to be a crisis in a very short time. A few months ago the cloud on the clear sky of movie prosperity wasn't any bigger than the traditional man's hand. But now it is getting bigger and blacker, and it is funnel shaped—and a good many wise men are seeing to it that the approach to the cyclone cellar isn't blocked.

This is why. In Congress the Smith-Hughes bill providing for federal censorship of motion pictures, and forbidding the interstate transportation of all unapproved films has been favorably reported out of committee by the powerful house committee on education—which is not composed of radicals and visionaries, like some committees of the house.

In New York and Tennessee bills providing for a state censorship have been introduced. There is state censorship now in Pennsylvania and Ohio; city censorship in Chicago.

That is the cloud.

There are two sides to every controversy. That is axiomatic. Very briefly put, here are the two sides to the censorship controversy. The advocates of censorship include these elements: Law makers. (Not all law makers, but some.) Politicians interested in creating new offices. Reformers who believe that it is the duty of those to whom the true light has been vouchsafed

to protect those who still reside in darkness from themselves. The people who, from differing motives, some honest and sincere, some decidedly disingenuous, wish to restrict the press, the stage, literature and all other means of conveying ideas to the mass of the people. Included in this last group are the people who, for example, say that newspapers should be forbidden to print news of suicides, since some may be led to take their own lives, and who would suppress many other sorts of news.

The opponents of official censorship (as opposed to regulation, which is the policy of the National Board) include: Reformers who believe that no reform will or can be true and lasting unless it is demanded by the people themselves. Manufacturers who realize that the industry will be crippled, if not ruined, if there are to be varying standards set up by ten or twenty or a hundred different censoring boards. Manufacturers who more or less frankly wish to evade both censorship and regulation, for obvious reasons—but who responsible for less than five per cent of all films made, according to the figures of the National Board.

Thus the opposing forces are joined up. The important thing is for the movie fans to remember that it is they who will, in the long run, settle this controversy. Freedom of the press as we now have it was not a gift from law makers or from government—it was a right asserted by millions of citizens who realized that the final power was vested in them. Freedom of moving pictures or subservience to censorship, whichever may be the result, will not be due to the interested elements on either side—it will be the work of the men and women who elect the lawmakers.

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Young Romance

Novelized from the Feature Film

By Bruce Westfall

Illustrated from the Jesse L. Lasky Film, based on the play by W. C. DeMille.

CHAPTER I.

NELLIE NOLAN was pasting labels on her trunk. They were not the sort of labels you would have expected, if you knew Nellie. You knew Nellie had never been abroad. You knew that she had been at Burton's notion counter for several years, and that the two weeks of vacation each year had never been extended.

There were girls in Burton's, of course, who might have gone to Timbuctoo twice a year for all any of the customers would have known or cared. Nellie was pretty, to be sure, but some of the other girls were pretty enough, too. There was just something about Nellie that made people upon whom she had waited once look for her again.

Now, did Nellie want people to think she had been to Europe? Elementary! And, as it happens, true.

Nellie was about to set forth upon her Great Adventure. She was going to Live for two thrilling weeks. She was going to drink deep of romance, to quench a thirst that had consumed her since she had learned to read. And Lou Martin, her dearest chum, who was going to Asbury Park for her vacation, as she and Nellie had been doing together for all the term of the servitude in Burton's, disapproved.

"I wish you all the luck there is," she said, dourly. "But the trouble is there ain't none, dearie. Not for our kind."

"There's no luck for anyone, if they sit and wait for it to come to them!" said Nellie, with shining eyes. "I'm going out to look for mine, the way folks do in books!"

"Books!" said Lou, with an infinite scorn. "The ones in books ain't real people!"

"They are so!" said Nellie. "Don't tell me anyone could make up all the things



They were not the sort of labels you would have expected, if you knew Nellie.

that happen in books! And look here, Lou Martin—you just quit being an old death's head! I'm going to do it. I'm going to Ocean Beach. And I'm going to be just as good as anyone—and a little better, maybe, for my two weeks! And then—and then—"

"And then a man that you danced with will come in to match some safety pins for his wife and you'll break your heart—"

"If I do come back—" Nellie paused for a moment. She swallowed hard. "Cinderella had to go back to her rags, too!" she said, defiantly. "But Prince Charming came after her and found her, didn't he?"

Lou was conquered, somehow. She threw her arms round Nellie and kissed her.

"It won't go wrong," said Nellie. "It can't—because, even if I come back to the notions, I'll have had my two weeks. They can't take that away from me, Lou. Oh, Lou—we've got to change these initials. *What* shall I call myself? Have you thought of a good name yet?"

"No-o. But, say—I heard a peach to-

day, Nell. Ethel van Duzen, of Fifth avenue! Isn't that some name? She was in buying up the store. I sold her that French set I was telling you about that just came in last week—and she had to have it right away, because she's sailing for Europe in the morning, to spend the rest of the summer. If you could think up somethin' like that, now—"

"Lou!" Nellie's glance was rapt. "I don't have to think any more! That's who I'm going to be!"

"Nellie—no! You wouldn't dare!"

"How would they know? It's the safest of all! She'd never go there—Newport, or Bar Harbor would be her style. I'll pretend that I'm so tired I had to run away to some place where there wouldn't be any social doings—"

Into Lou's eyes there came a note of reluctant admiration. For Lou was shrewd enough to see that Nellie, for all her romanticism, had not lost sight of realities.

"You might get away with it, at that!" she conceded, grudgingly. "And, of course,

if anyone called you, you wouldn't have said what number on Fifth avenue. Gee—there's houses in the avenue, north of the park, that I wouldn't live in rent free!"

And that, for two weeks at least, was the end of Nellie Nolan of the notions. It was Lou, with her skillful fingers, who painted over the old initials on Nellie's trunk—an acquisition from a stranded actress, while she was "at liberty."

CHAPTER II.

SOMEWHERE between New York and Maine Nellie disappeared. It was Miss van Duzen who stepped off the train next morning, sought and found the 'bus of the Hotel Imperial, and was driven to that pretentious hostelry. She was nervous. She looked well, and she knew it, but she didn't know whether she had the van Duzen look, and it was that which worried her.

There was an awful moment when she walked into the lobby. A porter carried her bag; bell boys hovered attentively around her. Boldly she signed herself: Ethel van Duzen, New York. The clerk glanced at the name; then he stiffened slightly.

"Is your maid with you, Miss van Duzen?" he asked. "This—this is Miss van Duzen, of—of Fifth avenue?"

"I—yes, I live in Fifth avenue," she said, after a barely perceptible pause. "But—you understand, I'm sure! I'm completely worn out! I came here for a rest. I did not even bring my maid. I want—"

"I understand perfectly, Miss van Duzen," said the clerk, impressively. "It is quiet

here. There is gayety for those who want it; there is rest for those who have been enjoying themselves too much. Now, I have a very pleasant suite—"

"That would be too expensive, I think," said Nellie, firmly.

If she had known, that was the seal of her position. It is only the parvenu who feels it necessary to throw money about. Those whose position is secure can afford to be economical—and they are! The clerk leaned forward, confidentially.

"You will find the terms right, Miss van Duzen," he said. "The charge for the suite will be, for *you*, the same as for our cheapest room!"

Nellie was so taken aback that she once more did exactly the right thing. She flashed a very sweet little smile at him.

"How nice!" she murmured.

CHAPTER III.

FROM the first Nellie was a success. Everyone in the hotel was nice to her. And even Nellie, inexperienced as she was, could appreciate how everyone ignored

her position. They ignored it so pointedly that Nellie was amused. They were nice people, all of them. They weren't very wealthy, and they weren't very smart. The men were lawyers and business men, many of them from small towns, glad to be able to bring their wives and daughters to such a place as this: The women matched them.

The men were disposed to like Nellie because she was pretty and appealing, with her soft little manner. She was



There was an awful moment—she signed herself, "Ethel Van Duzen, New York."

one of those girls who make an unspoken appeal to the chivalry in every man. She appealed to their protective instincts.

The women liked her because she did not, as Mrs. Cain, the leader of the activities of the hotel, said, put on airs.

"My dear," said Mrs. Cain, to her dearest friend, "she's perfectly sweet! She must have clothes that would make every one of us look dowdy—yet she dresses so simply! Everything is in good taste—but she hasn't an imported gown with her, or, if she has, she hasn't worn it! Her jewels must be wonderful, but she never wears any at all! I admire that, in a young girl!" With her conquest of the women, sealed on that first night, Nellie was sure at least of her two weeks. She had her chance to sip romance.

Do not be too ready to blame Nellie if, on that first night, her shy glances were for the men. She was Cinderella, remember. She knew that midnight must sound, when she must abandon all her glitter and go back to drudgery. Of course, she was thinking of Prince Charming!

The nicest men, Nellie thought, were the older ones, the married ones. They tried to one-step with her, and she laughed a little at their mistakes, and they laughed, too, and thought it was great fun. Nellie danced beautifully. She and Lou had practiced the new steps by the hour. After seeing the moving pictures of the Castles, they would try to imitate the steps.

Most of the young men of the families that go to a place like the one Nellie had chosen are laying the foundation for future comfort, and are likely to work just about as hard in the summer as at any other



Her first tip.

time. The ones who were there were either engaged to some of the girls, or they had a certain feeling of awe about Nellie. They didn't want to give her or any one else a chance to say that they were fortune hunters. She appealed, but the idea that she was the famous Miss van Duzen (who really wasn't so famous then, except in the Imperial!) frightened them away. Nellie Nolan, sad to tell, would had more sway with them than did Ethel van Duzen.

But Nellie had her adventures, and the first was Count di Spagnoli. He looked like an Italian tenor, and his soulful eyes were exclusively directed toward Nellie.

"I don't like that Dago," Mr. Cain told her. "I daresay he's all right in his own country. But he doesn't seem to fit here, somehow."

"He's very handsome," said Nellie pensively. No American, she thought, could ever have been so romantic. Yet—

He had begun making love, in restrained, uncertain fashion, from the moment of their meeting. No one had ever made love to Nellie before, and she did not quite know how to take it. She might never have had to make up her mind as to just what she ought to do had it not been for an incident that upset her whole plan.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was on the night of the Imperial's weekly ball that the blow fell. Nellie was having the best of good times. She was enjoying herself more than she had at any time since her arrival. So many had claimed her dances that Spagnoli, despite

his sullen looks, had not been able to monopolize her. And she had met a man at the very sight of whom she caught her breath. He wasn't so handsome, though he was good looking enough. He didn't appear to be an athlete, though he was well set up. And he was far from a wonderful dancer; Spagnoli and almost any of the younger men in the hotel were far better than he in the intricacies of the modern steps. He was introduced as "Mr. Elliott, of Philadelphia."

And then Mr. Cain, in great excitement, came in with an evening paper, fresh from the train.

"Here's a sensation!" he cried. "Congratulations, Miss van Duzen! Half a million—that's worth inheriting!"

"What is it, Mr. Cain?" asked Nellie, pluckily.

"You were clever, Miss van Duzen!" He laughed. "Your lawyers say, in this paper, that you are supposed to be in Europe, but that you sailed without leaving any address! A distant cousin dies—no family and no will. You are the only

heir to a half million dollars! I suppose you never saw this man—he lived in Oregon?"

"No," said Nellie, faintly. She spoke truthfully!

"Splendid! No regrets, no need to pretend grief! Of course, it can't mean to you what it would to some of us, but still—! Well, it's the old story—'To him that hath.' Or to her, of course!"

Everyone congratulated her. The pretence of ignoring her identity was all over, of course. It couldn't be kept up after such an occurrence as that. Nellie looked around. She saw the gleam in Spagnoli's eyes. But it was for Elliott, somehow, that she found herself searching. His eyes met hers then turned away. What did that look in his eyes mean? She wondered.

As she left the ball room to go upstairs Spagnoli intercepted her.

"Mees van Duzen!" he said. "May I not have one word? I—"

"To-morrow, please, Count," she pleaded. "I am a little upset—"

"Only I wish to tell you that I am your



Mr. Cain, in great excitement, came in with an evening paper.



"It is useless to cry out; no one can hear your cries."

slave— I love you! I throw myself at your feet! Do not tell me that there is no hope—"

"I must!" she said. And burst into tears as she ran from him!

CHAPTER V.

ROMANCE had come to her!

She hated herself for running away. She need not be afraid of Spagnoli, surely. She should have listened to him, she told herself. She had acted as the real Ethel van Duzen would never have thought of acting. And yet, defiantly, she wasn't sorry! It was on that thought that she went to sleep, while from below the sobbing of the violins came through the night and stole in at her window.

In the morning she looked out to see the brilliant summer sunshine on the white

beach and the dancing waves. She saw the beach bright with the forms of playing children. She knew that later hundreds of bathers would be there, with herself among them. And life seemed brighter, after all.

Even had she not longed for the struggle with the surf, Nellie would have donned her bathing suit that morning. For she did not want to see Spagnoli, and she knew that in the water she would be safe from him. There were those, and Mr. Cain was among them, who insinuated that there were good reasons for the Count's disdain of the sport—swimming.

"Take out the padding from his shoulders and you'll see how much he amounts to!" said old Cain, with a snort.

Nellie went further that morning than she had ever gone before, further than she meant to go. She was a good swimmer. Her childhood, before the days when it had become a necessity for her to work at Burton's, had been passed by the shore. But two weeks every year at Asbury

Park and an occasional day at Coney Island are not quite enough to keep one in trim for long distance swimming. And Nellie was just beginning to feel tired when—

"Good morning, Miss van Duzen!" said a voice, from the waves. It was young Elliott.

"Good morning!" she said, rather faintly. "I—I'm awfully glad to see you! I'm afraid I've come too far—"

He was beside her in two swift strokes. Quietly, he turned her, until she was floating. Then he supported her with one arm.

"When you feel better," he said, cheerfully, "I'll tow you in!"

Nellie felt as if all her troubles were a million miles away. The waves tossed her gently about.

"I sort of kept you in sight," he explained. "I didn't like to call to you—afraid you'd think I was impertinent!"

"The idea!" said Nellie—in the manner of Miss van Duzen, as she conceived it—"It was so good of you to come!"

Perhaps young Elliott didn't actually save her life. Perhaps, if he had not been

there, some on shore would have noticed. And perhaps someone would have reached her in time. But he did save her from a regular rescue, which may be romantic enough, but is highly uncomfortable, what with its artificial respiration by means of a barrel and the other things that go with it.

He claimed his reward in the form of a trip, that same afternoon, in a sailing boat, which he hired, and which he handled with convincing skill. With such a start an acquaintance between two young people can ripen a good deal, even in three days.

CHAPTER VI.

NELLIE had found her prince. And if, before, she had resented the idea of becoming ragged Cinderella again, when the hour struck, resentment was no longer the word to apply to her feeling. She was up in arms against fate.

Yet, with all her romanticism, all her eagerness for adventure, Nellie had worked too long in Burton's, had beaten against the world unaided too long, not to be able to see the truth.

Nellie understood all at once that the days of fairy stories were over. Princes no longer came along and caught up the Cinderellas who had won the privilege of a brief emergence into pretty clothes. There were all sorts of complications to be taken into account. Lou had been right, after all. Wise, steady, sensible Lou!

Instinct told Nellie that Elliott might have come upon her in Burton's, and, knowing all about her, might have loved her, nevertheless. But now—well, she would go back to Burton's, and next summer she would go to Asbury, to the house where one got good board, if one were not particular, for six dollars a week.

She meant to disappear. She would not tell him she was going. He would discover how she had tricked him. But she would not see the look that would come into his eyes at the discovery. That, she felt, she could not bear.

Between them there was a curious constraint that was never quite removed. There were long silences that neither cared to break. They talked of trivial things, of the weather, and

the way the orchestra played dance music, and the schooners that were always passing, their sails outlined against the horizon.

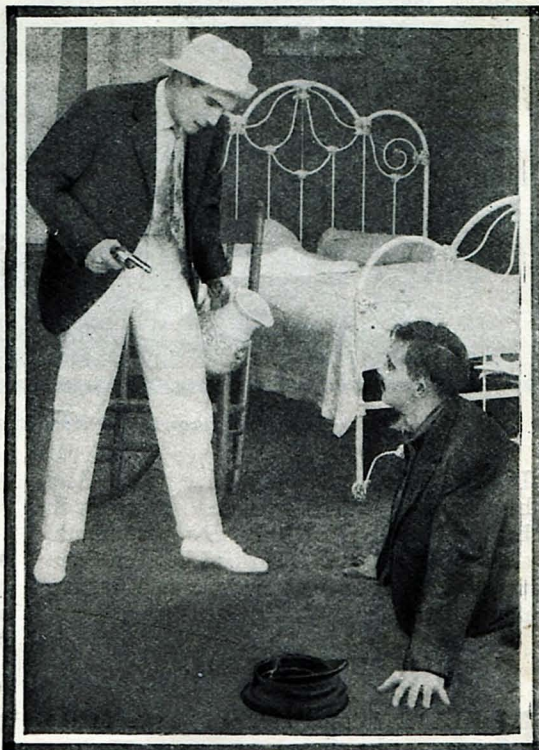
If he, like Spagnoli, proposed, would she have strength to refuse? *Could* she? Panic seized her as she thought of this.

Each time, however, something intervened. Nellie knew that he loved her. She knew it, as every woman knows it when the right man comes. So the last night of her stay came. She danced with him; when he proposed a final stroll along the beach, she consented. She was going very early in the morning. This was the end.

She thought that there was something on his mind, too. He was as silent as she, to her relief, since she could not have talked. She was too close to tears for that. And so they walked, her hand resting lightly on his arm, and looked at the stars and the sea.

"I must go in," she said, at last, and turned. "Please—do you mind letting me go back alone? I want to think of something—"

He protested a little. But she had her way. He bent over her hand as she held



"I beat the truth out of him."

it out to him and kissed it, and she drew it back, startled.

"I didn't mean to do that!" he said, startled himself. "But you—I don't know—it seems the thing to do with you—Oh, I'm getting maudlin! Good-night!"

"Good-night," she said, aloud. And then, below her breath. "And—good bye, my—love!"

But he did not hear that, nor her sobs.

she screamed. Spagnoli lolled near her, his face incredibly sinister, the firelight dancing upon him.

"Where am I?" she shrieked. And then: "Help! Help!"

"Please, dear lady!" murmured Spagnoli, suavely. "I do not wish to hurt you. I wanted a chance to speak to you! For days there has been none! Again I renew my suit—will you not become my wife?"



"Sweetheart!" he cried tenderly, again and again.

If he had, he would have come back. And he would have seen two men spring upon her, and stuff something into her mouth, stifling her scream. And had he been there they could not have carried her to a waiting motor boat.

CHAPTER VII.

NELLIE fainted before she was in the boat. She found her senses on dry land, with a fire blazing before her. Then

"No! No!"

Spagnoli only smiled.

"Please," he said, again. "It is quite useless to cry out. No one can hear your cries. You remember the little island that one sees from the hotel? This is the island. No one comes here."

"Take me back," commanded Nellie. "You have asked me again—and I have refused, as I should do if you asked me a million times!"

"So!" The count sighed, philosophically.

"A million regrets! But—who shall read a woman's heart? It is the young Elliott that I am to congratulate, eh? Well—I do not struggle against the inevitable. But there is just one trifling matter. I have made out, here, a check on your bank in New York. It is nothing, for you—ten thousand dollars. So soon as I have cashed that, in the morning, you shall be returned to the hotel!"

Nellie saw the true Spagnoli now: adventurer, thief, blackmailer.

"I shall sign no check," she said.

"I am sorry," said Spagnoli sweetly, as he rose. "In the morning I shall come to see if you have changed your mind!"

He meant it. In five minutes Nellie heard the put-put of the receding motor. She was alone, with only the fire to keep her company!

There was a tiny tent, affording a sort of shelter; but there was no refuge from her terror, from her fear of Spagnoli's return. She saw herself being justly punished.

Morning.

The sun, rising out of the sea, gilded the water, touched the rocks with red and gold. But there was no beauty in the sight for Nellie, whose eyes were fixed upon the mainland. It was still early when she saw what she had dreaded: a wee white motor boat stealing out toward her, bearing two men. She recognized Spagnoli long before it came near.

He was pleasant, at first. But, when she repeated her refusal his manner changed.

"I have tried to be gentle—to be kind," he said. "But it is useless. Signorina—I mean exactly what I say. This money I must have! I shall find

a means to make you sign if you do not do so willingly. What is ten thousand dollars to you, after all? Is it worth the price that it will cost you if you do not sign?"

There was hideous menace in his manner, in his voice, above all in his eyes. And Nellie, frightened, signed. She knew what it might mean—that she had become a forger. But—she signed.

"Ah—good!" cried Spagnoli. "So soon as I have the money you shall be freed, signorina! You are wise—I kiss your hand!"

He fairly ran to the boat. And Nellie, terrified, sank down, sobbing.

The motor boat, with its rhythmic beating, roused her. She was startled, for surely there had not been time for him to make his escape—as she had known he meant to do before he sent it back for her. There was no train, she knew, for two hours yet, and she could guess that he meant to reach Boston and be beyond the scope of a telegraphic alarm. She started to her feet. The motor boat was just off shore. And into the little dinghy that was its tender sprang two men. One, all in white, ran toward her. With a cry of thanksgiving, she fell into Tom Elliott's arms!

For a moment there were no words between them. Whatever there had been of constraint was wiped out now.

"Sweetheart!" he cried tenderly, again and again.

She could only sob. He took her to the boat. In five minutes they had started, in the motor boat, for the beach.

"My name's not Elliott; it's Clancy—Tom Clancy!"



CHAPTER VIII.

"TELL me what happened!" she said.

For the first time she noticed the plight of the

man who was running the engine. His lip was split; one eye was blue and swollen; his clothes were torn. And there was blood on Elliott's white trousers that had come from his bruised knuckles.

"It was the luckiest chance!" he said. "I was at the station, inquiring about trains. This fellow came along with that Italian, Spagnoli. They didn't see me—I heard them quarrelling about what they should do with the money they had got from you! The whole thing came out. I followed this fellow to his room when he went to pack a suit case. And I beat the truth out of him! I've warned the police—Spagnoli will be arrested when he tries to cash your check!"

There was more for him to tell her. And he had to hear of her experience, to be assured, over and over again, that she had suffered no real harm. As they landed, and were alone again, the old constraint came over them.

"I've got to tell you!" she broke out, desperately. "I'm a fraud! I'm not Ethel van Duzen, and I haven't ten thousand cents in the world, much less ten thousand dollars! My name's Nellie Nolan, and I'm in the notions at Burton's, New York!"

"At Burton's," he said dully.

"Yes, at Burton's!" She wondered what difference that made. Why he should dwell on that? It would have been no better had it been some other store. And then, suddenly, he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Burton's!" he cried, again. "Oh, thank God! Nellie—it's the dearest name in the world! Nellie—my name's not Elliott! It's Clancy—Tom Clancy! And I work at Burton's too! I just got word to hurry back, because they've fired Harper and given me the Hardware! It's to be my department—I'm to be buyer! It's not such a great job—but it's enough to be married on, isn't it, sweetheart?"

There's little more to tell. Spagnoli had evidently received warning, and, his worthless check uncashed, simply disappeared. Nellie Nolan didn't go back to Burton's, after all. Nellie Clancy did, for a few days, to break in her successor. They were married before they started, you see. Tom's new salary hadn't begun yet, so, when they reached New York, they ate their wedding supper in a place that Miss Ethel van Duzen didn't know existed. But they enjoyed it! And how Nellie did crow over Lou! For she had found the true romance!



Mrs. Carter Harrison,

wife of the Mayor of Chicago, whose first important photo-drama "My Lady of the Snows," has just been completed in one of the country's leading studios. She has taken a very active part in the selection of the cast and direction of the picture.



Beauty and the Best

Billie Lee West's hobby is dogs—not cur dogs, mutts or fish-hounds, but regular dogs that cost a lot of money and look awful. The panting gargoyle herewith depicted is one of the little movie actress' finest.

The Griffith Way

ON subsequent pages are photographic reproductions of D. W. Griffith, director, obtaining his unique effects.

Mr. Griffith is one of America's few photoplay-makers who appear to realize that the craft has possibilities as a definite and distinctive art, as well as an ability to make passing amusement, put a demure gown on passion, and assassinate time.

Much space has been devoted to Mr. Griffith's unusual methods of procedure. His ever-handly megaphone has become as much of a fetish to the fans as were David Belasco's clerical vests to his miracle-worshippers a generation ago.

The fact that Mr. Griffith molds sentiment from the pilot of a locomotive, commands an army from the top of a water-tank with his voice as a sword, rigs up a studio on the war-head of a racing automobile and diligently studies the sun and the electric lamp for dramaticisms they have never revealed is beside the main issue.

The mechanical performances in Mr. Griffith's pictures never startle one. They seem to be natural and logical. His human beings are only human beings. Individuals rather disappear. The story, or its meaning, if it has one, is always uppermost, and the characters, rather than the actors, stand forth in startling perspective. One picture like "The Escape" does more to advance the true art of the camera than ten thousand filmings of some

popular favorite—just for that favorite's nickel popularity. Yet "The Escape" has an all-favorite cast!

The Griffith Way is the strenuous way, but there is purpose behind the strenuousness, and in the finished picture it shows.

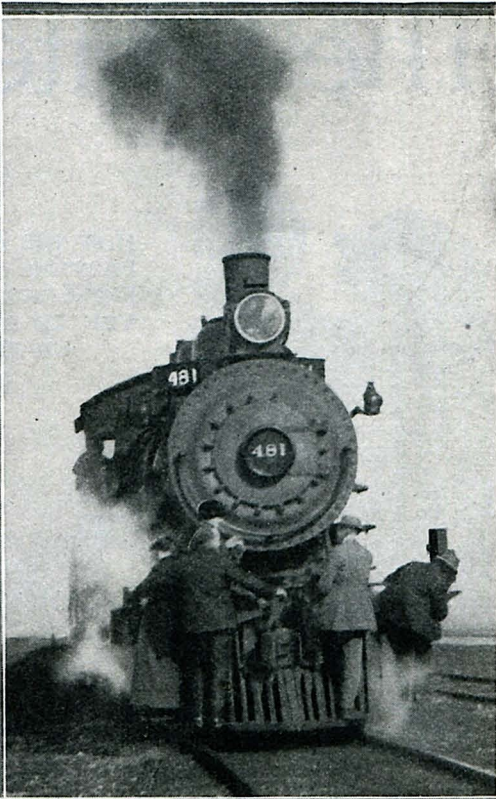
The Field Marshal of the camera in action—Griffith directing his production of "The Clansman."



Ready to Eat Road at a Mile a Minute



Griffith and his camera man, equipped for a hazardous take on the business end of a racing-car.



At the right, Griffith is the man in the light suit on the locomotive pilot. In the other picture he is seen seated, consulting with his camera men.



The commander observes from field headquarters, "The Escape" under way.

The White Goddess



HOW THE CRAFT AND THE
PASSIONS OF THE MYSTE-
RIOUS EAST WERE CIRCUM-
VENTED BY THE FRANK,
UNAFRAID WEST

By
Luther Buck

Illustrations from the
Kalem Film, Alice
Joyce Feature



"SO you see, dear, I don't know anything about myself—only my name! I've never seen my parents since I was old enough to remember them."

The girl finished her story, her eyes fixed on the man who was listening. He kissed her before he said anything.

"What difference does it make? If they've left you here all these years with Mrs. Jones to take care of you, they can't say anything because we want to be married, can they? They'll have to take her word for it that I'm all right, won't they? And I think she likes me well enough to do that."

"Of course she does!" said the girl, indignantly. "But—don't you suppose they'll want to see me, Frank—before I get married? Won't they want me to come to them, if they can't leave India?"

"I hadn't thought of that," said Frank Elwin, glumly. "They would, though, I suppose. Has this chap Khanda ever said anything about it?"

"Not to me, but you know I've only seen him once—the last time he was here. He has come every year, Mrs. Jones has told me now. Every year he has brought the money for me, and each year there has been more money. Mrs. Jones says she has asked him a good many times when I was to go back to India, but he had always said he didn't know—that I must finish in college first, at any rate."

"It's jolly mysterious—I know that! I tell you what, Elsie—the best thing for us to do is to get married, right off! Then, if this dark gentleman friend of yours starts anything I've got a right to interfere. We might make it a wedding journey—going to India to see your parents, I mean."

"Oh—I'd want them to know first, Frank. Dear—it's such a little while since we became engaged, even—we'd want to wait, even if there wasn't this mystery. And you have to finish here and get your degree."

Elwin really thought so, too. He was tremendously in love, but he wasn't very old, and the idea that he was actually engaged was very nearly as appalling as it was delightful. There were practical things to be thought of. He had to let *his* parents know, and—oh, well, Elsie was right, certainly.

There were a good many mysterious things about Elsie Farnum that neither of them knew. For example, that it was the quiet, silent Oriental, Khanda, who had brought her to the college town in the first place, when she was scarcely more than a baby. Mrs. Jones had never seen her parents; all her dealings had been with Khanda. And he had explained that the child was to be brought up like any American child. She was to be educated in the schools; when she was prepared, she was to become a student in the university which was the chief reason the town had for being. Mrs. Jones was not avaricious, but it was, in the end, the really extraordinary liberality of the terms that Khanda offered that made her accept the charge. Later she had come to feel for the girl as if she had been her own child.

Mrs. Jones allowed it to be supposed that Elsie was in some way related to her; Elsie herself had believed this until quite recently, when Khanda, for the first time on one of his annual visits, had asked to see her. The indifference of the parents was a strange and puzzling thing to Mrs. Jones, but her few attempts to learn something from Khanda had convinced her that she was only wasting her time.

What the final outcome of the whole strange affair was to be Mrs. Jones had never even tried to guess. But of one thing she had been increasingly sure from the time when it had become plain that Elsie was destined to grow from an attractive child into a still more attractive woman. And that was that some young man was bound to appear and cause complications. She had never suggested this to Khanda; he had, seemingly, overlooked the possibility altogether. But Mrs. Jones was by no means surprised.

"You see—I must write to my mother and father now," said Elsie. "What ever the reason has been before for my not doing it, I've got to now. I know Frank wants us to get married as soon as he has his degree—"

"Let me think about it, dear," said Mrs. Jones. "I will write to Mr. Khanda, and tell him—and you can enclose a letter with mine. That will be the best way, I think."

For Mrs. Jones did not have the address of the Farnums; she was entirely dependent upon the elegant Indian.

As things turned out, however, her letter was answered long before it could have reached India. Things moved very swiftly for Frank and Elsie. His father and mother came to see him; he plucked up his courage, told them of her, and brought them to see her. She conquered them as completely as she had Frank. From that moment he became importunate.

"If they've left you here alone all these years there's no reason why you should consider your parents!" he said, hotly.

"I can't help it, Frank," she said. "I feel that I must."

They were really having their first quarrel. He was taking her home, late in the afternoon. And they were still flushed from the heat of their dispute when they walked into Mrs. Jones's drawing room, to be confronted by Khanda himself, who fixed them with a stare that was plainly hostile. Both started; they looked guilty, though, in all conscience, there was no reason for them to feel so.

"I have been waiting," said the Indian, gravely. "You will ask your friend to excuse you? I have come to take you back to India with me."

"Look here—" Frank began, hotly. But there was something in the other man's eyes that silenced him.

"I do not know your relation to this lady, sir," said Khanda, smoothly. "But I am to take her back to her parents. It will be your privilege as well as your duty to address them if you have any interest in her."

Frank choked slightly. But a look at Elsie silenced him again. She was frightened, he could see, and yet she wanted him to leave. He went out.

"Now you will go and pack the things you need," said Khanda to Elsie. "We shall start in the morning, early—the steamer sails to-morrow afternoon. It is a long journey. From New York to Gibraltar. Thence to India, on another vessel."

Elsie went to obey. She had the consciousness of being watched continuously,



"Hassa Del believes you are the White Goddess, but I know the truth: you are a woman, to be loved!"

yet, when she looked about, there was never any sign of Khanda. It did not occur to her to refuse to go; she was too anxious to see her parents. Yet the thought of going alone with Khanda, of leaving her lover behind, terrified her. She wrote a note to him that night, but she knew that Khanda had seen her writing; she was afraid he had managed, in some way, to intercept it.

When morning brought no answer she was sure. Then, indeed, panic seized her. Until, as she stepped out of the house, she saw Frank waiting. With a sudden movement she ran to him and threw her arms about him.

"Follow me!" she said, eagerly. "We are going to sail. There is money in this bag—plenty for your expenses, so that you can come at once. But keep out of his sight. I'm afraid."

"All right—I understand," said Frank, in a whisper.

Then Khanda separated them. An auto-

mobile was waiting; he helped Elsie to get in, and turned, with a satiric smile, to Frank.

"I am sorry that I may not invite you to join us," he said. "Good bye."

But Elsie, looking out behind, recognized a car that belonged to one of Frank's friends; she saw that it was following. And, though she did not see Frank as the steamer sailed, she guessed that he was there. Before they reached Gibraltar she saw him several times, though Khanda watched her so closely that it was dangerous. At Gibraltar, too, Frank managed his transshipment to the P. and O. steamer so that Khanda was again deceived.

Every time that he saw Elsie Frank begged her to give up her intention of going through with Khanda. When she refused he finally modified his plea. "Marry me, at least," he begged. "Marry me before we land—then I can take care of you. I'll go anywhere with you—anywhere he likes."

But she would not. And, just a day

or two before they were to land, Frank's pleading brought about the disaster they had avoided during the long voyage. They had met in a sheltered part of the deck, but Frank had raised his voice, and Khanda, prowling, heard him. Nothing happened—then. But the Indian knew now that Frank was aboard. And, on the last day of the voyage, when it was time to land, Elsie looked for Frank—and looked for him in vain. Khanda watched her; smiling, he came to her at last.

"Your American friend has decided to go home," he said. "He landed with the pilot, and he might catch a steamer that sails to-day!"

There was no reason for her to doubt. She thought that Frank had taken their quarrel seriously; that he had decided to leave her to whatever fate might await her. In a way, she was relieved. She was friendless now, save for Khanda, who had been both kind and considerate during the

journey; she had no choice but to go with him.

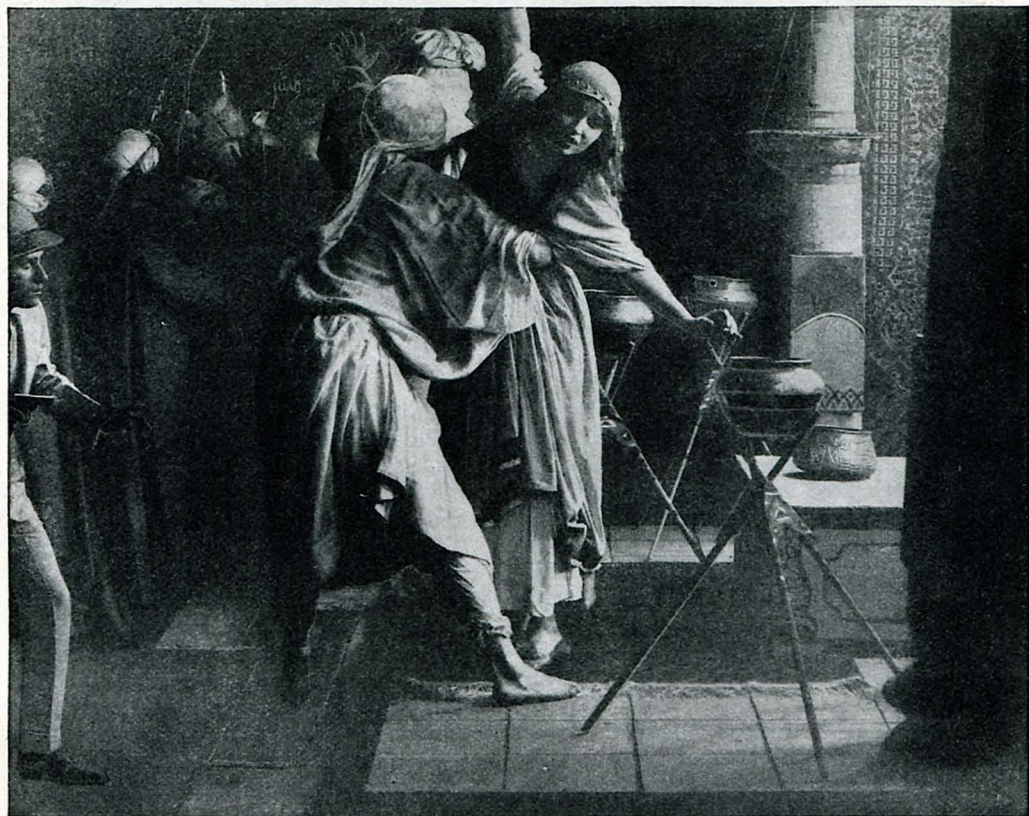
From Calcutta, he explained, they had still a long distance to go. The first part of their land journey they would make by train. He had assumed native garb.

"I shall appear to be your servant—as, indeed, I am," he said. "When the time comes for us to leave the train and to travel by litter, you, too, must don the Indian costume—otherwise there will be questions, and the English might seek to prevent you from going to your parents."

"But why?" she asked, wondering. "Why is all this mystery necessary?"

"You shall understand in due time," he said. "Meanwhile you must obey."

His tone and his manner had both changed. Elsie felt that now, in this strange land, with no friends to whom she could appeal, she was in his power—and that he meant her to understand it. And, after all—why not obey? Frank's deser-



The maddened people swept up the steps to the great altar A man grasped her lifted her.



Again and again the pistol cracked; then she heard a dear voice in her ear.

tion was a harder blow than she liked to admit, even to herself. Perhaps she had been wrong, even unreasonable. Yet she had believed that he would stand by her, right or wrong. She agreed, at any rate.

From the moment when she donned native dress Elsie found herself in an India that was entirely strange to her. She saw no more English people, except, at very rare intervals, a police officer.

"This is the real India," Khanda said to her one day, when they had been traveling by road for three days. "Do you see the city that lies ahead?"

He pointed to a collection of flat roofs, glistening white in the sun, dominated by a great temple.

"That is our destination," he said. "You will see few English there. There is a residency, but we have kept the English in their place. They do not dominate us, as they do in so many parts of India. Here our native rule is absolute. The English

are our advisers—but we do not take their advice unless it pleases us. Here the priests are the real rulers, as in the days of our past glory. Hassa Del is the real power here."

"Hassa Del?" she said, curiously.

"He is the High Priest," said Khanda.

"You shall see him, to-day."

"But what have I to do with him?" asked Elsie. "My parents—"

"He will tell you of them," said Khanda.

"Now I may tell you the truth. You are not to see your parents. They have been dead for many years. You come here in fulfillment of a high destiny—for in the mystic process of reincarnation it has been willed that in this cycle a goddess should deign to use your body! But these things you shall learn from Hassa Del."

Appalled, terrified, Elsie could only stare at him. In his eyes she saw something that relieved her terror. There was a gleam in them that could mean only

madness, it seemed to her. Wisely she determined not to resist him, not to oppose him, even, or to contradict. Somehow she controlled her fear when she had to leave the litter. He took her to the temple; pointed out the beauties of the city.

"Look at them well!" he said. "You will not see them again. Henceforth your life is to be spent within the temple walls. Come."

There was a terrible conviction in his voice. Elsie, terrified, fascinated, bewildered, followed. But about the clang of the gates, as they closed about her, there was a finality that completed the work Khanda's words had begun. She fainted. And when she came to she was in a small room, and opened her eyes to see a very old man, with a flowing beard, who regarded her with a fixed stare.

"You are welcome!" he said. "We have waited many years for this day to come. Now, with you, white goddess, to aid us, we shall drive the English out! This very day the people shall see you, in the temple."

Elsie was speechless. She could only stare at him. He did not speak to her again, but left her. And when, five minutes later, Khanda came in, she cried out in joy. He was, at least, a link with the world that seemed suddenly so far away.

"Khanda!" she cried. "Tell me! What madness is this—of calling me a goddess? Why am I brought here?"

He looked at her a moment, gloomily.

"Why not?" he said. "Listen. I shall tell you the legend of our race. For centuries we have been told by the priests that in the time of deepest degradation, when we were living under the rule of an alien race, Buddha would show us a sign of triumph. The sign was to be a goddess, pale of face—who should appear first in the temple, as a little child.

"Years ago, one day, while the people were here, in prayer, such a child appeared. The people, the superstitious, among the priests, believed this was the sign. There were those, like me, who knew the truth—that the child belonged to two American tourists. But the other priests seized the child—when its parents sought to reclaim it they were slain—"

"Oh!" Elsie shrieked at his callous tone.

"They were slain," Khanda repeated. "You were the child—that is why you were

sent away, lest the English discover that a white child was kept in the temple. That is why you were brought back. Hassa Del believes you are the white goddess of the legend—the people will believe when you are shown to them. But I—I know the truth—that you are no goddess, but a woman to be loved! Love me and I will save you, carry you away, to a place where we may be happy together—"

"Blasphemer!"

The voice of Hassa Del interrupted him. Elsie, fixed with terror, saw what happened—but it was over before she understood. She saw men seize Khanda; heard Hassa Del's fierce orders. She saw Khanda dragged to a place where a burning brazier stood; saw men plunge wires into the flame and draw them out white hot. She heard Khanda's shrieks a moment later. And then, once more, she fainted.

Then followed days and nights of nightmare life. She was treated with deference. There were women to wait upon her; everything was done for her comfort. And once each day she was made to appear in the temple, while the priests chanted and the people bowed down before her. She understood nothing; thought of nothing but escape—and knew that almost hopeless.

At length a day came when outside the temple, coming faintly to her ears, there were sounds of fighting, of rioting, rather; shots, and the roar of a mob. That day, when the time came for her daily appearance before the people, the first glimpse of her was a sign, not for worship, but for an outburst of denunciation. The priests surrounded her; gradually she understood. Her coming had been a signal for revolt; the rising had been crushed. The people believed her to be a false goddess; they were demanding her from the priests, that they might slay her.

Scarcely had she realized the danger when there was a rush. The maddened people swept up the steps to the great altar; the priests, led by Hassa Del, were torn away from her. A man grasped her, lifted her. And then his hold relaxed just as she heard a sound that rang out, echoing through the temple, above the shrieks of the mob—the sound of a revolver shot.

Again and again the pistol cracked; huddled bodies lay about her, as she crouched.

And she heard then a dear voice in her ear. Frank's arms were about her, and he was leading her out to the open air.

"That beast Khanda thought he had done for me on the ship," Frank told her, later. "But he only stunned me. I man-

aged to trace you here—but I was stuck until I found him, wallowing outside the temple, with his eyes put out! He recognized my voice—told me what was going on. Good God—what a story! And—well, I got in, and you know the rest."

A Theatre with Four Million Patrons a Year

Here are some interesting facts about New York's "Strand," the biggest and finest theatre in the world among play-houses especially built and operated exclusively for the presentation of motion pictures.

The Strand cost a million dollars;
Occupies upper Broadway's most sightly and valuable corner;

Seats 3,500 people;
Has a daily attendance of more than 10,000;

Has a Sunday attendance of more than 14,000;

Is open every day in the year;
Celebrates its first birthday in April;
Has a symphony orchestra of fifty men;
As auxiliary, possesses a \$40,000 organ;
Incidentally, vouchsafes its patrons one or more distinguished operatic soloists each week;

Has a "noon dansant" for working girls, under the patronage of Fifth avenue's society women;

Has a working girls' "cafeteria," feeding more than 1,500 young salaried women each noon—under the same social auspices;

Has its own roof garden;
"Brawner," its own tango-restaurant, open every night until 1 a. m.;

An emergency hospital;
Ushers organized upon a strictly military basis;

A "courtesy drill" every Sunday morning;

A fire drill each night after the performance;

More Italian marble, Florentine mosaic,

costly frescoing, velvet and cloth of gold than any so-called legitimate theatre in America.

When Mitchell H. Mark, president of the owning company, announced the expense of his house, and his policy, in the winter of 1913-14, he was called (by theatrical wiseacres) a silly meddler in metropolitan amusement affairs; one who would speedily and laughably go the way of other meddlers. Any old theatre had been good enough to show pictures in; ergo, any old theatre would continue to be all-sufficient.

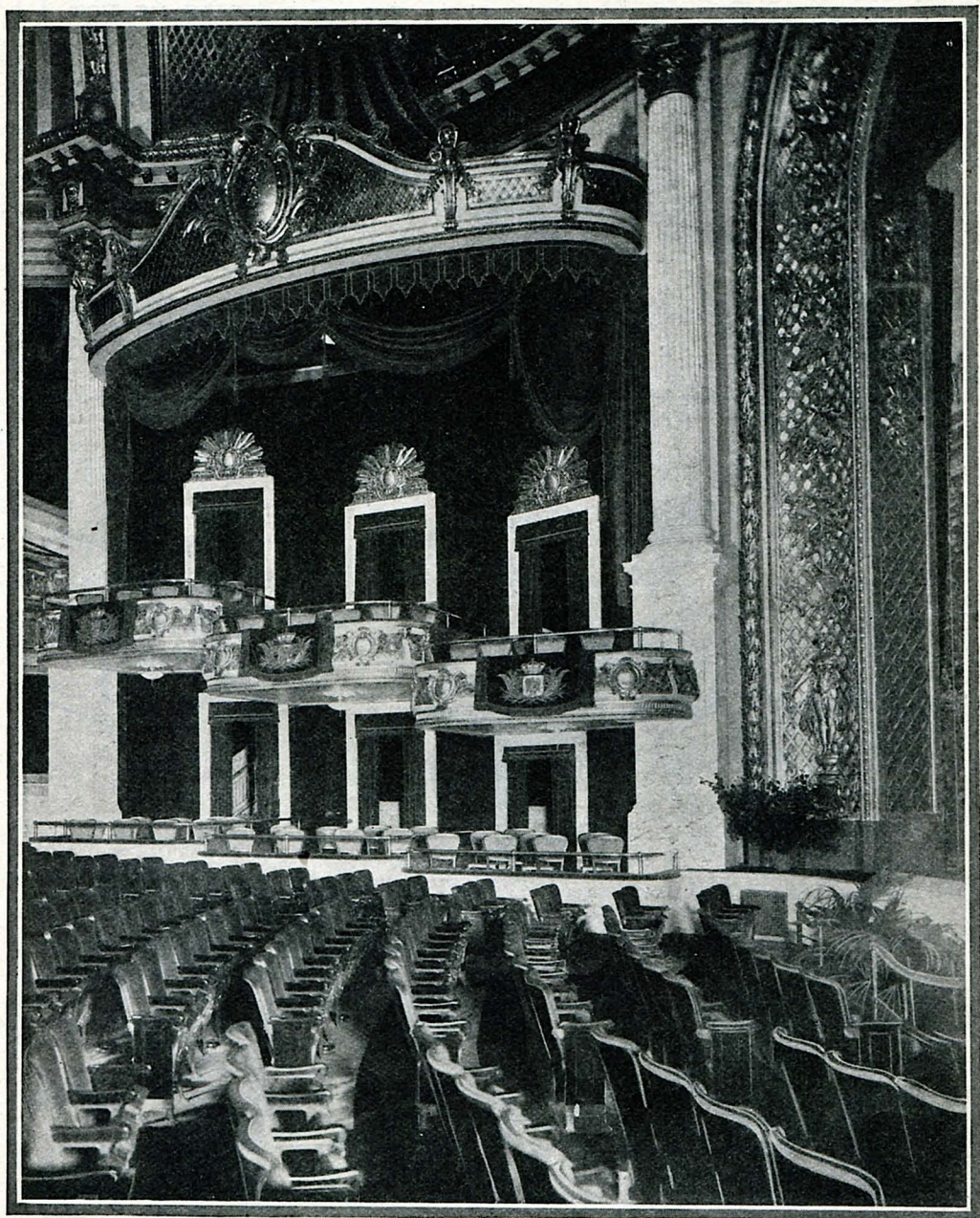
The attendance in the first year has been not far short of four million people!

There is no more gorgeous lobby in New York than that of the Strand. The floor is of inlaid mosaic; marble columns and mirrors framed in crystal and gold adorn the walls, while the ceiling is of murals apotheosizing the picture art. These were painted in Europe.

The color scheme through the body of the vast theatre is French gray, gold and rose. European-painted murals on the side walls represent the Senses, while above the proscenium is a painting of "The Dreams of Life."

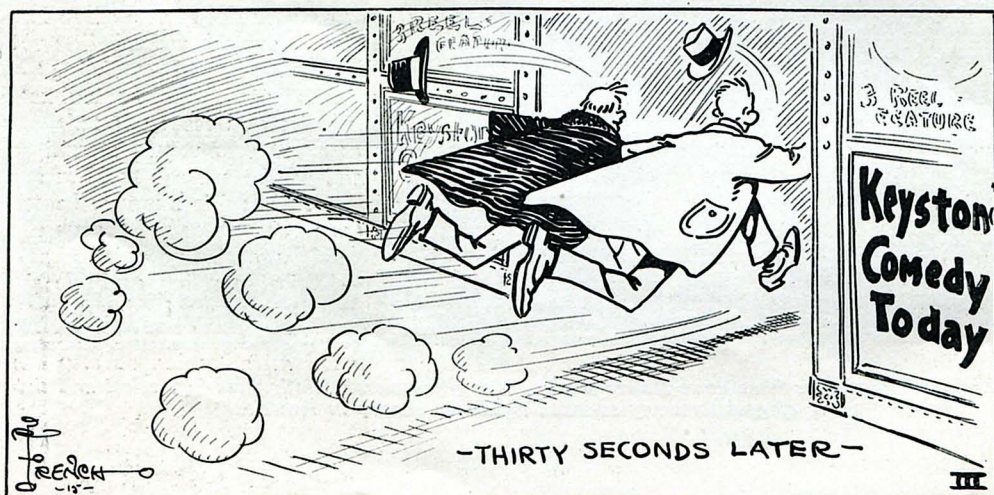
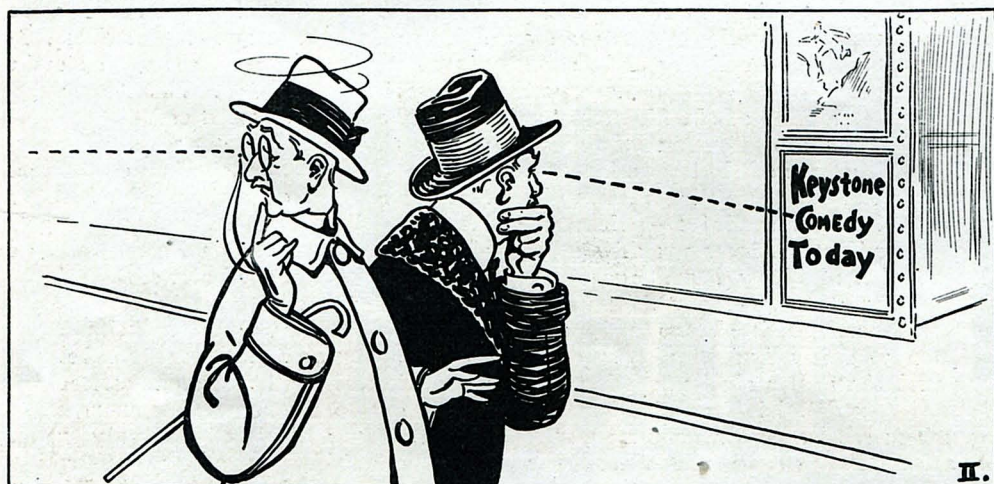
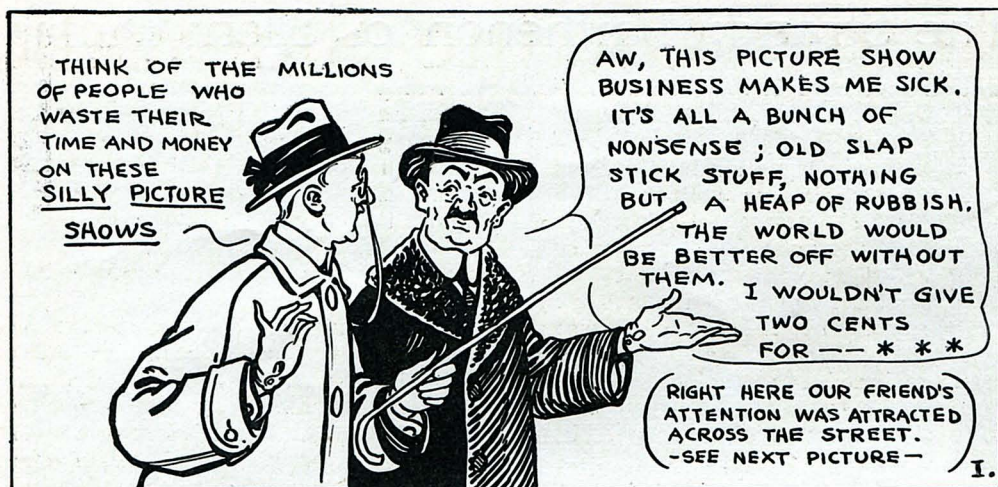
An architectural novelty is the mezzanine promenade above the orchestra floor, opening in a great marble court over the seats below; so that the promenaders on the box-tier floor, to almost any number, may look down upon hundreds of people in the last rows, actually watching the picture plays in progress, while they themselves have not yet entered the auditorium.

The Strand: Parthenon of Silent Drama



This movie playhouse "has more Italian marble, Florentine mosaic, costly frescoing, velvet and cloth of gold than any so-called legitimate theatre in America."

When the Lofty Temples Tumbled

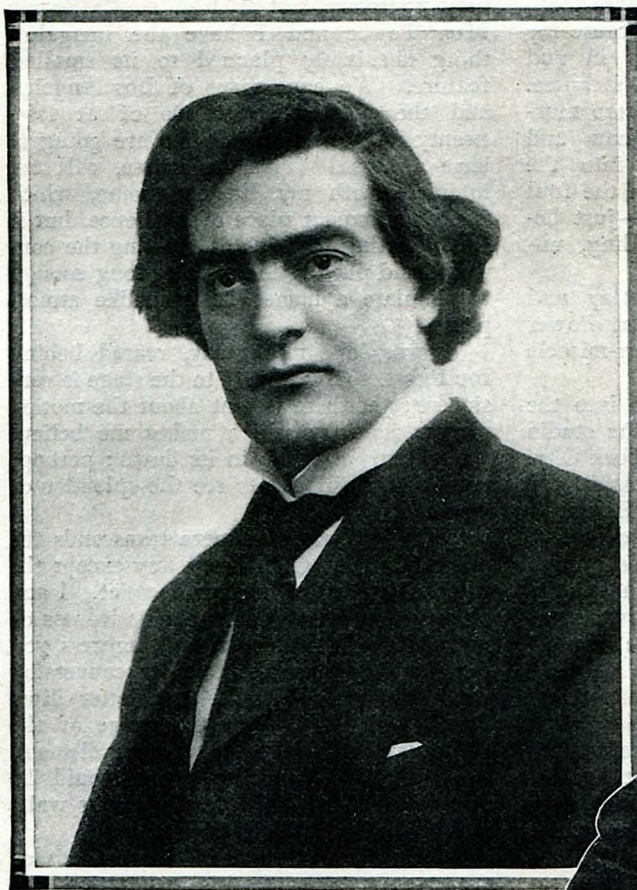


Acting On the Sidewalk

IN WHICH TYRONE
POWER RECOUNTS THE
ENTHUSIASMS AND
TERRORS OF A DISTIN-
GUISHED NOVICE

By John Sheridan

girl in a first appearance in her home town," explained Mr. Power. "I can't get used to having my fervor dodge a street car or sidestep a baby carriage. I feel like an actor doing Hamlet with the scenery indecently falling down around him, or a leading lady losing her skirt in the midst



"**W**HAT," I asked Tyrone Power, "was the hardest phase of the picture business as you've mastered it?"

And without any hesitation at all Mr. Power answered, "Acting on the sidewalk."

The accession of Tyrone Power to the realm of camera-drama marks the destruction of one of the final bulwarks of mock sentimentality which are thrown by some people around the spoken drama as differentiated from that drama which is acted voicelessly. Power is a 42-centimetre gun as a stage dignitary—and as a picture enthusiast he is a capering lamb.

Except—

That he cannot get used to performances on the asphalt before a crowd which is more apt to grin than appreciate.

"I am, invariably, more rattled than a stage struck



of a grand rage. I want to stop to look at the group of little girls playing tag over in the adjoining lot—and then I want to stop because I think they're looking at me. I am embarrassed because my audience is continually walking in and out on me, or just *past* me, which is worse. It's so hard for one to be a sincere murderer when a boy carrying a ham and whistling 'Tipperary' sidesteps into the gutter so as not to interfere with the foul deed, and goes his vulgar way—just beyond the line of vision—unheeding, unmoved and utterly disconcerting."

Apart from its open-air display and promenade features, however, Mr. Power believes that the movie is the art-miracle of the Twentieth Century.

His first really large incursion into the field of the lens was made in the studio of The Famous Players, in New York City. Here he acted with great success in the picture version of Bronson Howard's notable old-time triumph, "Aristocracy."

Shortly after the release of this picture he came to Chicago, and has been appearing under Selig direction in his own great stage triumph, "The Servant in the House." In this drama by Charles Rann Kennedy he played the role he created so effectively in New York at the time of the original presentation of the play: The Drain Man, one of Author Kennedy's most typical characters; a powerful yet humble being synonymous with the work of the world, its suffering and its glorious service.

Mr. Power is now finishing a sensational feature, "Whom the Gods Destroy," and at its conclusion may go to California for still further feature films.

"I believe I speak from the personal standpoint of the actor in general when I say that the most appealing thing to the legitimate player who turns to pictures is the resident feature of the business. The actor becomes a citizen instead of a nomad. He spends his money for garden hose instead of tipping bellboys. He actually sees his children going to school—you bet he does, for he leaves for the studio at the same time they leave for morning classes! He gets acquainted with his wife, and if

she is a player, there is usually work for her, too. In Chicago I am living at a hotel for the reason that my time here is very uncertain, but if I go to California Mrs. Power and I have the bungalow thing absolutely planned to its smallest feature. We have maps of Los Angeles, and the printed seductions of at least twenty real estate men. We are going to have a home! This, of course, will not interfere with my Eastern home, which is my permanent place of residence, but it is comforting to think of crossing the continent and playing in anything long enough to simulate a home and homelike atmosphere.

"I was, one might say, reared behind footlights, so my loyalty to the stage is very sincere; yet there is that about the motion picture industry which makes me believe we are only groping in its dawn; perhaps none of us will live to see the splendor of its noon.

"The field of the camera transcends the arena of the stage in every way except the personal appeal of the human voice. I am, of course, a believer in the effectiveness of personality—I believe that I impress you more with my words, actually conversing with you, than I would in a letter illustrated with views—but the range of the photoplay, outside that personal element, is so utterly beyond whatever could be accomplished within a theatre's four walls and under its artificial lights.

"As an immortalizer of the methods of the best actors of this generation the camera will be invaluable. Tomorrow's actors may both learn from and be warned by what we are doing today.

"When great authors write directly for the camera, instead of writing for the stage, and having their dialogic versions twisted like a Chinese woman's feet for other purposes, I think we will see moving picture drama making its most significant strides.

"As an educational factor, and as a means of bringing fine histrionic interpretations and great plays to people of limited means, the value of moving pictures to the nation, and to the whole world, for that matter, is inestimable."

The Girl on the Cover

By K. Owen

"ONCE upon a time" began the first contestant in the 1144th annual Ananias tourney, "there was an actress who detested publicity—"

"S'enuff!" shrieked the other contestants in anguished chorus. "You win!"

"I accept the prize."

By all the rules of the game this interview should begin with some reference to that good old bromidic standby "What's in a name?" and a liberal use of saccharine superlatives in explanation of how much sweeter than her name is Blanche Sweet. There should also be a generous display of adjectives in telling about those wonderful eyes of the famous Jesse Lasky star, but after dashing madly through several Robert

ing by trying to land on my head.

It was rather astonishing to be told by an actress who is so widely known as the heroine of "The Escape" and "Judith" and "The Warrens of Virginia" that this was her first "really and truly" interview. (Not because I doubted her word but merely in the interest of accuracy, I

asked a few diplomatic questions in a press agents' caucus the next day and discovered that Miss Sweet was "impossible" from a publicity standpoint, that she just wouldn't "stand for anything.")

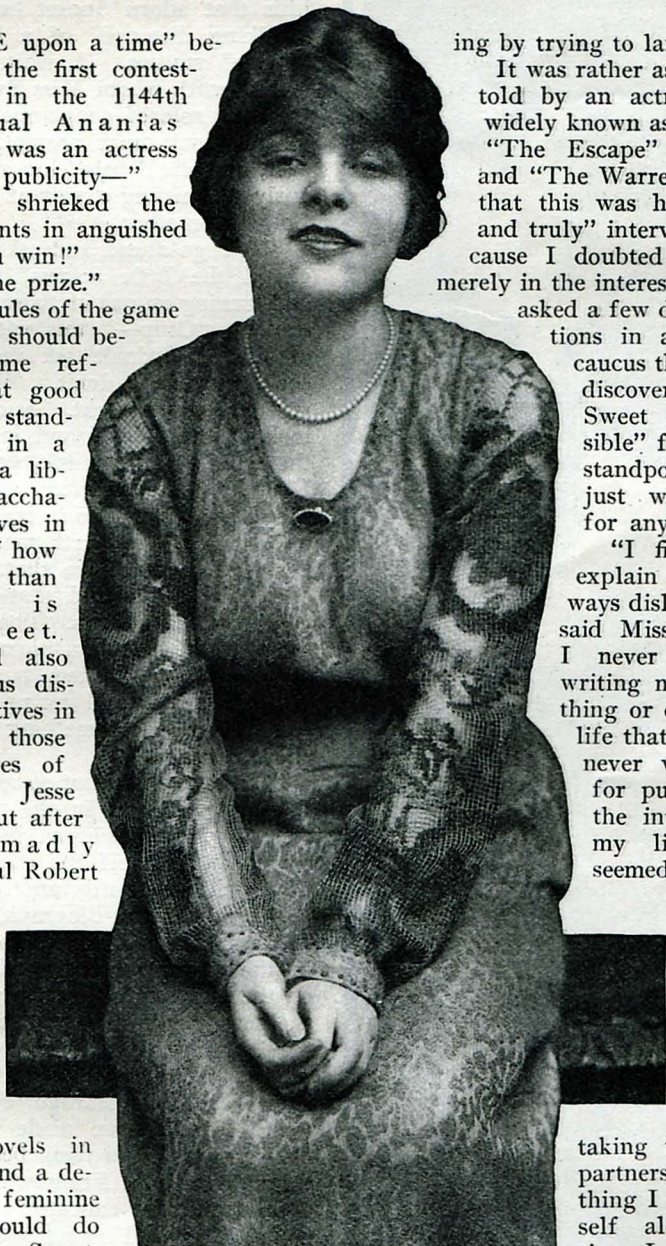
"I find it hard to explain just why I always disliked publicity," said Miss Sweet. "But I never wanted them writing me up as something or other in private life that I wasn't and I never wanted to talk for publication about the intimate facts of my life because it seemed so much like

This was her first "really truly" interview.

She braced herself. "Now go ahead and ask questions!"

Chambers novels in an effort to find a description of feminine eyes that would do justice to Miss Sweet, I give it up. I can say confidentially, however, that if she ever turned those whatchumacallem eyes on me and asked me to please jump off Mount Wilson or out of an aeroplane, I'd take a chance of surviv-

taking the public into partnership in something I wanted for myself alone. All the time I was with Mr. Griffith, to whom I owe everything of success I have attained, he respected my wishes concerning personal publicity, although I can see now that it was asking a great deal of him. The public has some rights in





"I thought I had run over my press-agent!"

the matter because we are all more or less dependent upon the public."

We were sitting in Miss Sweet's daintily appointed apartment in a big white house perched on one of the green-garbed side-hills that adorn Sunset boulevard within "walking distance" of a half dozen big "movie" studios. A white-haired grandmother with whom Miss Sweet lives filled the dual role of chaperone and prompter. There wasn't much prompting to do, however, and she devoted her attention assiduously to knitting a pair of socks for some Belgian or other.

"Now go ahead and ask questions," declared the little actress, bracing herself and turning on one of those dazzling Sweet smiles. "Only—" this with some degree of finality—"don't ask me if I like to cook, because I don't. Why, I couldn't fry an egg fit to eat. And—" seeing me look at the baby grand in the corner of the room—"as to music, you can say that I perform much better on the piano for the screen, than I do in real life. I really haven't a hobby worth mentioning except my work and I love that. I have only one great desire and that is to keep my youth and enthusiasm. They are the greatest assets of a motion picture actress. To keep both I try to keep busy all the time, go to bed early and get up with the sun."

I tried to say something complimentary about her youth.

"Of course I'm not so awfully old, but I am no beginner in the pictures by any means. Mary Pickford jokingly referred to me and herself the other day as old-timers, and we really are, because we both began at the old Biograph in New York. It was nearly six years ago when I began in the pictures after playing child parts on the stage and one of my first parts was the new year in a New Year's play, so you see I was pretty young."

Miss Sweet is a native of Chicago, and she really likes Chicago, but five winters in California have made her an ardent Californian. And then, besides, she went through the San Francisco earthquake as a child and was educated at Berkeley, the home of the University of California, where she rounded out her education after her first stage experience, by taking a special course at the University.

"I was just young enough to enjoy every minute of it," said Miss Sweet of

the big Frisco shake-up, "and the only time I was frightened during the disaster was when a neighbor who had gotten up from a sick bed, came over to our doorstep where we were sitting watching the fire, and dropped dead. I think of him every time I see someone die for the films, because he did it so quietly and without any fuss at all. That would never do with us!"

"Well, how about motoring?" I falteringly demanded, still searching for the hobby. I had stopped at the curb a moment to admire a pretty little white touring car with black stripes and a monogram that had a "B" and an "S" intertwined.

"Of course I like it and it is really very thrilling to drive downtown in the traffic. I just learned to drive a month ago and some pedestrians have had some very narrow escapes. I almost ran down a man yesterday. I thought at first he was Mr. Griffith's press agent whom I dodged for about a year and was just a little disappointed when I saw it wasn't. Of course I would hate to hurt him, but I certainly would like to make him dodge just once."

"What sort of roles do you like best?" trying a new angle.

"The kind in which I can wear one costume from start to finish," was the ready answer. "It's an awful trial keeping track of a half dozen gowns during the filming of a big feature. And then there's the dressing. I have dressed in an automobile with a lot of people standing around out on a location and it is no fun. But we cannot expect everything to be the way we would want it.

"Every time I feel out of sorts because of the difficulty of doing a part right, I think of the poor directors. Do you know that I can't conceive of any harder life than

those poor men lead. We may have a little trouble occasionally, but the director has it all the time. I never could understand how they can retain any semblance of good nature after the trials they have. Yet one could not find a more charming man than Mr. Cecil DeMille, my present director, or a more patient one than Mr. Griffith. If we were living in the days of saints, I know of a half dozen directors who could qualify."

Quite unusual, isn't it, for a "movie" star to sympathize with a director? But then, Miss Sweet is an unusual girl.

Yes, still a girl — not



"I like 'The Escape' better than any production in which I ever played, although it almost cost me my life."

quite 19, despite the fact that she considers herself an oldtimer and picks her hats, as she naively admits, with a view to making herself appear youthful.

Another unusual thing about Miss Sweet is her taste in reading. She likes to read about the war, but is still undecided as to her preference for the ultimate victor. She is especially interested in submarines and talks like a naval expert about the new German submarines which have a steaming radius of 2,500 miles. By introducing the subject of her favorite part, I discovered that Miss Sweet likes "The Escape" better than anything she has ever done, although it nearly ended her career. While seeking atmosphere in the New York slums during the filming of the Armstrong play, Miss Sweet got some that was tainted with scarlet fever microbes and spent seven weeks in a hospital. Her illness held up completion of the play nearly two months and it was finished in Los Angeles. She also likes "The Warrens of Virginia," her

first Lasky picture, recently released.

"I thought it would be strange going to a new company after my long association with Mr. Griffith's company," she said, "but they treated me just too lovely for anything when I went to the Lasky studio and I enjoyed every minute of my work in 'The Warrens.'"

Then I was told in strictest confidence who Miss Sweet thought was the greatest film actress and who she thought was the funniest actor, and fearing that I might forget what part of the interview was confidential and what was not I looked at what passes for my time-piece and discovered that I had been there an hour and a half.

D. W. Griffith once said that Miss Sweet was the greatest natural actress in filmland. He says it yet, though she has "jumped" to the Laskys. As for myself I can imagine no better vocation than a steady job interviewing a Blanche Sweet every day, if there were any more to interview.



"Come, Kitty, Kitty"

When This Little Girl

Reaches the age of discretion she certainly won't pet these baby lions, for they will have arrived, long since, at the age of leonine indiscretion. The four incipient monarchs among beasts belong to the Selig Jungle Zoo, in Los Angeles.

For the Sake of Realism

From the palm-sheltered nooks around Hollywood, where roses grow on trees and where one may pick them the year around, to the wilds of Lower California, where outlaw patriots wage continual warfare of the hand grenade type, is a far cry. But moving picture actors and actresses are accustomed to far cries. They are accustomed to almost anything in the way of variance and moving about in search of that all-important thing in picture drama, "local color."

To Tia Juana, noted for its bloody bull-fights and comic opera "battles," have gone the members of the Kerrigan-Victor company under the direction of Jacques Jaccard, to do the exterior scenes of a film adaptation of William McLeod Raine's novel, "Budky O'Connors." Besides the regular cast twenty extra people were taken along, as well as a carload of saddle and pack horses and another car loaded with provisions.

This is "realism" with a vengeance, as the scenery in the Santa Ana mountains, near San Juan Capistrano, where the company went to do many of the scenes in "Smouldering Fires," is identical with that of the region in Mexico. And the Santa Ana mountains have the advantage in not being infested with bands of Cholo cut-throats.

Famous Now Owners

THE Famous Players is the first of the moving picture corporations to emulate the example of one or two of the biggest theatrical firms, in owning and managing its own theatres. New York's Broadway theatre was the first to be leased, and an announcement quickly followed concerning the leasing of the Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia. The ink was scarcely dry on this statement, when the lease of the big Boston theatre, in the Massachusetts metropolis, was made public.

The Truth About Jim's Pa

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

LAST night I met my ole frien', Jim, a walkin' down the street;
He looked that glum an' tuckered out, an' draggin' of his feet,
"Why Jim, ole man!" I sez, sez I—an' grabbed him by the han'—
"Whatever is the matter? Sure, I wouldn't a knowed ye, man!"

An' Jim, he shuck his head an' lowed—(a chokin' on the word)—
"Hit's Pa; pöre Pa! He died last week. Don't tell me ye ain't heard?"
Jim's Pa! It seemed so startlin' like. He weighed two hundred pound!
The las' I seen o' him las' year, thar wa'n't a man in town—

He couldn' lick. "Gee whiz!" I cries, "Consumption, Brights or—eh?"
"Well Pete," he cuts in, sorry-mouthed, "ye see 'twus jes' this way:—
Pa hed to go back to the farm, an' sorter get things straight.
The weeks drug on. Pa lost his nerve; I s'pose ye'd call it Fate.

"He never wuz the same no mo': got weaker every day,
Jes' sittin' gazin' into space, an' fadin' clean away.
The doctor come an' doctored him, the neighbors wuz that kind,
A waitin' on him day an' night; an' sendin' grub an' wine."

"But 'twan't no use, I'm tellin' ye. We seen he couldn' last.
He tuk no inter'st in the farm, but jes' lived in the Past."
Jim mopped his eyes an' turned away. The tears run down his face:
"Thar' wan't no picture-show down thar—and Pa give up the race."



They had a mighty noisy wedding.



A Genuine Camera Wedding

EDITH STROUD ANDERTON BECOMES MRS.
CLARENCE JAY ELMER AMID ALL THE UP-
ROAR THAT UNITED LUBINDOM CAN RAISE.

CLARENCE JAY ELMER, a Lubin leading man, and Miss Edith Stroud Anderton, another Lubinite, were married in the studio of the Lubin Company in Philadelphia, February 13th.

Over 800 guests were present and these included all the Lubin players at the main studio as well as the cow punchers and "outdoor" actors at the big Lubin farm just outside Philadelphia.

As the young couple marched to the throne where the ceremony was to take place the battery of cameras began clicking, and Director Smiley shouted all directions through a megaphone.

Following the ceremony there was a big parade headed by Mr. Lubin. Following him came two bands and all the players to offer their congratulations.

The cowboys charged down upon the young couple headed by Harry Loomes,

Montana cowpuncher, who does most of the rough riding in the Lubin films, every man shooting a "forty-four." The three fattest players marched to the throne with three huge wedding cakes and almost every one did some stunt or other.

Immediately after the ceremony the guests marched to the lower floor of the big studio where luncheon was served.

Mr. Elmer is best known for the work he did in the title role of "The Patsy Boliver Series," a collection of one reel comedies now being released each week by the Lubin Company. Miss Anderton was with Lubin's Southern Stock Company in Jacksonville, Florida, for some time and later was transferred to the Philadelphia studio. Elmer and his bride met while they were both playing in George Ade's "The College Widow," a feature film recently completed at the Lubin farm under the direction of Barry O'Neil.

Spring Hats Worn by Movie Stars

Louise Glaum

Signe Auen



Rena Valdez

Dolly Larkin

Neva Gerber

To Coax the Gentle Spring Along

Bessie Barriscale

Dorothy Phillips



Pauline Bush

Francelia Billington

Billie West

Actor of a Thousand Roles



Harry Mestayer, and a scene from "Stop Thief," Mr. Mestayer and Miss Mary Ryan in the foreground.

HARRY MESTAYER, young "actor of a thousand roles," has turned himself loose before the camera, and bids fair to seriously assault his dramatic-stage record of almost innumerable well played parts.

Mr. Mestayer is co-starred with Mary Ryan in the new Kleine release, "Stop Thief," a feature adapted from the play of the same name by Carlyle Moore. The picture was taken at the Kleine studio in New York City, as far as interiors were concerned, and, externally, at various near-by points.

Perhaps no American actor of Mr. Mestayer's years is better known to a greater number of people. He has played successfully from Coast to Coast, and in an extraordinarily diverse line of characterizations.

He is the last remaining male scion of the famous "House of Mestayer," illustrious in the early annals of the American theatre. His uncle, the late Billy Mestayer, was a most important member of the famous old California theatre stock company, in San Francisco. Harry Mestayer was born in Brooklyn.

Much of his earliest work was in the companies of the Pacific Coast. Here, too, he began his classic propaganda, and is probably the only American who has successfully managed a company engaged in the exclusive presentation of Ibsen plays. Such was his luck, as he took a company up and down the Pacific Slope, presenting Ibsen—including several of the plays which have never, otherwise, been seen on the American stage—to a final net profit, at the end of his short season, of nearly \$1,000.

Mr. Mestayer created the role of Larry, the mechanically criminal younger brother in

"The Escape," when that play was presented on the dramatic stage, and for two seasons past has been a principal support of the unique presentations at The Princess Theatre, New York's temple of single-act drama. Here he won splendid critical approval, and created a number of interesting parts.

It was on The Princess stage, a little more than a year ago, that Mr. Mestayer played the one thousandth part of his career. Most actors are content that if at the end of a long career they have 300 roles to their credit.

Mr. Mestayer is now in the Chicago company of "On Trial," and will be seen, soon, in another feature film. He, like Jack Barrymore and one or two other young men, propose to carry on their actual and shadow careers simultaneously.

Considering the Season, a Cool Deed

SEVERAL hundred persons aboard the Staten Island ferry-boat, Manhattan, were startled one day early in February when Miss Jeanette Ehrman leaped overboard into the icy waters of New York harbor. Then a stalwart young man stepped onto the rail and sprang after her. Claspings her in his arms he swam with her until a police patrol boat, which had set out from the Battery, hauled the two aboard.

It was not an attempt to commit suicide. The crowd discovered this fact when the camera man was observed directing the operations of the motion picture cameras which were filming the exciting scenes. Being composed of ordinary human beings, the crowd lost interest forthwith. No one was going to die. There would be no morbid tale to tell.

The pictures, which were made for the New York police department to be shown at the Panama Exposition in San Francisco, illustrate one of the most important parts of police work in the metropolis—life saving in the harbor.

Edna Mason is no longer connected with the Powers' brand of Universal films. She has just signed a "Big U" contract for a term of years.

Intentional Disaster



A leap—not for life, but for the 'Frisco fair.

The Busy Camera Gets It All



A microscopic New York, for the Panama Fair.



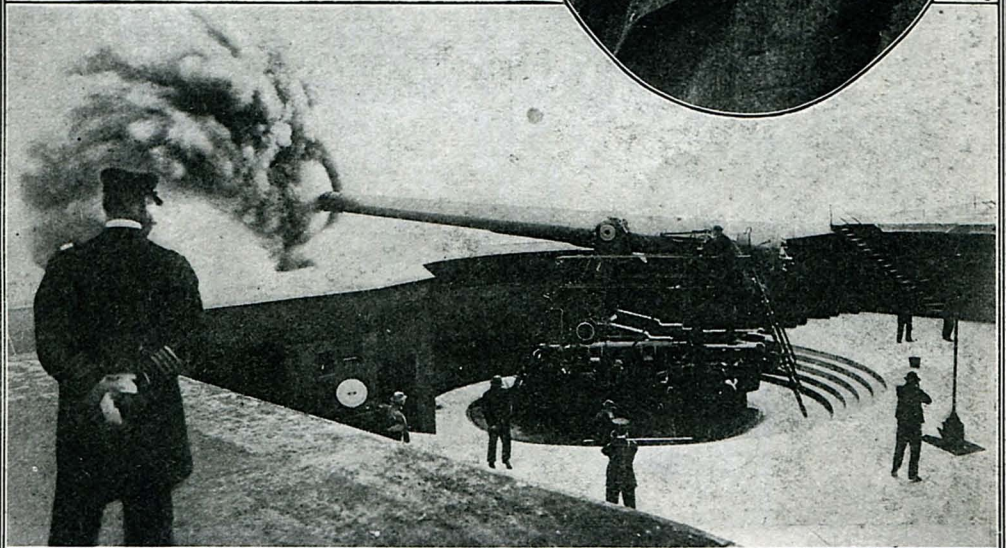
Traveling gentry register at the "De Gink," New York's unique tramp hotel.

From Hobo Hotel to Congress Hall



Thomas A. Edison, at Orange, N. J., on his 68th birthday.

Young John D. Rockefeller testifying before the Federal Relations Commission.



Muzzle-flare of a huge 11-inch American coast defense gun

All Over Europe the Camera Man



Germany's extraordinary naval life-saving device, in which it is said a man may live two weeks.



One of Germany's venerable women aeroplane lookouts, on her nightly amble with protecting dog and warning horn.



Russians captured by Von Hindenburg's troops before Lodz.

Is Busy Recording Nations' Woes



A Zeppelin's compliments to the English town of Yarmouth.



Children orphaned and homeless after the great earthquake at Avezzano, Italy.

Tantalizing Eyes!

No one guessed them all correctly, but there was a startlingly large number of close decisions—Seventeen barely miss a perfect score.

HERE is the correct solution of the "eye mystery" in the March number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Photographic reproductions of the *eyes alone* of the following players were printed: 1, King Baggott; 2, Mary Fuller; 3, Carlyle Blackwell; 4, Kathlyn Williams; 5, Ford Sterling; 6, Mary Pickford; 7, J. Warren Kerrigan; 8, Muriel Ostriche; 9, Marguerite Snow; 10, Marc McDermott; 11, Alice Joyce; 12, Maurice Costello; 13, Margarita Fischer; 14, Thomas Santschi; 15, Blanche Sweet; 16, Francis X. Bushman.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has been astounded, not only at the flood of more or less correct solutions pouring into its office, but at the swift accuracy of the majority of "fans" throughout the country.

Frankly, had PHOTOPLAY's editors been set against this optical conundrum, without warning, and with no more pictures at hand than the average movie lover must possess in his or her home, the answers would have been sadly less accurate.

Seventeen answers were received in this office correct in all but one set of eyes!

No one got every pair of "lamps" correctly isolated, but the general result is an absolutely astonishing testimonial to the close, keen, discerning and above all, retentive observation of American picture audiences.

Ford Sterling's eyes (No. 5) proved an almost universal stumbling block.

Of the thousands of attempted solutions received in PHOTOPLAY office, only two individuals answered correctly on Mr. Sterling's eyes. These were Miss Esther Mai Elliott, of No. 229 North St., Middleton, N. Y.; and Laura A. Lagdon—no address supplied. Unfortunately, Miss Elliott and Miss Lagdon "missed" on other eyes, which, in strange contradistinction, seemed easy to those to whom Ford's eyes remained a mystery, so that their perfect scores were not realized.

The seventeen who made but one mistake are Esther Wooton, Chicago; Dor-

othy Minnick, Pittsburgh; Charles Farnham, Central City, Neb.; Fern Bartlett, Leavenworth, Wash.; Marion Moore, Los Angeles; Gladys Segil, Chicago; Cecilia Persini, New York City; Marie C. Schneider, Rochester, N. Y.; Elaine Martin, Conneaut, O.; Lenora M. Umann, Columbus, O.; Esther Greenwood, Jamestown, N. Y.; Garfield Greenwood, Jamestown, N. Y.; Pauline Metchek, New York City; Irene Schlegel, Buffalo; Nara Poff, Fort Worth, Tex.; Ida Finkelstein, Bridgeport, Conn.; Helen Bowers, Chicago.

Those in whose solutions there were but two mistakes are Ida L. Frank, Lakewood, N. J.; Maud H. Smith, Canton, Ill.; Anna Feher, Connellsville, Pa.; Alice McWalters, Worcester, Mass.; Clara Novak, New York City; Pattie Shore, San Francisco; Dorothy Davis, Rocky Mountain, N. C.; Olga Beverly Broman, Chicago; Mrs. R. L. Winters, no address; Eleonora Lucke, Cincinnati; Mrs. E. C. Sharpe, Evanston, Ill.; Frank E. Friday, Illinois School for the Deaf, Jacksonville, Ill.; E. R. Cooke, Oakland, Cal.; Kathlyn Possehl, Chicago; Emma Schiewe, Chicago; "E. R. S.," Michigan City, Ind.; Doris Wilson, Seattle; Hazel Lester, Bradford, Penn.; Elsie Schoenfeld, Philadelphia; Anna Delharde, Brooklyn; Emma Fry, Chester, Penn.; Sara V. Cruikshank, Montgomery, Ala.; Harriett S. Wolcott, Rockford, Ill.; Gertrude E. Burdick, Jackson, Mich.; T. Czechowski, Cleveland, O.; Henry H. Levine, New York City; Hazel D. Carpenter, Lincoln, Neb.

An infinitely larger list guessed all but three, and there were hundreds who answered more than half correctly.

I. O. E. Bloser, Ashley, North Dakota, had the unique distinction of cheerfully getting them *all* wrong. Mr. Bloser should be due his consolation prize—perhaps a pair of horn-rimmed eye-glasses. But PHOTOPLAY congratulates Mr. Bloser on his frank effort; of such tomorrow's big winners are often made!

Revivified In the Vatican



RECENTLY the Pope, in discussing Columbus with his clerical associates in the Vatican, took occasion to ask if any motion picture allegory had ever been made of the great Italian's majestic, argonautic quest for the denied continent. Researchers found that Selig, the American manufacturer, had long since made a feature story in film, entitled, "The Coming of Columbus." An old, though unused print of this picture was found in a European agency, and it was immediately forwarded to Rome.

The little caravels shown in the picture were the old World's Fair reproductions of the Pinta, the Nina and the Santa Maria, long anchored in Lake Michigan off Jackson Park, Chicago; and utilized by Selig in the preparation of his feature.

Restaurant Monology

"Who are you talking to?" demanded an old German seated at a little table in a restaurant not long ago. His query was addressed to a young chap at an adjoining table, who talked and gesticulated, the while he ate his luncheon, to an imaginary person across the table from him.

"Eh? Oh, I'm talking to myself," the young man informed the German, with a pleasant smile. "Always talk to myself while I eat. Good for the digestion you know."

The German was puzzled. He laid down his napkin and leaned back in his chair, his keen blue eyes on the young man.

"That's the first time I ever heard such a remedy for indigestion," he observed at length. The young man continued to talk to himself and to gesticulate excitedly betimes. It was a strange sight to the staid old German.

"I pretend that some one is taking luncheon with me, you see," the young man explained at length. "It helps to make endurable the time spent in this pokey place."

After a while the young man changed to the opposite side of his table and continued

his monologue. The German snorted and started to rise. "Don't go," the young man pleaded. "I had forgotten that I cannot digest anything eaten on that side of the table."

A few minutes later the German observed a moving picture camera setting a short distance in front of the young man, at which an operator was turning the crank with monotonous regularity.

"What is that thing?" the German demanded.

"That? Oh, that is a camera. You see I can't eat unless I am having my picture taken."

The old German leaped up from his chair and started out of the place. "That fellow is nuts," he told the cashier on the way out. "Talks to himself and has his picture taken while he eats! Says it's good for digestion."

The German never had heard of Joseph Harris, of the Beauty-Mutual Company, who was doing "double exposure" scenes in a play in which two men who look enough alike to be taken one for the other, sit at a table and talk things over.



The Camera Man

By Isa L. Wright

WE sing our ringing praise of picture queens;
We laud him high—our hero of the screens;
We even credit him who writes the scenes
For picture fan.
But who, in numbering the ones of worth
That bring us picture gleams of joy or mirth,
Remembers that there even lives on earth,
The camera man?

Nay, no Adonis he, nor fair of face,
Nor hath he idol's charm of winning grace;
The ladies do not worship him in space,
Nor buy him flowers.
They do not send him eggs with pinky bows;
To get an interview with him, nobody goes;
No magazine his poseful picture shows
For musing hours.

But he's the man behind the things that be;
From pole to pole he scrambles desperately;
And though he's not a raving sight to see
In lime-light glare,
There's nothing that he does not dare to do;
There's nothing that he doesn't make come through,
In fire and flood, earthquake and warring,
too,
He's always there.

Mayhap, some time, since humble service brings
A sprouting impetus to mortal's wings,
Untrammelled by the taint of earthly things,
He'll flit away;
And tripping lightly through the night of stars,
He'll let down all those high celestial bars,
Stealing an eight reel wonder play of Mars,
And win the day.

Westward Ho!

AMERICA, since the outbreak of the great war, is of course producing the most of the world's motion picture film; and of this great amount, more than 80 per cent is taken and manufactured in California. Of the 80 per cent, three-fourths comes from the vicinity of Los Angeles. It is said that in the Los Angeles country—or between Santa Barbara and San Diego—there are more than 200 distinct picture companies, large and small, in active operation.

Strand's Rival?

THE great success of the Strand, New York's huge and palatial moving picture theatre, has caused a new corporation to announce that it has acquired the Broadway Rose Gardens—another big pleasure palace, less than a year old, occupying the entire block between Broadway and Seventh avenue, Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets. This building, including a theatre, offices and tango restaurant, will be razed, according to promise, to make room for the giant of all picture houses.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people—men, women and children—gather daily, many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed. The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution. Think of the funniest thing you have ever heard at the movies and send it in. You may win the five-dollar prize.

HERE'S THE FIVE-DOLLAR ONE

THE film-lady was evidently very fair. Her hair shone in dazzling sun-tints, and all the other characters looked positively dark beside her. "A perfect blonde!" exclaimed a shop-girl in front of me.

"Blonde?" said her companion in scornful correction: "she's more than a blonde; she's a regular albumen!"

C. Meyers, Philadelphia, Pa.

APPROVED

"DO you attend the movies?" asked the maiden lady at the boarding house table, by way of conversation.

"Madam," replied the newly acquired drummer, "I am such a confirmed picture fiend that every time I dream the vision concludes: 'Passed by the National Board of Censorship.'"

Julia Waddell, Jersey City, N. J.

TRACKWALKER'S GRAVE

IN a Kalem railroad scene a whitewashed section mark, bearing a heavy black "W4," showed up prominently.

"My!" exclaimed the vacant lady next me, "what a funny place for a tombstone!"

Ruby Rathbun, Eau Claire, Wis.

WELLBREAD TIMEPIECE

A HUSBAND and wife had been having a quiet little family row behind me. After about fifteen minutes silence, the wife, not seeming to want to nurse her indisposition, made the following remark as the hero entered carrying a large sack of flour:

"Is that a sack of flour?"

Hubby, less inclined to forget, replied:

"No, it's bird seed, to feed his coo-coo clock."

Robert B. Price, Jr., Savannah, Georgia.

YES, INDEED!

USHER (in crowded theater): "Plenty of single seats up front."
Lady—"Are they together?"

M. H. Kafka, Washington, D. C.

FATAL OSCULATION

A MOTOR accident had been very well represented.

They brought the injured lady to her own home, and laid her tenderly upon her bed. Her husband rushed in, kissed her fondly, and thereafter she expired.

In the solemn silence a childish treble piped: "Mamma! Did the kiss kill her?"

Eleanor Lucke, Cincinnati.

SAME OLD SLAM

SHE talked all the time, but he showed more interest in the pictures than in her.

"Ain't it wonderful how they can make them picters act!" she said. "I don't see how they make picters move, do you?"

"No, I don't," was the reply.

"They've got talkin' picters 'round at the other place. I don't see how they make picters talk, do you?"

"Prob'ly they're picters of women."

Sam H. Bean, Asheville, N. C.

INAPROPOS

IT was at the talking pictures.

The phonographic reproductions at moments lagged behind the films, anon catching up, jerkily.

Scene, a sanitarium; the villain laying unwelcome hands upon the heroine, appropriate words were delayed, while the hero rushed up and smote the wicked one to the ground. Then he folded the distraught female to his bosom and kissed her at length and con amore.

Just then the phonograph burst forth in triumphant tardiness: "Take that, you scoundrel!"

W. W. Blakeman, Rockville Centre, N. Y.

UNDER FALSE PRETENSES

TWO hard-fisted Hoosiers were commenting glumly on the unfaithfulness of theatrical promises, as they left a feature showing of "The Lion and the Mouse," in this town.

"When they advertise a thing they ought to make some pretense o' showing it," said one. "We sat there two hull hours and a half, an' in three round trips o' the contraption I'll be blamed if I saw a sign of either a lion er a mouse!"

Harvey Peake, New Albany, Ind.

REALISM

A LONG knife glittered wickedly in the villain's hand; suddenly he made a tremendous slash, and as he did so the operator's arc-lamp momentarily ceased to operate, leaving the house, for a few seconds, in darkness.

"Mein Gott!" sighed a Teuton in front of me, "he cut der picture!"

R. P. Irving, Taunton, Mass.

THE BATTLE OF TULIP

"STUPENDOUS War Drama" was advertised. War nothing! The two main mushmakers had not even passed the border line of peace. Scene after scene showed nothing but love and farewells. It was farewell in the parlor, out in the kitchen, and under the fence to get more reel on the market. The embraces grew longer and the kisses more like permanent adhesions.

At length an outraged juvenile excitement-seeker in the gallery voiced the sentiments of the house when he shouted: "Oh, get off her lip; she wants to breathe!"

Lloyd Handy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IMAGINATION

A FRIEND of mine has a little boy about four years old, and the moving pictures seem to hurt his eyes.

One day we were watching a picture in which they were fighting a battle and the little fellow was rubbing his eyes very hard. His mother asked him what was the matter, and he said, "Mamma, I think it is the smoke from those guns."

Irene M. Chamberlin, Portland, Ore.

HER MONEY'S WORTH

"I DECLARE," exclaimed an old lady, watching several people file down the aisle in a continuous movie show, "this is the most accommodating theatre I was ever in. They never do get out of patience with late folks. I've seen 'em start this show three times just to accommodate 'em, but I'm going to stay an' see it all if it takes till ten o'clock!"

George W. Monroe, Columbus, O.

THE PROBLEM PLAY

IT happened through the showing of "Hearts Adrift," featuring Mary Pickford. A little girl about 10 years of age, sitting with her brother, about 12, suddenly asked:

"Brother, I thought you said that the man and the lady were the only people on the island, and all of a sudden there is a little baby. Where did it come from?"

"Aw," answered her brother, "how should I know? Wait till you get home and ask ma; she was here last night and maybe she knows!"

Frances Keil, Chicago, Ill.

BEN WELCH, PLEASE COPY

A HEBREW entered a combination ticket-office in my town—a place where railroad commutation and movie and legitimate theatre tickets were dispensed—and said, quietly: "Give me a ticket to Hell."

The clerk looked at him a moment, and then replied: "My friend, you want a ticket to an asylum—not to hell."

"Give me a ticket to Hell," repeated the visitor, monotonously.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the clerk, angrily: "do you think you can kid me?"

"No," said the Hebrew; "they tell me all the business is going to Hell, so I—"

He finished the explanation in the street.

David Stern, Bridgeton, N. J.

TWO-CYLINDER DEDUCTION

A PROSPEROUS rancher and his wife Forded themselves into town, and, after a day's shopping, attended the premier picture show.

In the middle of an interesting reel a loud snap came from the picture-box, and instantly the view disappeared, leaving the house in darkness. The woman was evidently very nervous.

"It's all right, Sarah!" reassured her husband, loudly and cheerily; "he's just filling his gasoline tank!"

Mary M. Russell, Quinton, Okla.

THE DIRTY HOUND!

DURING "The Dancer's Ruse," a Biograph story of Russian locale, two maiden ladies sat near me, observing closely as the provincial Governor, in his limousine, forced highly unwelcome attentions upon the prima ballerina who was unfortunate enough to be riding with him. The car arrived at the fortress-like Governor's residence, and as it entered the drive guards leaped from both sides and slammed the massive iron gates behind the machine.

One of the ladies gave a sigh of relief, and exclaimed: "Well, I am certainly glad he was arrested!"

Helen E. Koenig, Pittsburg, Pa.

WISE CHILD

A LITTLE girl, with a heavy basket on her lap, sat through show after show one afternoon. Darkness had long since fallen outside the theatre.

"You'll be late for dinner, kid!" whispered an usher, wishing to get the child out by innuendo rather than by an actual order to go.

"I can't be," responded the little girl with finality.

"How so?"

"'Cos I got the dinner in this basket!"

Fred Jensen, Portland, Ore.

A NATURAL QUESTION

A TINY boy had stayed all evening to see the show. When it was over he was the last one out, as he had been looking around. As he came out he saw the operator and said: "Say, Mister, where do you keep all those people?"

Agnes Hawes, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

TWO men sat down a little way from me.

"Isn't that pole in your way, Bill?" asked one, referring to a balcony post.

Before he could reply a large woman with a delightfully Celtic accent turned and remarked threateningly: "Sure, I was here first, and divvill a bit will I be insulted by any man! A Pole, is it? I wish ye would say that to me father from Dublin!"

Russell S. Jocelyn, Walden, N. Y.

MATCHING ANCESTORS

IT was at a local theater while "The Mystery of the Throne Room" was being shown.

Lucille had just sat down in the jewel bedecked chair of state, wondering if she had done wrong. The surroundings and everything indicative of caste must have been impressive.

The Little Girl: "Ours is a better family than yours."

The Little Boy (just as snobbishly): "No, it ain't! My mamma can show you her forefathers for ever so long—"

"Huh! that's nothin', my mamma has had four husbands in the last four years."

S. Raymond Jocelyn, Wichita, Kans.



Mission Land

Permission has been granted—says a recent news item—for extensive use of Mission San Juan Capistrano, its ruins and its restorations, as a background for authentic motion pictures dealing with the early history of California.

“**A**UTHENTIC” pictures! Would that there were more and many authentic pictures of the Mission day and its men, for there lies busy America’s only Romance, and the brown piles of sun-dried brick which rose between the bays of San Diego and San Francisco are, even in their Twentieth Century remnants, the nation’s sole architectural relics of unique and distinctive story.

They represent the coming of the Christian religion and rudimentary art and education to the barbarous Pacific Coast. They were the fortresses of civilization which made the first approach of the white man possible. How little do the people

of the United States know of the great Franciscan Junipero Serra, staunch and mighty priest who was even more to the Pacific Slope than was Joliet to the land of the lakes! One of the resplendent figures of all history, his name is hardly recognized when seen in print.

It seems that this thrilling, glowing story of the first California, even more wonderful than its tale of gold and adventure—this almost mystic legend of San Diego, San Luis Rey, San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano, Santa Barbara, San Miguel, San Luis Obispo, San Juan Batista and the rest of the rampart-churches along El Camino Real—has been left for the telling of the lens.

Merely Movies

By Marion Mulligan

WE watch the knights and noblemen,
The pirates, squires, and many a queen:
Each acts his little part, and then,
Fades off and leaves an empty screen.

And all the pomp and pageantry:
Napoleon’s dare, and Caesar’s might:

And Dante’s grief, and Pierrot’s glee:
Leave not a blur upon the white.

We rise, and seek the streets again,
For each must act his little scene:
Must strut, or dance awhile, and then,
Fade off and leave an empty screen.

Who's Married to



Photo by Moffett



Photo by Matzene

Bryant Washburn, the agreeably wicked "heavy" man of the Essanay Chicago company, is married to pretty little Mabel Forrest who occasionally plays in the films.



Photos by Bangs



Harry Benham is a well known star of the Thanhouser organization and his wife, Ethyle Cook Benham, is almost as well known as he is.

Who in the Movies



Hobart Bosworth, of Bosworth, Inc., has a "reel" as well as real helpmate in his wife, Adele Farrington, for she has a big place in the production of his films.



Mae Hotely plays comedy leads for the Lubin company at Jacksonville, Florida, and her husband, Arthur Hotelling, directs her work.

Prominent Married Couples in the



Winifred Greenwood, one of the most liked of the American company's players, is married to George Field, who directs productions for the same company



Photos by Hartsook

Bessie Barriscale, famous little Western ingenue-star, who plays under the direction of Thos. Ince, is married to Howard Hickman, leading man for Kay-Bee, Broncho and Domino Films.

Realm of the Clicking Camera



Photos by Sarony

Mr. and Mrs. Williams Bechtel both play character parts with the Edison company. They have been with Edison for over three seasons.



Photos by Witzel

Margaret Thompson, leading woman for Kay-Bee, Broncho, and Domino films, is married to Eugene H. Allen, right-hand man to Thomas Ince, producer.

Scenario "School" Advertising

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has decided to eliminate motion picture school advertising.

This action has been taken only after careful investigation of the merits of these schools, and is the result of a determination that no advertising, to which the least suspicion is attached, shall be allowed space in this publication.

The scenario editors of the leading moving picture producing companies of the country seem to be unanimous in the opinion that these schools do not give value received, and many cases have come to our attention where people who could ill-afford the tuition charges answered these advertisements and enrolled in the schools only to meet with disappointment when they attempted to sell their writings.

Authorities in the art of writing for the animated screen unqualifiedly assert that "Everyone Cannot Do It," that "Fifty Dollars Weekly" cannot be made writing Pictureplays; that it is really the original *Idea* that counts and not so much the form in which that *Idea* is presented; that inspiration, the habit of observation, the plot-germ, the idea, cannot be taught through the medium of the United States mails.

There are probably several motion picture schools, so called, that endeavor to give beneficial instruction to their students, but the fact remains they are in the minority.

Schools representing to teach the art of acting by correspondence are placed in the same class.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has been recently reorganized under an entirely new ownership and management. It is the intention to make PHOTOPLAY the most interesting

and authoritative publication in its field, and to permit no advertiser, whose claims the magazine cannot guarantee, to have access to its advertising columns.

One of the first acts of the new management was to investigate the merits of the so-called motion picture schools, clearing-houses, and correspondence schools of photoplay acting. As a result of this investigation it was decided to entirely eliminate this class of advertising.

The scenario editors of the motion picture companies are the persons

best fitted to decide the benefit that students have actually derived from these schools. These men are recognized as the leaders in their profession. They constitute the court of last resort for ambitious scenario writers, and therefore their words should carry great weight.

Mr. John F. Pribyl, of the Selig Polyscope Company, writes:

"We are opposed to 'Photoplay Schools,' 'Associations,' 'Bureaus,' and the like for the reason that an idea for a Pictureplay plot cannot be taught through the mails. Consequently, no 'School' can guarantee the sale of a manuscript. The pupil may be taught certain methods or forms for 'laying out' his action by scenes, but talent, the art of construction, the power of observation, or the so-called inspiration, cannot be cultivated by methods

of correspondence.

"After all it is the idea that counts. If a story contains a highly original idea and plot, and yet is not perfectly written, that story may be purchased. However, if a manuscript is submitted perfect in technique, and yet containing nothing new or novel, that manuscript is promptly rejected. If the correspondence school 'Professor' gets a striking idea, he will not pass it along to some subscriber to his 'course' who pays perhaps \$25 tuition fee. The head of the school will himself hasten to sell

"I was a staff writer with the Universal Company for two years, and while I was there no scenario was ever accepted from a so-called school or clearing house."

**LESLIE T. PEACOCKE,
World Film Corporation.**

"It is, of course, possible that a pupil of a scenario school may successfully write motion picture stories, but I have never had reason to believe that this ability was in anyway due to the schools."

**FRANK E. WOODS,
Majestic-Reliance Company.**

Barred by Photoplay Magazine

that idea and may be paid \$50 or \$100 for it.

"Scripts submitted by correspondence school students are generally worthless. They can be immediately detected from other submissions because they are frequently crowded with senseless designations supposed to be technical, and the idea or plot germ, provided there is any, is generally lost in a mass of mysterious terms which neither the author or the producer understands.

"Why pay \$25 for a 'course' in a correspondence school when for ten cents more knowledge can be obtained? Visit the motion picture theatre, not for entertainment but for the purpose of study. Time the length of the pictureplays shown on the screen; study the titles; the cast of characters; their number and names; study the methods of sub-titling; the number of sub-titles; how they appear and read; study the methods of introducing the various characters in the plot, how and when they enter and exit. Study the little bits of by-play that aid in unfolding the plot, study the methods of presenting the 'close-up' views, the dissolves, the 'busts,' if any, and follow closely the artistic endings. You will find that some pictureplays of the same length are vitally different. One play may be artistically unfolded in forty scenes, and another of the same length may require over a hundred short scenes and flashes in its rendition. By close application, the methods of the various directors, the policies of the manufacturers, and other valuable detail will be acquired.

"And when you have studied your notes carefully, do not immediately 'dash off' a pictureplay plot, 'as good as most of those shown on the screens.' A motion picture story cannot be 'dashed off,' in the first instance, and, secondly, you must write better pictureplays than you see on the screen.

"Be it known that the art of writing for the motion pictures has attained the dignity of a profession. The new angle to literary endeavor is a difficult profession. It requires more study, care, and labor than does the field of fiction. There must be action.

"The beginner can acquire screen technique

by studying the pictureplays, but that talent to devise new plots, new situations, new atmosphere—in other words that talent to write original pictureplay stories cannot be acquired in any school, in any theatre, in fact, no where but in the heart and mind of the writer.

Originality is a God-given talent that cannot be acquired.

"Why pay \$25 tuition for a school course, sometimes conducted by incompetents, when the ambitious can acquire 250 practical lessons, at ten cents a lesson, in the motion picture theatre?

"We wish to congratulate you upon your determination to eliminate the motion picture school advertisements. The art of

photoplay writing cannot be taught by correspondence, and the same rule applies to the art of acting. 'Everyone cannot do it' and '\$50 weekly' is not easily earned by writing motion picture plays."

Horace G. Plimpton, of the Edison Company, writes:

"I have looked into the matter of manuscripts received from people who have taken a course of scenario instruction and find that while such scenarios have usually been arranged in good form that has been the only good thing about them; as in the cases we have had they have been poor as to plot and this, after all, is the main thing. None has ever been accepted.

"Personally, I have very little faith in any course of scenario instruction. I never hear of anyone being taught to write books nor plays either for that matter, and I don't see how anyone can expect to

be taught to write successful scenarios. A guide book may not be a bad thing for the guidance of writers, instructing them as to how to lay out scenes and matters of that sort, but after all, it comes down to the last analysis to a question of imagination and ability to construct. This can't be taught in my judgment."

Frank E. Woods, of the Majestic-Reliance Companies, writes:

"Regarding the value of so-called scenario schools, I can testify that only one, so far as

"We wish to congratulate you on your determination to eliminate the motion picture school advertisements. The art of photoplay writing cannot be taught by correspondence, and the same rule applies to the art of acting."

**JOHN F. PRIBYL,
Selig Polyscope Company.**

"It does seem that the only persons these 'schools' appeal to are of such mental calibre as precludes any stories even though they succeed in acquiring the hocus 'technique' about which the schools write."

**LAWRENCE McCLOSKEY,
Lubin Manufacturing Co.**

my knowledge goes, has proven to be of any use to photoplay writers, and this one does not advertise in the manner followed by the fake schools of which there are so many. It is, of course, possible that a pupil of a scenario school may successfully write motion picture stories but I have never had reason to believe that this ability was in any way due to the school. In fact, I do not recall a single instance where a person known to be a pupil of a school has submitted a scenario that was worth buying."

Lawrence McCloskey, scenario editor of the Lubin Company, writes:

"The new schools, I am sorry to say, do not seem to be any better than their predecessors, judging from scripts recently submitted by their long-distance pupils. It would seem that the only persons these 'schools' appeal to are of such mental calibre as precludes any stories even though they succeed in acquiring the hocus 'technique' about which the schools prate."

Jack Byrne, scenario editor, Kriterion Service:

"Ever since I have been identified with scenario work, I have had occasion to pass upon many scripts whose authors stated that they had received instruction by correspondence from one or another of these so-called schools. Judging from results I would say that a large majority of these institutions were a rank failure, if not mere catch-penny organizations."

"There is no royal road to success in writing of scenarios. Learn to do by doing is the only Open Sesame to the enchanted garden of success. Close study of the methods of the different moving picture companies, as shown upon the screen, coupled with instruction sheets which are very often sent out by the editors of the larger organizations, is the best possible assistance to the aspiring writer. At the risk of appearing bromidic, I can only repeat to all my brothers and sisters in the scenario writing field, that the only avenue to success is that whose sign post says work, perseverance, observation and a determination not to be beaten."

Capt. L. T. Peacocke, scenario editor World Film Corp.:

"I cannot tell you how bitterly I am opposed

to the schools, clearing houses and other schemes of like nature. I have been fighting against them for years. I was a staff writer with the Universal for two years and whilst I was there, no scenario was ever accepted from a so-called school or clearing house. They were always considered a form of petty graft. I have never heard of anyone having benefited from having enlisted in one of these schools."

"I have looked into the matter of manuscripts received from people who have taken a course of scenario instruction. None have ever been accepted."

HORACE G. PLIMTON,
Edison Studio.

ecute them."

Hundreds of thousands of ambitious men and women are acquiring an education and training in scores of professions and trades by correspondence.

Some of our leading universities now offer correspondence courses, presenting an opportunity for education to those who have not the time, or who are financially unable to attend resident schools. There are thousands of people in the United States who have a good correspondence school to thank for their advancement in business or increase in their pay envelopes.

To permit such "schools" as these so-called moving picture correspondence courses to make exaggerated claims in the pages of any publication is to cast discredit on the whole system of education by correspondence methods.

When a publication accepts and prints an advertisement it says to its readers:

"This advertiser is reliable. What he says is true. We endorse him."

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is not willing to present this kind of advertising to its readers with this endorsement.

"Judging from the results, I should say that a large number of these institutions were a rank failure, if not mere catch-penny organizations."

JACK BYRNE,
Kriterion Service.

This Is the Man

Whom PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has engaged to conduct its new department, "Hints on Photoplay Writing," which will be helpful to those interested in this work.



CAPTAIN LESLIE TUFNELL PEACOCKE is not only one of the most experienced, but one of the most successful scenario writers and scenario editors in the world. A cosmopolitan, free-lance journalist as well as a fiction writer of recognized ability, he was early attracted to the field of moving pictures, and began to study the game of the camera, from all sides, at a time when it was given little serious consideration by serious-minded people. As a matter of course, when the importance of moving pictures was recognized, Captain Peacocke had already enjoyed several years of vigorous tuition in the fundamentals of the great art-industry.

Captain Peacocke was for two years associated with the Universal Film Company, and prior to that was writing photoplays for various film producing companies in this country and abroad. He has had more than 400 photoplays produced, some of which were adaptations, but, for the most part, were his own original stories.

Among his most successful originals are the famous Kellerman feature, "Neptune's Daughter," "Married by Telephone," "The Closed Door," "The Nautch-Girl and the Tiger," "You, I and It," "Traffic in Souls," "A Mexico Mix," "The Polo Champions," and "A Girl and Her Money."

His adaptations number several of the country's greatest dramatic successes, including "What Happened to Jones," "As Ye Sow," "The Coward," "Salvation Nell," and "Old Dutch"—Lew Fields' first feature film, just released.

Captain Peacocke was educated at Eton, England, and before beginning his literary career was an officer in the British Army, seeing service both in India and Africa.

He is the author of more than 200 short stories and several successful novels.

If *You* are interested in scenario-writing, as a fact or as a possibility, don't fail to get PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for May. *Hints on Photoplaywriting* is going to be the best, biggest and most authoritative department of its kind published anywhere in the English language.

Surcease

By Florence Kiper French

SHE knows a cheap release
From worry and from pain—
The cowboys spur their horses
Over the unending plain.

The tenement rooms are small;
Their walls press on the brain.
O the dip of the galloping horses
On the limitless, wind-swept plain!

Travers, Viking of Hudson Bay

By Johnstone Craig

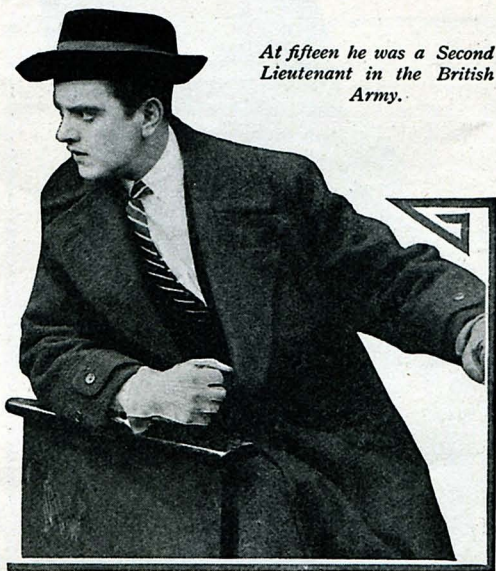
"UNTIL I was ten years old my mother was the only white woman I had ever seen."

Dick Travers said that. February was getting old, the night was young, it was raining sleepily, and he and I were the only two beings in that university of scene-sets, the new and larger studio of the Essanay company on Argyle street, Chicago. I sat in a pulpit-chair, and Travers sprawled comfortably over the territory adjacent to a low rocker. From the long hall of dressing rooms we had stumbled down into a mammoth cave of darkness, but Travers had cajoled the switchboard into giving us, from the great grid of illuminant cranes and flying Cooper-Hewitts, a sort of distant, dim, religious light. I knew that I was missing my dinner, but I didn't care. Travers appeared to be entirely foreign to anything like food by the clock.

"I was born just 650 miles north of Winnipeg, on the headwaters of a little river. My father, a doughty Scot, was the first Protestant missionary in the territory, and an agent of the Hudson Bay Com-



Most of the gentle men in the world were brought up hard.



At fifteen he was a Second Lieutenant in the British Army.

pany."

"And how did it happen?"

"What?"

"Your discovery that all the world's womankind was not your mother."

"I went to Toronto, to my uncle's."

Oh, dreams of the days of Haroun al Raschid! Oh, delights of Montmartre! Oh, courts of Solomon, groves of various Caesars, tents of Darius and lobster palaces of Broadway! To live a life of squaws and semi-Esquimaux and then to plunge into Toronto! I could imagine Parsifal tumbling and St. Anthony not even hesitating.

"But I was only ten years old," corrected Travers, gravely, "and I don't remember that I thought anything about girls at all, except to stare at them as curious animate objects. Toronto was the biggest city in the world, and it had to be full of wonderful adventures. I wanted to meet desperadoes, and criminals, and bandits—"

"Did you?"

"Not in Toronto."

Travers didn't stop in Toronto, or go back to the North wilderness for anything like keeps. He kept going, restlessly, and at 15 he was a second lieutenant in a company of British soldiers in South Africa. He fought in the Boer war, rising in rank, and was in all probability the youngest

officer in the army. But he gave his age as 21, enabled to do so by a neat six feet of height, which he possessed from the time the first down tempted a razor futilely to his girlish cheek.

Then he came back, went to college, became a doctor, practised, quit practising, suffered that various interregnum which is almost every real man's Dark Age—and went upon the stage. After successes behind the footlights he left them, several years ago, to enter the motion picture field. He has studied motion pictures from every angle with that enthusiasm which makes a man eternally feel that he has just begun to study. He is not only a favorite leading man, but a splendid actor and a brainy chap. He has arrived, and his arrival seems to be of the continuous sort.

There you have Travers, for the purpose of an encyclopedia or an obituary, neither of which, praise be, this is.

This Canadian Viking is of the clean-limbed, rugged-lined type which suggests muscle and reserve force. His speech is that of a scholar. His brown eyes are very clear.

The most significant thing in a man's existence is that particular thing of which he is proudest.

"Well," said Travers, in response to my question, "I believe I am proudest of the fact that I can, and do, go down on the Board of Trade, meet all my friends in business, and forget my profession because they forget it. They forget! Do you understand? That's some achievement. I'm not an actor outside this place,

neither in my own nor anyone else's eyes. My best friends are among Chicago's business men. I'm proudest of that."

Which does not mean that Mr. Travers is ashamed of being an actor. He desires to be so good an actor that he can be absolutely himself when not in character. And that's just what a good actor is, for a man who can't be natural, and normal, and his own true self, can't really impersonate any other sort of man.

Customarily the actor brandishes his trade in front of him, so that he is as inconspicuous as a man sauntering down Michigan avenue in a barrel, or a woman on State street removing currency from her left natural bank.

Most of the gentle men in the world were brought up hard. Tough guys get gnarled over mahogany, or on velvet chairs. Brown-eyed Travers was brought up hard, and he is gentler than most women, who have claws in their tenderness.

He was showing me his collection of guns. He was still in his uniform of the Northwest Mounted Police—a part he plays in "My Lady of the Snows," rugged and stirring film drama by Mrs. Carter Harrison, wife of the Mayor of Chicago. There was the sawed-off Marlin of the Mounted, a Winchester; nickel-steel guns, and a blue gun that looked like a new Creusot howitzer. He told me the stories of the guns. It would make a good scenario—how Travers and the guns have galloped the veldt, or ridden with the Mounted. With them he has seen sunrises of

death, nights of liberation, wild moonlights of thrilling romance, red fire and savagery, chill murder and the splendor of heroism.

Once or twice, I think, Travers' own hand was on the throttle of the death ex-



"I'm not an actor outside this place, neither in my own nor anyone else's eyes."

press. But he didn't say so. The Mounted are his ideals. He told me more things about them than I ever read in Gilbert Parker or heard in Edgar Selwyn's plays about what he read. When a Mounted Policeman, Royal, goes after his man his name is dropped from the rolls. It is not entered again until he comes back with his man; and if he doesn't get his man, he doesn't come back. I didn't know that; did you? He told me that the United States government held them in such chivalrous respect that such a little thing as a boundary can, for them, be pushed across its imaginary line some sixty miles. I didn't know that; did you?

Travers can do all the physical things that a moving picture actor has to do—he can ride, and shoot, and swim, as naturally as he breathes—and he is devoting his real attention to deeper matters.

For instance, there's the question of make-up. It's a mighty different affair, under the Cooper-Hewitts, which shed the tint of dissolution, from standing in a pleasant footlight glow, or in the blast of an antiseptically clean white spot. Travers has studied out make-up with reference to photography, and has manufactured, for his own use, no less than seventeen tints of grease-paint, designed especially to give

flesh-like light and shadow under Cooper-Hewitt lamps.

He believes ardently and enthusiastically that the art of directing is the art of picture-making.

He believes that the actor who knows the most things, and is the realest man, will get the best effects across. Therefore he's an indefatigable student.

His sincerity in other things gives him sincerity in lovemaking. If I were writing about a woman I could tell you, right now, whether I'd like her to love me. If you're a woman, read over what I've said about Travers' gentleness and clean-lived strength, and settle for yourself whether you'd like him to love you. I've nothing to do with it.

And for all his seriousness, and his headlong, plunging intent and purpose and ambition, he has a delightful sense of ambition.

"What's your second-best pride?" I asked as I came away.

"My old governor—and mother!" he answered without a moment's hesitation. "Here they are"—a photograph of a sweet, sturdy, plain old couple against a plain building against a plain sky—"86, and like an oak—and mother's fine, too!"

His sincerity in other things gives him sincerity in love-making.



Mr. Shubert Protests

© Underwood
& Underwood



EDITOR'S NOTE:—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is an advanced newspaper and a forum of opinion, and it presents herewith, neither with bias nor endorsement, the protest of the head of one of the two greatest theatrical firms in the world against indiscriminate picture engagements of legitimate theatrical stars who expect to continue in the spoken drama.

Next month Oliver Morosco, the young Western theatrical genius, will make some prophecies for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE readers which are fairly startling. Mr. Morosco writes upon the theatre and the picture play from the standpoint of tremendous experience and great imagination, and his predictions are sure to arouse nation-wide comment.

By Lee Shubert

find that in the near vicinity of the playhouse at which he is offering this particular star, at regular prices, there is a moving picture "theatre" where this artist is simultaneously and flamboyantly featured at 5 and 10 cents admission prices.

The picture house promoter uses the same style of billing as does the legitimate manager, with the result that the mind of the amusement seeking public becomes so confused that oftentimes one is at a loss to know at which theatre a certain actor is appearing in person, and where he or she is playing on the screen.

An example of this occurred not long ago. William Farnum was appearing at the Lyric, one of my New York theatres, in "The Battle Cry," a first-class production, expensive, and of legitimate sort. At a nearby motion picture playhouse Mr. Farnum's camera image was appearing in another production. Since the advertising for both offerings was very similar the public was quite at a loss to understand which theatre to attend. Many thought "The Battle Cry" a moving picture, until enlightened by our treasurer.

A few of the legitimate stars have refused tempting offers from picture producers because they realize the ultimate outcome of such action. They should be complimented for their sincerity in wish-

I BELIEVE that actors of both sexes damage their commercial value by appearing in picture plays. I believe that they cheapen themselves, at least commercially, by yielding to the temptation of big and quick financial reward held out by the picture producer.

Many of the best-known artists of the American stage have ruined their ranking and drawing power by so-called "starring" in picture productions. And they have not only lowered their importance as players in the legitimate drama, but have similarly injured the business of the very producing managers who afforded them their premier opportunities of achieving popularity with the theatre-going public, and therefore the financial award accruing therefrom.

Nowadays, when a responsible legitimate manager presents one of these actors in an expensive production he is likely to

ing to uphold their standing in the regular dramatic field.

Authors, too, have done much to destroy the value of legitimate productions. Dramatists who will sell a play to a regular manager only upon terms ranging from 5 to 20 per cent of the gross receipts will dispose of their work to moving picture producers for almost anything they offer.

In conclusion, I want to say that I am

not by nature a pessimist; nor do I fail to recognize the extraordinary, world-wide and probably permanent amusement and even educational service of the motion picture: I am pointing out certain evident dangers which threaten the legitimate theatre and the legitimate drama from hasty, greedy or irresponsible confusion of the respective and widely different functions of the theatre and the photoplay.



PRETTY BOY!

—be that as it may, Selig claims that Tom Mix is champion bronco buster of the movie universe. Sometimes, however, the cayuse twists Tom's face a little and sprinkles a few grains of dust over his Tuxedo.



Fritzi Scheff

Oliver Morosco's star, who is just finishing the photoplay "Pretty Mrs. Smith," from the musical comedy of the same name. This picture is being made at Hobart Bosworth's Los Angeles studio, and marks the first incursion of the famous comic opera queen into moving pictures.

The May issue of Photoplay Magazine will be on the Newsstands April 5th. Thousands were disappointed last month because their newsdealers were sold out. Order Your Copy in Advance.

Mavis of the Glen

THIS ROMANCE BEGINS WITH MARRIAGE; AND IT ENDS—WELL, MAVIS AND GRAHAM WERE VERY REAL PEOPLE, IN REAL SURROUNDINGS, SO —.

By Anna Pollock

Illustrations from the Laemmle Film.

AND so they were married. But they didn't live happily ever after. If they had, that would have had to be the end of the story, instead of the beginning, just as it has been the end of millions of stories, more or less, since people began writing them at all.

The thing began when Graham grew bored. He was tired of all the things he had been doing. They were the sort of things a man ought to get tired of, if he has much of anything in him. Graham had money. He wasn't a millionaire, perhaps, but he had enough money to make work unnecessary, except as the product of a driving ambition. And he didn't have that. He had, instead, a dangerous gift for writing—dangerous because it interfered with his capacity for normal enjoyment. It wasn't enough of a gift, or, at least, it had never been sufficiently developed, to really occupy him. It just brought about moods in which he tried to write, found he couldn't quite do what he felt was in him, and became a nuisance to himself and all his friends. There are plenty of people like him, and, since they can't understand themselves, it is not strange that they find very few people who do understand them. They have the instinct, the urge, to create—but they lack, as a rule, some indefinable thing that prevents them from being suc-

cessful painters, or writers, or composers, or whatever it may be. Sometimes what they haven't got is ability; sometimes it is only energy, ambition, the spur, that is missing.

One of Graham's moods it was that drove him away. He dropped everything he was doing, or do, and wilds—his case, represented by the lake country. He thought



Graham gave chase, and found she was dwelling with a queer old codger who tended a light on the lake shore.



A wild, elfin sort of creature, her clothes were those of the wilderness.

that what he wanted was solitude, and then he discovered, almost at once, that solitude was as bad as the sort of thing he had run away from. He wouldn't go back, though—and that was why the sight of Mavis, flitting ahead of him in a wild little glen, some little way inland from his boat, made him jump.

Mavis, as he saw her first, was a wild, elfin sort of creature. She would have appealed to any man in Graham's mood; any man, that is, of Graham's temperament. Her hair was down, and the sun caught it, and tipped it with gold. Her feet shone white through the thongs of sandals; her clothes were those of the wilderness. It was plain that she had not expected to be seen—by anyone of Graham's sort. That was his first impression, as she flitted away,

after she had, most unmistakably, seen him.

He thought she was embarrassed, confused. And then he got another glimpse of her full face, and he saw that she was neither embarrassed nor confused, but only annoyed. It was as if she had been counting on solitude, too, and had not become bored by that, as had been the case with him, and as if she resented, very decidedly, his invasion of this place. That piqued him.

He gave chase! The bored Mr. Graham, who was by way of being a bit of a woman hater, in odd times! Who had flown from men and all their ways!

He didn't do it crudely at all. But he found out that she was dwelling with a queer old codger who tended a light on the lake shore. Then he went back, and, very methodically, put the engine of his power boat out of commission. He did it thoroughly and well; so well that an expert would have known at once that no accident had wrought such havoc. And then he rowed the boat up to the house of the old light tender, arriving in a state of very real exhaustion, since his boat was not meant to be propelled by oars. He was a legitimate object of sympathy. But Mavis was not pleased.

Time reconciled her, though. Graham could be very charming when he pleased. And now he did please. Mavis appealed to him. She was quaint, and wild, and—different. I think he got the idea, all at once, that he would create a "situation" if he should suddenly reappear in his own circle with Mavis as his bride. He thought a good deal, at this time, in terms of "scenes" and "situations," because, of late, he had been trying to write plays. As to why Mavis' mind was so obviously against him in the beginning, that is a matter considerably more obscure—and which must wait, in any case, for later events to cast a light upon it. As has been said, this is not the story of a courtship. And so, all that is really important of what followed may be summed up in those first words, to which we come again: "And so they were married."

Openly and without shame, once they were married—which was less than a month after he first saw her—Graham repaired that boat. Mavis looked on and laughed.

"I thought all those parts had to come from Chicago," she said, after she had

seen him produce them from the cache where he had secreted them.

"All's fair in love," he countered, cheerfully. "We need the boat now, for a wedding journey."

So they did. And a very happy, idyllic sort of journey it was, too. But it had to end, of course. And they woke up, at about the same time, to the fact that they knew very little of one another. Also Mavis remembered her clothes. They were rather shocking, though she had been able to produce some civilized shoes and stockings.

Graham thought of them, too, when they reached civilization. Somehow, Mavis, in her glen, was a very different Mavis from this awkward, graceless Mavis, seen in contrast with women immaculate in summer clothes. The idea of bringing her home and exhibiting her to his friends—to Bess, for instance, his sister—lost some of its fine contour of originality. There would be a "situation," to be sure. But it would be a situation of acrid, satiric farce, rather than of romantic drama.

What happened, to put it very briefly, was that his marriage went back on Graham. It was just like one of those ideas he was eternally getting for a play, or a book, or a story, and never being able to work out to a satisfactory ending. He had gone just so far with his idea. That was what had always happened with the writing notions, too. And now, just as had always been the case with them, he lacked the spur, the inciting motive, for finishing what he had begun. He wasn't quite in love with Mavis, you see. He had thought he was, probably, when she had flitted away from him in the glen—but he had been in love with an idea, not with a woman. His idea, his problem, might have been worked out; it had been worked out, in much the same circumstances, more than once, from the time of King Cophetua and his beggar maid—but there had been love, always, to bring the idea into being.

Mavis must have seen how things were almost from the beginning. Mavis had had an idea, too—but she had really fallen in love with Graham. Otherwise, she would not have married him. She had been self deceived because she was in love with him. And her awakening to the truth must have been a bitter experience, and all the bitterer for a reason she was not ready to

reveal. It didn't make her fall out of love; it would have been easier for her had that been true.

Even had Bess Nainby, Graham's sister, not been the sort she was there would have been trouble. But Bess brought the whole idea down like a house of cards as soon as she saw Mavis, with the poor clothes she had half heartedly bought at the first large town she and Graham had reached. Bess tilted her pretty nose; she annihilated Mavis with a look. She managed to make Graham see the impossibility of the thing he had done.

"Think of our friends!" she seemed to say. "Think of bringing her into our life!"

Mavis caught the look. Had either Graham or his sister been watching her at



She fled for final refuge to the branches. He stood beneath, smiling.

the moment they might have caught a warning from the gleam in Mavis's eyes. They might have seen that she was not quite what her appearance made her seem to be, that she had some reserve they had not suspected. She was furious, of course—and yet she was just the least bit amused, too.

But for a time she was to find very little in her life amusing. Mrs. Nainby was vindictive, apparently, but she explained to one or two bosom friends that she was being cruel only to be kind.

"The poor little thing!" she said. "She's impossible—but it's Bob's fault, not hers. Still, of course, the best thing, and the kindest, is to end it just as soon as possible. There'll have to be a divorce, and I mean to make her want it."

Mavis played fair. She gave Graham all the chance in the world. But he was too blind, or too indifferent, to take what she offered. He neglected her. Not cad-dishly; he paid no attention to other women, for that was not at all his way. But he was away a good deal, which left Mavis too much to the tender mercy of Bess Nainby. And so, when Mavis had given everyone concerned all the rope that fairness demanded, she hit back.

Trammelled by the clothes of convention, Mavis had lost some of her elf-like quality. She was more like a little mouse, now, quiet and grey, neutral in color and appearance. And that made it all the more surprising when she suddenly began to fight. Her first blow was a shrewd one, too. She delivered it at a dance, though, of course, she must have been preparing for it, slyly, under cover, for a long time. What she did was simply to take Henry Marsh away from Bess Nainby for the whole evening.

Mrs. Nainby—a widow, let it be mentioned—may not have been in love with Marsh. But she liked his attentions, and she had had them, exclusively, for two seasons. She had won the envy of every woman in their set, for Marsh was far and away its greatest catch. Marsh, I think, enjoyed his bachelor estate too much to care very much for getting married, but, despite that and his rather well known preference for carrying on flirtations, harmless enough, with safely married women, he had been fluttering very much like a moth about Bess Nainby—a pretty flame.

But for this evening Marsh was Mavis's. It made a sensation; it was bound to do that. Graham saw it. He tried, once, to take her away. But she flouted him. And once Bess Nainby, desperately conscious of the amusement the little incident had aroused, tried to capture Marsh, only to be politely but most firmly repulsed. All in all it was an evening of triumph for Mavis. But it was only preliminary, after all. It was two mornings later that she delivered her real stroke.

It was after breakfast, and Bess Nainby was alone when Marsh, in riding clothes, came into the hall. She was startled.

"Were we to ride this morning?" she said. "I must have forgotten, Harry! Will you give me time to dress?"

"Er—why—er—we didn't have a date for this morning," he said. "It was with Mrs. Bob—"

He stopped, abruptly, staring at the stairs. Mrs. Nainby followed his eyes and gasped. Mavis was there—but a new Mavis. She was a bewitching picture, in her riding things—but it wasn't that that had stunned the two of them. It was a familiarity of this new aspect—the sort of familiarity that strikes one, in an art gallery, when one faces, suddenly, the original of a famous picture, of which one has seen reproductions since one's childhood.

Marsh spoke first, as she came to them, and he bowed over her hand.

"You startled me so, Mrs. Graham," he said. "I think Mrs. Nainby saw it, too. For a moment I could have sworn it was Mavis Chambers who was coming down the stairs. Did you ever see her in 'Rose o' Durfree?' The pose—the costume—it was just the look she always had in the second act—"

"I was Mavis Chambers," said Mavis, very quietly, very sweetly. "This is the same costume I wore in that play—when I made my reputation, you know."

Marsh recovered himself first. Really, you know, he and Mrs. Nainby were to be excused for gasping at first. It was a sort of thunderbolt. Mavis Chambers! If the colony had known that it was that famous actress, who had leaped in one season to the heights of theatrical fame, that Bob Graham had brought home as his bride, it would have fallen over itself to do her honor—with Bess Nainby to lead the way! Bess tried to save the day.

"My dear!" she said. "How perfectly romantic—and to have kept it from us! You minx! I—"

Mavis's clear eyes, staring straight at her, checked her. Mavis was not cruel. But she had been through a good deal, and she did not spare her enemy now.

"I rather wanted to see how people would take *me*," she said. "I have found out."

Then she went for her ride. Her husband, bewildered, half angry, half delighted, since he felt that his original idea had been vindicated, was waiting for her.

"Mavis, dear," he began. "We've been rather beastly—"

"Yes, you have," she said. "But it doesn't matter. I'm going."

"Going? But—"

"Please," she said. "We needn't have a scene, need we? I was silly. I was so tired when I went to old Peter's place. I've known him all my life. I wanted to be where things were real. I was so weary of the theatre. And when you came along, you didn't know me, and it seemed so wonderful—that you should care for me, just as I was—I meant to tell you, when we got home. But then—I couldn't."

There was more. He argued, pleaded. He was aroused, now. But all he succeeded in doing, in the end, was to arouse her contempt.

"Oh, you want me again now—because you have found I am somebody," she said bitterly. "I can't, really. I've found out things about you, too. You don't amount to anything, you see. You do nothing—"

because you can't. It wouldn't do. I'd have to respect you—and I can't."

Perhaps she knew, when she went away, what would happen. Perhaps she was wise enough to have understood what no one had ever even begun to understand before. And perhaps she wasn't wise at all, and just followed an instinct.

However that may be, this is what happened. For a time Graham sulked. Then, suddenly, he fell to work. And, for the first time in his life, he felt himself driven by a real spur, that gave him no rest. Before he began to work he had tried to find Mavis, half heartedly, several times. He had hired detectives, done other silly things. But, when he had finished his work, he seemed to know where he would find her. He went straight to her; straight to the spot where he had seen her first, in the glen.

He caught a glimpse of her, flitting before him. She saw him, too, and tried to elude him. But he was not to be eluded. There was a new quality in him, and, though she fled for final refuge to the high branches of a tree he saw her, and stood beneath, smiling.

"Come down, Mavis," he said. "I've something to show you."

She came down, reluctantly. And there, in the glen, he read her his play. Her eyes were swimming when he had finished.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh! It—it's wonderful—Bob! Did you do that for me?"

"Why else?" he said.

They did live happily after that!



Sennett!

May PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will present an extraordinary interview with one of the most extraordinary personages in filmdom: Mack Sennett, king of comedy manufacturers, in a vivid word-picture by Harry Carr of California, a splendid writer who thus makes his bow to PHOTOPLAY readers. Mr. Carr's absorbing story actually visualizes Sennett; *you see just how Sennett does it.*



The Modern Cinderella

By Texas Guinan

The cyclonic Wintergarden star's initial effort in rhyme. The verse was inspired by Miss Guinan's observation of the multivarious picture activities of California, where she is now appearing at the head of "The Whirl of the World" company.

CINDERELLA, Arabella and Prunella
Sisters were who lived in Joplin, Mo.
Cinderella, Arabella and Prunella
Made a vow upon the screen to go.

Arabella had some eyes dark as the Styx;
Ruby lips, and all those things, you know.
An architect found Pru a perfect thirty-six;
Expert opinion we accept as so.

Cinder, though, was flat of face, and figure, too.
Accordingly the Famous Movie Prince
Wrote contracts two, for pretty Belle and shapely Pru.
—Sennett was his name; or was it Ince?

Bella found that Art spoiled all her Beauty-Sleeps;
Besides, the sun put freckles on her nose.
Nella saved her shape by getting out for keeps
After a wreck scene cost her seven toes.

"Who," the wretched Famous Movie Prince
cried out,
"Can finish up these thrilling films for me?
"I want nine suicides, or just about;
"A mess of murders, and a holocaust at sea."

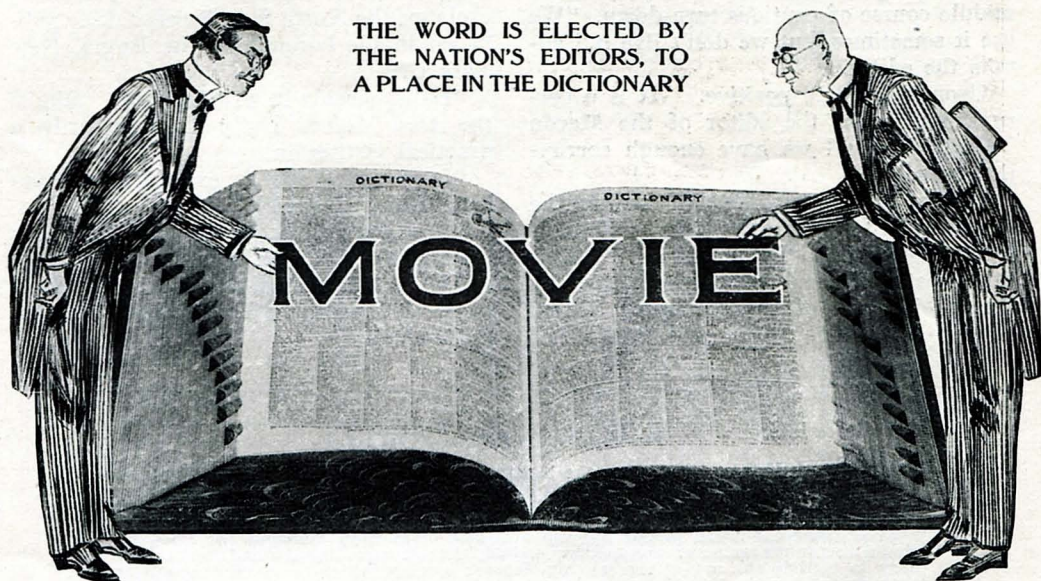
Then Cinder crawled from underneath the sink:
"I cannot lose a figure I have not;
"To get some features I should fall a mile,
I think.
"Maybe I'd be pretty—smashed or shot!"

She stepped from a balloon, and said she liked the trip.
She wrecked the local freight train with her foot.
From a mine she blew clear through a battleship—
The dreadnought sank, but Cind came up a beaut.

Reconstructed, she is Mrs. Movie Prince.
Her sisters now as ushers are employed.
The family lives in Lens, and some time since
She had a son, and called him Cellu Lloyd.

The Question Is Now Settled

THE WORD IS ELECTED BY
THE NATION'S EDITORS, TO
A PLACE IN THE DICTIONARY



YES: 511.
NO: 222.
MOVIE WINS!!

Five weeks ago PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE sent a question to one thousand editors throughout the United States. Answers were received from 733 of these.

Here was the query: "Do you consider the word 'movie,' as applied to a moving picture theatre or film, a good word, and do you approve of its use in your newspaper?"

Care was taken to reach every sort of community that patronizes pictures in America. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's ballot scattered down through Arizona, New Mexico and the orange-lands of California; up the North Coast into the land of the apple and wheat; through the cotton states; over the great Middle West; into the sanctums of Eastern intellectuals; up into Maine and New Hampshire; into Pennsylvania's coal and iron; over the rolling hills of Virginia and the chivalrous South.

There was rousing enthusiasm for "movie;" rumblings, denunciations, thunders and growls against it.

The consensus of opinion, as given above, makes for its use.

The majority vote in its favor is not

sectional; if it were it might well be doubted.

Men of considerable forehead elevation voted for and against it in New York City. Among the Bostonese—gentry to whom tradition ascribes a commuting distance between temple and eyebrow—there were yeas and nays. Some sage-brush editors sniffed scornfully in their isolation. A few metropolitan boys gave defiant whoops of joy as they voted "yes" and returned to that soil which creates American as an offshoot to the English language.

The sentiment on the whole was one of deliberate consideration, with a favorable bias—a very favorable bias. Not many of the cards were carelessly rushed back. The majority of the editors—evidently—took several days in making up their minds.

One of the country's best-known newspapers used it as an editorial.

Interesting is the comment both of "movie's" hammerers and boosters.

Beatings before cake and jam:

There is no uncertainty about J. L. Considine, editor of the San Diego, Cal. "Examiner." He says: "I think 'movie' is one of the rottenest counterfeits ever coined."

The New York Dramatic Mirror terms it barbarous—"Most certainly not! We

have inveighed against the barbarism frequently in our columns."

The "Light," of San Antonio, steers a middle course of cautious turn-down. "We use it sometimes, but we don't like it," admits the editor.

Georgia is more positive. "It is a corruption," writes the editor of the Macon Telegraph, "and we have enough corruption now."

"There is no possibility of killing the word for a few years," gloomily philosophizes the Chicago Evening Post, "but its slow death can and should be caused by the mobilization of the photoplay editors of all the newspapers and magazines

cheerfulness and the brightness of acceptance. Here are some yessers.

"The most expressive term possible!" exclaims the North Side News, a daily published in the borough of the Bronx, New York City.

"Indispensable in writing heads," admits the Des Moines Daily Capital, truly a practical institution.

"It hits the spot!" exclaims the Spokane Daily Chronicle.

"Yes, against the world!" fairly shouts the Buffalo Evening News.

The Louisville (Ky.) Times cautiously splits its vote. "Yes, popularly; no, academically."

It Is a Good Word

DISCUSSION is on concerning the legitimacy of the word "movie" as designating the moving-picture, or the moving-picture show. The PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is after a consensus of opinion from newspaper editors as to these conflicting contentions:

First, that the word is not appropriate, any more than "maggie" or "newsie" would be for magazine or newspaper; second, that it lacks dignity and has a tendency to belittle the art of the moving-picture; against which is urged the opinion that "movie" should find a place in the dictionary, because it is expressive, and because it is now in common use.

This paper stands for the last opinion. The pedants and the purists to the contrary notwithstanding, everybody knows what "movie" means. When it is used nothing more need be said; and custom has already given it the qualities of popularity and permanence.

It will make no difference what the newspapers think, what the magazines say, or whatever high-browed protest may be made by those who are supersensitive in the use of the King's English; the millions of people who daily attend moving-picture shows have decided the matter. In due course of time the dictionaries are bound to record the verdict.

Post-Intelligencer.

throughout the country. The issue can be forced only by the absolute obliteration of the word from the vocabulary of journalism. The Post recommends the operation of this ruling at once."

"I am of the opinion," writes the editor of the Terre Haute Evening Star, "that 'movie' savors of slang; if we are to have 'movie,' why not have 'flunky' instead of 'servant,' and dozens of other expressions which we regard as slang in this country?"

The editor of the Sacramento (Cal.) Union is explicit: "—a cheap slang term adopted into the language largely through careless newspaper use. It is a crude diminutive utterly unworthy the great invention it represents. Motion pictures are destined to play a most important part in the education of the future, and they should not be belittled by such a title."

"The word is barred in our columns!" says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, sternly.

Come up, little sun, and spread some

"It humanizes the motion picture; it gives it the friendly touch that a dignified name couldn't bring," explains the St. Paul Daily News.

The El Paso Herald tries to be coolly just: "Not a good word, but it's here to stay; it is short and popular."

"Short, expressive, and easy to use in heads"—the Washington Herald is another of the papers which think the whole world a caption.

The Toledo Blade qualifies its acceptance: "Yes, until an acceptable substitute is provided. We spell it 'movy.'"

The Altoona (Pa.) Mirror doesn't pretend to speak for the entire cosmic scheme. You know it just means Altoona when it says: "They are rarely referred to by any other name—locally!"

"Apt and descriptive," tersely summarizes the Lincoln (Neb.) Daily News.

Dear! Dear! "Very picturesque—yes!" The Boston News Bureau, charily.

"Yes, but you must quote it," orders the Tennessean-and-American, of Nashville.

The Wilmington (Del.) Evening Journal accedes with a reason: "On the score of brevity rather than of beauty."

A shout from the Memphis Press: "Americans demand short words—let's have 'em!"

The Trenton (N. J.) Times is poetic

about it: "'Movie' is a word expressive of tender, feeling sentiment; of pleasure as well as benefit derived."

"All right!" cheerily cries the Beacon (N. Y.) Daily Herald.

And the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune offers one of the best American reasons: "Yes, because everybody knows what it means."

Some Film Horrors

THE comedy you've seen.

The comedy your friend has seen.

Some comedies neither of you has seen.

The gabby woman.

Some stars' tailors.

The fifty-year-old matinee girl.

Films with a moral.

Sleepers.

The natural-born explainer.

Last season's pictures.

Spendthrifts of umbrella drippings.

The girl who knows their private romances.

The married woman who knows their divorces.

The heroine's dressmaker.

Passionate organists.

Little Gray Home in the West.

Murder music.

Sneak music.

Athletic drummers.

Willing cornetists.

Mary Pickford's old pictures.

The professional seat-changer.

Between-reel singers.

The man who climbs out during a noble deed.

Projecting machines with St. Vitus.

New Jersey Mexicans.

Sentimental burglars.

Society.

War.

Rich men's sons.

Old millionaires.

Loose laughers.

Human centipedes.

The outrageously long arm of coincidence.

Lewis With California

ANOTHER star of the legitimate stage has jumped into the movie game. Frederick Lewis, after nine years with E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, has contracted to be the leading man with Beatriz Micheleno, of the California Motion Picture Corporation.

All for Peggy

A SURPRISINGLY NEW AND ORIGINAL TURN
TO THE FAVORITE PLOT OF MELODRAMATIC
ROMANCE. YOU WON'T GET IT; IT BAFFLES!

By Inez Reed

Illustrations from the Rex Film.

JAMES BRANDON was in high spirits—which prompted his only son to broach once more a subject that was supposed to be closed.

"Look here, governor," he said. "Aren't you ever going to let me have my way about—Peggy? Haven't you made up your mind that I'm in earnest about her?"

Brandon, the elder, flushed. His high cheek bones gave some evidence of his temper; they were dark red now, and his eyes blazed.

"No!" he said, vehemently. "Will, I won't have you marrying a girl who's the daughter of my servant! That's what it amounts to! The Baldwins are decent folks. If I didn't know that, I'd have discharged Seth Baldwin as soon as this nonsense began. You can't marry the girl with my consent—that's all there is to it!"

"And I can't marry her without it—or I would," exclaimed Will, showing, as he spoke, that he had inherited his father's temper. "That's the rotten part

of it! Peggy swears she won't come between me and you. She says she'll never marry me without your consent—that ought to show you that you're wrong about her—"

"It shows me that I'm absolutely right!" said the old man, with a gleam of malicious triumph in his eyes. "If she cared for you she'd marry you fast enough, and she wouldn't care what I thought! But she's got her eye on my money. That's why she wants to marry you. And she won't risk losing it. She'll wait for my consent because she knows that if you marry without it you'll never touch a penny of mine. And she'll wait a long time, or my name's not James Brandon!"

"You won't give us a chance!" said young Brandon, hotly. "You twist everything she says against her! You make me sick, with your talk of inequality. This is a free country, isn't it? We don't have a lot of outworn ideas about family. I—"

James Brandon laughed outright at

"What's the matter, Teddy?" she asked.



the son who was his pride.

"I'm doing this for your good, my boy," he said. "I know what's best for you. And I know that marriage with a girl like this wouldn't make you happy. You are infatuated now, and I'm ready to grant that. But—I'm an old man, and I've learned a few things in my time.

"Perhaps we ought not to think about birth. But I can't help thinking of it. I know too much of how much it counts for. Take my horses. When I buy a horse I've got to know its pedigree. And I'm as careful about breeding as I am about buying. If breeding counts in horses it does in men and women. Take Ladybird, now. She's going to win the Century Cup for me tomorrow—the first time I've ever had a chance to win that. And it isn't an accident. It's because I began to figure on winning that before she was foaled. I made sure that she should be born right."

Will tossed his head impatiently. There was a certain disgust in his eyes, used as he was to his father's constant talk of horses and of ways of improving the breed, the one great passion of his life.

"I don't think Ladybird's going to win," he said. "I haven't put a dollar on her. There's a hoodoo between you and the Century Cup, governor."

"Oh—you feel like that, do you?" returned his father, really angry, now. "Well, by Jove—I'll give you a chance to bet against her! I'm tired of your whining and complaining about this girl! I'll make you a real sporting offer! If Ladybird wins you're to give her up—not to pester me again! If she loses, I give my consent to your marriage!"

Into Will Brandon's eyes, which had been dull with repressed anger and sullenness, there came a sudden gleam. His

whole manner changed.

"Do you mean that?" he cried. "Really?"

"I never backed out of a bet yet," said his father.

"Done and done, then!" cried Will Brandon. "There isn't a chance for Ladybird to win unless Maryland breaks a leg! By Jove, Governor—I see your game! You want to save your face, eh! Will—it's a good sporting way to do it, and you're all right! I've been thinking pretty hard things of you—"

"Hold on," said James Brandon,

quietly. "I don't bet to lose, Will. Maryland might have won that race tomorrow. But she's scratched—bowed a tendon in a work out today! I've just got word."

"What?"

Will Brandon stared incredulously

at his father for a moment, choked by his anger.

"So it was just a trick! You knew that that was a sure thing bet."

He flung himself from the room and from the house. And there flamed up in him an intense resolution to beat his father at all costs; to discover some way of turning the tables. Yet to do so seemed impossible, or nearly so, at least. If Ladybird started—she must win!

If she started—That gave him the idea. There was a chance; a slim one, at best, but still a chance. He turned toward the Baldwin house. It was down hill from his own home, so that it lay near the track. The Brandon horses, when they went out for their work outs and trials, had not far to go, for the great stables were close to the famous track on which, next day, the classic Century Cup would be run for. It was partly because the race was run in his



A glance showed her he could not ride. Peggy was in despair.

own front yard, so to speak, that James Brandon had always been so anxious to win it. And Seth Baldwin, who had been his trainer for years, shared that anxiety to the full.

Outside Seth Baldwin's house Will Brandon paused and sounded a low whistle, with a peculiar note. It was answered almost at once, and Ted Baldwin, the trainer's son, Peggy's brother, slipped out to join him. Ted was to ride Ladybird next day; he was, probably, the best jockey in the country. More than that, he was the only rider who could handle Ladybird. That was why he was riding her; he had given up riding almost entirely. He and Will Brandon had been chums since they had been babies.

"'Lo, Bill," said Ted. "Hullo—what's wrong now?"

"Everything!" said Brandon, sourly. "Ted—I've had another talk with the old man."

"About Peggy?" Ted's face flushed a little. "Look here, Bill—hadn't you better drop it? I know you and Peggy—but, hang it, we've got some feelings! I don't want to feel that my sister's trying to break in where she isn't wanted—"

"She doesn't want to marry my father, does she? She wants to marry me! Listen: Here's the worst ever!"

Quickly he told Ted of the new proposal his father had made.

"That's raw stuff, Bill. He slipped one over on you. You gave your word—took the bet, eh? Then I guess it's all off—"

"If Ladybird wins! Ted—can't you see? Suppose you couldn't ride to-morrow? Don't you see what would happen? She'd lose, sure—and Peggy and I would win! Can't you be sick or something?"

Ted stared at him, puzzled, unhappy.

His friend gripped his shoulder.

"Think of what it means to us, Ted! You know—oh, I can't talk about it, but Peggy and I—"

"I can't, Bill—"

But in the end he promised at least to think it over.

"Go on in," said Brandon. "I don't want Peggy to know we've been talking."

He waited for a time; then went in. His first glance showed him that Ted had made up his mind. For a time he talked to Peggy and her father. Ted was sitting, looking utterly forlorn, on a sofa, and, while old Baldwin and Brandon looked at him, Peggy sat down beside him.

"What's the matter, Teddy?" she asked. "You don't look as if you were ready for the race of your life to-morrow?"

"I'm not—I've got a headache," said Ted. "I'll be all right when it's time for the race, though."

"You'd better be!" said his father. "Ladybird's just about got to win that race or Mr. Brandon and I—"

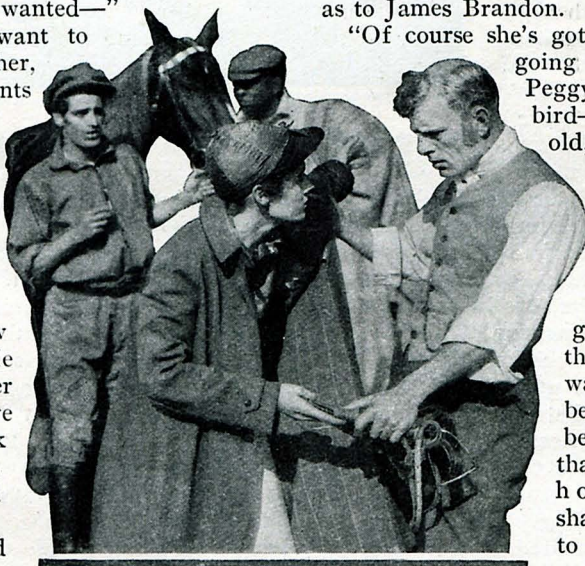
He didn't finish. But it was easy to see that the race meant as much to him as to James Brandon.

"Of course she's got to win—and she's going to, too," said Peggy. "Dear old Ladybird—though she isn't old, at all."

Her lover turned his head away. He knew what he and Teddy planned would nearly break Peggy's heart. But there was no other way. And it was better for her to be disappointed now than to have their hope of happiness shattered. He stuck to that thought as he went home. He was fixed in his determination. He knew

enough of the traditions of the turf to understand perfectly what he was doing. But he would not give up.

Nor would Ted, once he had given his word. Peggy found him, lying, a crum-



Seth Baldwin was gripping his boy's long raincoat.



Ladybird was in line with the rest. So Ted had lost his nerve!

pled heap, on his bed, when it was time for him to go to the track to weigh in. A glance showed her that he could not ride. He had managed, somehow, to look sick; really sick. And Peggy, as she stood, his silks and boots in her arms, looking at him, was in despair. No one else could ride Ladybird—

So thought Will Brandon, as, in the grandstand, he waited for the bugle to call the horses to the post for the fourth race—the classic stake of the meeting, the famous Century Cup. At a distance he saw his father, who was entertaining a company of friends for this last day of the meeting. He could imagine what was going on in the enclosure where the weighing in took place. He could see Seth Baldwin's despair and disgust. The delay got on his nerves at last; he moved around until he could fix the spot with his glass. And then he saw something that made him jump.

Ladybird was there—and so was Ted! Seth Baldwin was gripping his boy's long raincoat, giving him his last instructions for the race! So Ted had lost his nerve! Will groaned as he saw the horses come to the post. For Ladybird was in line with

the rest, and behaving herself beautifully—as she would for Ted, and for no one else. There was a great roar of welcome from the crowd—they were off, to a perfect start!

Down and down went Will's heart as the race flew on. He had cherished a faint hope at first that Ted meant to throw the race; that he had decided at the last moment that it was better for him to ride to lose than not to ride at all. But the first three furlongs sent that hope glimmering. For Ladybird had the race in hand then. Only a miracle or an accident could have beaten her. Will knew her; knew her rider, too.

And then, on the last turn, just before they came into the stretch, something went wrong. The other jockeys, despairing, tried an old ruse. They forced Ladybird against the rail; tried to pocket her. Will laughed at first; even in his despair he could see the humor of trying to pocket Ted Baldwin! But then it seemed that the ruse was about to succeed. As the horses thundered on Ladybird was jammed closer and closer against the rail. Ted would either have to pull up or risk being crushed. But he saw his chance, and took

it. Ladybird, under the whip, shot through a hole that opened for a moment; slipped free—and won as she pleased, while the crowd went wild with delight. And small wonder—she had become a heavy favorite as soon as Maryland was scratched.

For just a moment Will slumped down. Then he got up, a cold rage taking hold of him, and made his way to the paddock. He could have it out with Ted, at least. And what satisfaction there might be in doing that he meant to have. He shouldered his way through. He reached the stall where Ladybird was being rubbed down at last. His father was ahead of him; he pushed past him, roughly, and came to the jockey. Roughly he seized his shoulder and spun him around—and then he fell back, astounded. For it was not Ted, but Peggy, blushing adorably as she caught her long rain coat close about her, who faced him.

"Peggy!" he said. "Good Lord!"

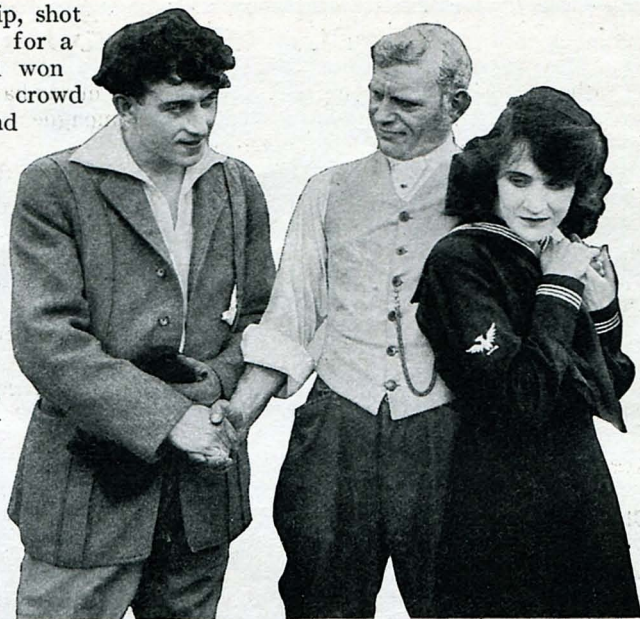
"I had to ride!" she said. "Poor Teddy was so ill he couldn't move—"

"I see!" said Will, dully. Then he laughed. "And I was calling Ted every name I could think of—when it wasn't his fault at all!"

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Peggy.

He did not see his father, close behind, nor did Peggy. But he would have blurted out the story anyway, probably. He was past caring. And when he had done he saw only sympathy in Peggy's eyes.

"Poor Will!" she said, putting her hand on his for a swift touch. "But—it's better



And as for Seth Baldwin's consent—they didn't have to wait for that!

as it is, boy. It wouldn't have been right—we wouldn't have been happy, if we'd stolen our happiness. Better to go on—"

"I'm hanged if you shall!" exploded old James Brandon. "Young woman—I've done you an injustice! You mean to say you rode the mare? Then, by Jove, any man who wins you is a lucky dog! Will—you're a chuckleheaded boy—but you were right for once!"

"You mean you'll give your consent?" the youth gasped.

"Take her—but ask her father!" growled old James.

Will turned to seize Peggy. With a laugh, she flew from him. He did not see her again until she was once more in her own clothes. And, as for old Seth Baldwin's consent—they didn't have to wait for that!

Have You a Friend

to whom you would like to introduce Photoplay Magazine? A specimen copy will be sent to any address in the United States on application by card or letter to
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, - - 8 South Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

We'd Like to See

A Pathe of Kaiser Wilhelm.

A movie death where the hats stayed on.

The real Charlie Chaplin.

Movie cameras on the British battleships.

Mary Fuller in sables.

Mary Fuller in evening dress.

Mary Fuller in a bathing suit.

Kerrigan playing a dirty guy.

Obsequies of censors.

A singing picture by "Bee" Michelena.

William Farnum eating spaghetti.

Another foreign film as good as "Cabiria."

Alice Joyce being wicked.

Fatty Arbuckle when six months old.

Fred Mace come back in a feature.

More Griffith pictures.

John Bunny in corsets.

A whole reel of Blanche Sweet's indolent pout.

The same.

Encore.

A club in pictures having more than eleven members.

A movie banquet where they didn't serve champagne.

Mysteries that won't alliterate.

Any million dollars that isn't a mystery.

Some of Jacksonville's real residents.

Ditto Hollywood.

Motor wheels that don't turn backward.

The man who can't laugh at Charlie Chaplin.

The man who can laugh at his imitators.

Norma Phillips crossing a wet street.

Norma Phillips crossing an awfully wet street.

Ambrose as Macbeth.

Mabel Normand playing Hedda Gabler.

"Hypocrites" as a regular play, with Margaret Edwards.

Paul Armstrong without his devil's goatee.

One war picture with pep in it.

Marie Dressler in ti—No!

Bryan and his grape juice in several reels.

A movie father who doesn't emote.

A real grande dame.

Good rough loving.

"WITH telephones and automobiles," said the economist, "the farmer will soon be entirely independent of the city." "Never," replied Mrs. Cornloss. "We'll always have to be going to town—unless they discover some way of sending moving pictures by mail."—*Washington Star*.

Producing War Dramas in Britain During Wartime

By Alaric Flardon

YOU can have too much of a good—or rather bad—thing, as I experienced after residing in England during the first few months of the war. Everything I came in contact with had some connection with the battling rage. The British film producers, I must say, caught the fever badly, so sensing a good story I hiked to one of the largest studios, a few miles from London, and interviewed the director in chief.

"Now," I said, "I want to take American movie fans behind the scenes in regard to the producing of war pictures in such a martial time as the present. Can you gratify my wishes?"

"Righto," he cheerfully assented. "This confounded war has surely revolutionized our producing schedules. Our days—and nights too—are spent glorifying the British and showing the Germans up in an unfavorable light. It is our business to supply what the cinema showmen want.

"But you wouldn't easily recognize the same pictures when they are shown at American theaters, for if we offered them in an unaltered state to the exhibitors they would decline to have them as a gift. American exhibitors have no desire to violate Uncle Sam's admirable desire to be neutral.

"So what we do is to subject such films to a severe pruning. If the title is 'Foiling the Fatherland,' we amend it to 'A Foreign Power Outwitted.' The explanatory matter of the play is so altered that it mentions either a nameless or fictitious power at war with Britain.

"But for all our scheming we fail to cover up the fact that the enemy wear German uniforms, and a 'doctored' photograph may always be detected by this.

"You'd really be surprised at the extreme difficulty we experience in getting suitable men to act as soldiers. Many

eligible men on our staff have joined the colors, and as the situation is the same everywhere, to collect a smart picture army is a mammoth task. We have been obliged to make the most of the limited number of suitable extras we have succeeded in obtaining. To prevent our competitors from securing their services we offer them more pay if they stay with us.

"You should just watch how we suggest a large army—we make the men run round the same places many times and trot in quite a lot of small scenes, which introduce the men in different positions.

"This war is responsible for a new form of temperament in that a number of our players fight shy of being Germans. It is certain that they can't all be English and I try numerous dodges to overcome their prejudice. An increase in the pay envelopes does not always work. This will afford you some idea of the patriotic fever here although it is only in 'reel' life. But I generally bring them round by offering the obstinate ones a nice, fat British part in the very next film. One soldier considered it such an insult when asked to act as a German general that he left the studio and never turned up again.

"It's too bad being hampered in the way we are, for the authorities positively decline to allow us to take sea scenes along the coast under any circumstances. For a time we were in a dilemma how to effectively produce sea battles in which battleships were engaged, so we utilized our thinking apparatus and secured some choice scenes from old copies of animated newspapers depicting recent naval reviews, which we ingeniously incorporated in a stirring naval drama.

"In some such films we have to show action occurring on deck. This we accomplish by the gentle art of faking. In the studio our carpenters erect the wooden

replica of a dreadnaught and fix it on gliders, which enables us to suggest the rolling motion.

"Just now the authorities are very sensitive, although we are doing our best to assist the recruiting movement by producing patriotic picture plays. Let me give you an instance of this: One day our leading man was lounging outside the studio dressed in khaki uniform, which contained no numbers or buttons, waiting for his call, when an all too smart bobby took him in charge and messed up our work for the rest of the day. They fined him for wearing his majesty's uniform without serving in the army.

"I haven't yet told you of the spy mania,

have I? A few days ago we were doing a war subject in a lonely country spot without being aware that we were near a military camp. Lo and behold if a sentinel didn't observe two 'Germans' in suspicious attitudes—for the movies, of course. He didn't think twice, either, about arresting them as spies for taking photographs around a military camp. I can tell you it took a devilish lot of persuasion and influence on our part to secure their release.

"I shan't be sorry when the war is over, for the strain is enough to cause my breakdown. I'm just pining to get back to the ordinary stuff. So are picturegoers in Britain, if I'm not mistaken."

A Triple Constellation



An Unusual Meeting of National Film Favorites

(Left to right) *Francis X. Bushman, Charlie Chaplin and G. M. Anderson, taken at the Essanay studio during a recent visit of Messrs. Chaplin and Anderson to Chicago. Photographs of Chaplin and Anderson in other garb than their familiar, respective and of course immensely different character make-ups are rare. Mr. Bushman is a "straight" by profession.*

*"You remember," he said when the waiter
had gone, "that I said I'd been waiting
for a chance to talk to you."*



Beauty to Burn

By George Orcutt

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS: *Bernice Frothingham, twenty and a beauty, who lives with her step-father and her step-mother at their country place, "Red House," at Lake Geneva, falls in love with Robert Mac-Cameron, the son of a neighboring farmer. Her step-father, Colonel Frothingham, is a multi-millionaire with great pride in his family name. He frustrates the proposed marriage by arranging to have the young man sent away for three years. Bernice, thoroughly disillusioned by her lover's conduct, runs away to Chicago to hunt a job under the name of Bernice Gale. She makes a friend of Sarah Wilbur, a trained nurse, and through her advice secures the chance of a tryout from Tom Morgan, director of the Transcript Producing Company, as a moving picture actress. As she is approaching the Transcript office to keep her appointment she is intercepted by the Colonel and two detectives. The Colonel has a warrant for her arrest alleging that she is insane. A limousine waits at the curb to take her with him. At this point Tom Morgan interferes and by threatening to let the newspapers know all about the affair frightens the Colonel into permitting Bernice to go on with her plan. She makes the acquaintance of several members of the Transcript Company and has her tryout. Tom Morgan tells her she will do for something. She goes home a little disappointed while Tom Morgan sits down to write the Transcript's New York office that he has a "find."*

PART FOUR

CHAPTER VIII

BERNICE found her first fortnight at the Transcript Company's studio rather a trying one. Now that the dread of her step-father, which had been so large a part of her thoughts, was gone and the first strangeness of the city, so deliciously fearsome, had worn off she felt a curious sense of being "let down." She had been living on excitement, her nerves taut, her mind alert, her body splendidly alive. She found herself unwilling to settle down to a regular routine. For one thing she had very little to do at the studio that first two weeks except to sit around and watch the others. Tom Morgan paid very little attention to her. He seemed tremendously busy. But he was not so busy but that he had time occasionally to gaze at Bernice. She had caught him out twice. And he had remembered to put her on the payroll, for she found \$35 in her envelope the first week.

The mere fact that she had begun to receive a salary did not make her a regular member of the Transcript stock company. The others were polite enough but they were not especially friendly. Bernice felt that they had not accepted her as a member of the profession. Sarah Wilbur reminded her that it was just possible they felt that she did not act as if she were one of them.

"But how can I be one of them!" Bernice protested. "It's all so new to me and such an old story to them. And they are all working every day and I am just sitting around."

"That's just it," Sarah Wilbur said. "But the newness will wear off and you'll begin working and they'll take you in as a matter of course. You have only to wait."

"But I don't like waiting," Bernice stamped, as she broke the string round a bursting package that had just come from the laundry. The contents spread them-

selves over her bed and she stood looking at them.

"And I think that a Chicago laundry is the most abominable institution on the face of the earth. Look at those things! Would anybody ever imagine that they were once white?"

"O, Bernice," Sarah cried, "you can't send lovely things like that to a laundry." The ordinarily calm Sarah stood picking up one garment after another with little cries of delight in their lacy elegance and of dismay at the treatment they had received. "That's the kind of lingerie you read about," she said at last with a sigh.

Bernice sat down in one of the red plush chairs with a gesture of despair. As she looked around the little room disgust rose within her.

"I don't like this ugly, stuffy, cramped little place," she continued bitterly. "I don't like going out in the morning to a breakfast at a nasty little lunch room where the coffee is—ugh!"

Bernice paused a moment but Sarah said nothing. The sight of the lingerie had made her realize afresh the difference between the kind of life Bernice had been accustomed to at a great country place on Lake Geneva and that which she herself had known.

"It's abominable, you know it is, Sarah. There's no place to put your clothes and there's never any hot water in the bathroom and it takes an hour to get from here to the studio in the morning and an hour to get back and I'm sick of it."

Sarah waited for the tirade to continue but Bernice sat rigid, apparently speechless with rage.

"Well," Sarah said quietly, "what are we going to do about it?"

"O, nothing. There's *nothing* to do about it. I'll just have to stand it, that's all. But what's the good of being free of your step-father and earning your own living if you can't even live decently—to say nothing of having some fun occasionally."

Sarah was too kind to point out to Bernice the double nature of her complaint or to ask which it was that really irked her, the discomforts of a hall bed-room or not having any fun.

"The thing to do is to hunt up a small flat within walking distance of the studio. That's what I've always wanted to do but

I've never felt as if I could afford it. I've got more than \$100 in the bank and you've got that much. We can easily get all the furniture we need. I am not going out on a case for a week or two yet and in that time we can be comfortably settled."

"And have our own private bath," Bernice interjected.

"And real coffee for breakfast," Sarah added.

"We could even have a guest to dinner."

"And our own telephone."

"And, Sarah, couldn't we hire a laundress that would do things up decently?"

"Certainly we could."

Bernice picked up the paper and turned to the "for rent" section in the want-ads. Together they scanned the column, silently rejecting one description after another.

"I don't believe there's a thing unless it's this one on the corner of Argyle and Sheridan Road. They don't say how much it is," Bernice suggested.

"You can bet that it isn't less than \$50 a month for a five room flat in that location," Sarah said. "I know I can find something west of the elevated near Wilson Avenue that we can afford. You can always get four rooms for \$32.50. You leave it to me. I'll meet you at the studio tomorrow at quitting time and I'll have the flat."

"And the day after will be Saturday and I'll have the afternoon off and we'll buy the furniture," Bernice cried.

"Right you are," Sarah smiled, "and by the first of the week we'll have breakfast in our own home."

Bernice went to sleep that night dreaming absurdly and confusedly of a breakfast table like the one at "Red House" in the room overlooking Lake Geneva, of herself in the dinner dress of green and silver at the piano while Tom Morgan turned the music for her, and of riding horseback at a breakneck pace down the hill road.

True to her promise Sarah was in the outer office of the Transcript building the next afternoon at half-past five when Bernice came down from the studio.

"I've got it," Sarah said breathlessly. "The nicest little flat you ever saw. Four rooms and a bath. Come on and look at it. It's only five or six blocks from here."

Sarah led the way to Winthrop Avenue, where, on the third floor of a building containing thirty or forty small flats, she

had found what she was looking for. They borrowed a candle-end from the janitor, who explained when he gave them the key that the electric lights were not on.

"It's rather a climb up to the top," Sarah admitted as they came to the third landing "but the top flats are always the lightest and quietest."

Bernice thought the four rooms were small and cheap-looking but she would not have said so for all the world in the face of Sarah's enthusiasm. She reflected that if the flat were not all that she had dreamed it was still a great deal better than the hall room that she had called "home" ever since she had been in Chicago. The wood trim, stained red in the living-room, seemed a pitiful imitation of the rich brown wood which she knew as mahogany. But if the console which ornamented one wall *was* hideous the long mirror which it framed promised to be quite as useful as the pier glass in her dressing-room at "Red House" and the dark oak of the dining-room wasn't at all bad, at least by candle light. The bedroom was done in a horrible shade of pale pink but Sarah said the agent had promised to change this to any color they chose. The bathroom was really very decent, with its white porcelain tub and its tiled floor; the kitchen promised to be light and both the ice box and the gas stove were comparatively new. Sarah pointed out each of these advantages with the delight of a child. Bernice realized that in Sarah there was an interest in planning a home and running it such as it had not occurred to her to suspect. She wondered if all the women who had dared something to escape from dependence and a home secretly desired nothing more than to return to that bondage. She found herself more and more interested in the problem of making a place that should be comfortable and even beautiful.

"Do you suppose all women in their hearts want a home to keep?" she asked Sarah.

Sarah stood holding the candle-end high above her head in order to see as much as possible of the two larger rooms.

"Why, of course," Sarah answered, "and all men too. Only they don't want one that somebody else has planned for them and some of them don't want to feel chained to what they have planned themselves. That's all. You might as well ask

if all women in their hearts don't want to be comfortable."

While the candle-end lasted the two girls walked from room to room discussing the effects they would achieve.

"Are East India chairs expensive?" Bernice asked.

"They cost \$4 or \$5 apiece and they don't last very well," Sarah answered.

"I don't care whether they last or not," Bernice decided. "We can afford two or three of them for the living-room. And we'll have a simple table with a big brass student lamp on it."

"We can get a sanitary couch for \$6 or \$7 and with a cover of cretonne and pillows it will help a lot," Sarah said.

"But what'll we do about rugs and a dining-room table and silver?"

"We'll find a way," Sarah answered confidently. No possible objection could have held with her for a moment.

They were so interested in the problem of spending their \$200 so as to get the largest possible results with it that they discussed items and made lists endlessly after they got back to Bernice's room until they suddenly remembered that they had had no dinner. And after Sarah had gone to bed Bernice sat up for an hour wrestling with the problem of saving out enough money to buy the china she wanted. The sum of \$200 seemed to her utterly inadequate to furnish one room, let alone four. She had been learning very rapidly from Sarah that things cost but she had never thought very much about the buying power of money and she could not at once scale down her idea of what was necessary from what they had had at Lake Geneva to what she and Sarah could have in Winthrop Avenue. She reflected that the rug in her bedroom at home had probably cost more than they were spending for everything in their flat; she wondered whether a suite of furniture in brown mahogany such as she had had cost \$500 or \$1,000; and whether \$200 would buy the pier glass in which she had inspected her new dinner dress the night that her step-father and mother had objected so cruelly to her engagement to Robert MacCameron.

Irrelevantly, Bernice wondered where and how Tom Morgan lived. She knew that he was a bachelor and that he was a young man just beginning to make a reputation and so was not, as yet at least, one

of the \$100,000 directors of whom she had heard. Still, he must have a first-rate salary and reputation was only a matter of time. Probably he lived in a hotel. But why should she care how important a figure Tom Morgan was or where he lived? She realized that he excited her curiosity and her interest greatly. It was a little difficult to explain why she respected him so deeply. It wasn't because he was successful or good-looking. All she could say was that Tom Morgan was the kind of man she wanted for a friend. She had scarcely mentioned him to Sarah but of course Sarah would like him—if she ever met him. Why shouldn't she meet him? There was no reason why they couldn't invite Tom Morgan to dinner as soon as they were settled in their flat.

Sarah planned the shopping that Saturday afternoon so well that they succeeded in buying nearly everything they had on their list except the dining-room table and chairs and the rugs. They got a plain white iron hospital bed apiece on Sarah's insistence and the East India chairs and the lamp which Bernice wanted, and yards of cretonne for pillows. Bernice thought they ought to have a copper percolator with an alcohol lamp under it for the table but Sarah persuaded her of the practical advantages of one in aluminum that could go on the gas stove. After dinner they found a table that would do for the dining-room which they succeeded in buying from a second-hand dealer for \$5 (after he had asked \$12) and four straight chairs that went with it for \$1 apiece. They were very tired by then and they had only \$11 left of their \$200 so Sarah suggested that the floors would have to go without rugs for a week or two and Bernice acquiesced without a protest. She had passed by so many things she wanted that day that doing without rugs temporarily seemed no hardship at all. Indeed, she had become pretty thoroughly infected with Sarah's spirit and if she could not whole-heartedly accept everything that Sarah liked she could take a keen pleasure in Sarah's pleasure. She did not expect the flat to be anything but a makeshift but she hadn't the least intention of letting Sarah know that. She resolved to be ecstatic about it, however disappointing it was.

But she did not have to do any pretending that first night they had dinner in their

new home. It was all very simple and very plain, but it was very clean and comfortable with an individual charm already apparent despite the fact that so many things obviously remained to be done before it would be complete. When she sat down to a table covered with a snowy cloth, in which the folds were still visible, and decorated with a slim glass vase in which were two roses, she smiled happily and paid Sarah the highest possible compliment.

"I can't wait," she said, "until we can have somebody in to dinner."

She looked through the archway at the living-room. The warm yellow glow of the oil lamp was a pool of light in a room soft with shadows. A book and a magazine on the table gave the touch of a place that is lived in.

"This is something like," Bernice continued. "I begin to feel again as if it was really worth while to run away from home. Just think, Sarah, this is all our own. We've made it ourselves. And we're as free and independent as two men, with no obligations to anybody but ourselves. No one has a right to come here unless we wish it and anyone we want may come whenever we like. We are *really* independent."

"There is only one flaw in it so far as I am concerned," Sarah smiled. "And that is that I'll have to go out on a case in a few days, one that'll keep me away from here nearly all the time for two or three weeks. I'd like nothing better than to stay right here and take care of this flat and concoct salads and desserts, but it can't be done."

CHAPTER IX

BROKEN as it was by the interlude of finding and furnishing the flat, the time seemed intolerably long to Bernice while she waited for something to do at the studio. It was not only that she was eager to begin actual work. It was also that for the first time in her life she was having the experience of feeling a deep interest in another human being who paid no more attention to her than courtesy demanded. Tom Morgan said a pleasant and perfunctory, "Good-morning" to her the first time he saw her each day and an equally pleasant, and perfunctory, "Good-night," if he

happened to see her toward the close of the day. Never once had he paused beside her to talk. The fact that he was so busy might have explained his obliviousness to Bernice if it had prevented him from talking to the others. But it did not. He always seemed to have time to chaff Mary Gardiner, the Transcript's leading woman, and he was always teasing James K. Budlong, who posed before the movie fans as a bachelor, but who was not only married, but the father of three children. Indeed, Bernice decided that Tom Morgan gave her less of his attention than anyone else about the place. Of course there was no reason why he should talk to her—unless he wanted to. She could not quite believe that he did not want to.

Actually it was only a little more than two weeks from the time when Tom Morgan initiated her into the mysteries of "registering" emotions that he asked her into his office as she was on her way home.

Suddenly happy at the promise in this request, the promise that at last she was to have something to do, she was glad, also, that she was wearing a particularly becoming hat and a suit that draped her slender figure to perfection.

"Miss Gale," he said, handing her a typewritten sheet, "there's your dress plot for a new three-reeler we're putting on."

Her eyes held his for the barest fraction of a second as she took the paper, and she knew instinctively that she was not without her effect upon him. She glanced at the descriptions of costumes.

"Does this mean that I am really going to have a chance to act at last?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Yes," he said, his curious, one-sided smile appearing, "you're going to have your chance now. If the play is any good we'll put it out and if it isn't you'll have to go back among the extras."

"You mean," she cried breathlessly, "that I'm to have the lead?"

"Well," he quizzed, "you couldn't very well play the villain, could you? As a matter of fact the posters will say that James K. Budlong is playing the lead and that Bernice Gale is supporting him—that is, if this play ever gets as far as having posters."

Bernice's eyes had dropped again to the sheet in her hand. Tom Morgan looked at her. The long lashes that veiled her eyes

and shadowed her flushed cheek as her head bent over the paper intrigued him. He had been wanting for a long time to find a chance to talk to her. He decided in that moment that whatever the effect on his dignity as director of the Transcript Producing Company he was going to take this girl out to dinner.

"That plot may need some explanation," he suggested, "especially as it's the first one you've ever had. I think—"

"I think I have most of the clothes it calls for," Bernice interrupted, "but I'd like to be sure about the colors. Will a dinner dress of green and silver do for this first one?"

"It doesn't make much difference about the color," Tom Morgan answered, as he closed down his desk and picked up his gloves. "Lines are what count. As a rule, the simpler the dress the better it photographs. Elaborate things seldom have good outlines. They look messy in the pictures."

"Heavens!" Bernice said. "Don't you suppose I know that?"

Tom Morgan turned and looked at her sharply. For a moment she thought he was angry. Then that slow smile of his appeared.

"Let's go out to dinner."

There was nothing that could have suited her mood better than that invitation. To have won it from him was a little triumph. It made her blood run faster. But she was not going to admit it.

"O, I can't," she said quickly. "I've another engagement."

"Cut it then," Tom said laconically. "Tell him your boss demands your time this evening."

"It isn't a 'him'; it's Sarah. We have a flat together and dinner'll be ready at six sharp. Suppose you come to dinner with me. You'd like Sarah I'm sure."

"No," Tom said, "I want to talk to you."

They looked at each other a moment, a look that said more than either was prepared as yet, to put into words.

"We can't call her up because the telephone hasn't been put in," Bernice protested weakly.

"We'll send a messenger boy then. Here, sit down at my desk and write a note to Sarah."

Obediently Bernice sat down, and wrote:

Dear Sarah:

Will you forgive me? I was leaving the building tonight when Mr. Morgan, the director, stopped me to give me a dress plot. I am to begin acting next week in a three-reeler. Think of it! He wants to talk over the play with me and so we're going out to dinner together. This is going by messenger boy so you won't wait dinner for me.

She read the lines aloud.

"Is that all right?" she asked.

"Of course; just write 'Six o'clock' at the top and sign it."

They found a telegraph office and a messenger boy under the elevated on their way to a train and dispatched the note. But now that their *tete a tete* was arranged they had very little to say to each other. The car was crowded and Bernice hated crowded cars. Each had a sense of having a great deal to tell the other and neither felt the necessity of being entertaining. Indeed, despite the faint antagonism revealed in one or two of their speeches they had that consciousness of understanding each other, of being at home and at ease, which is usually the result only of a long acquaintanceship.

"Have you ever been here?" Tom asked, as they entered the "Red Star."

"No. I've never been anywhere in Chicago except to the Blackstone and lunch counters."

"That's good," he said. "Think of all the places you and I have still to go to!"

"You're assuming that I'm going to make good in my first picture, aren't you? Because you wouldn't want to take me to dinner at all the restaurants in Chicago if I had to go back among the extras!"

"Of course I'm assuming that you're going to make good. I'm the person who is responsible. If you don't make good then I don't make good—and I always assume that I'm going to succeed."

"Like Alexander the Great, and Caesar, and Napoleon before you," laughed Bernice.

Tom grinned at this hit but the arrival of the waiter bearing chicken livers *en brochette* saved him from the necessity of a retort.

"You remember," he said when the waiter had gone, "that I said I'd been waiting for a chance to talk to you. What I really meant was that I wanted a chance to hear

you talk. - Aren't you going to tell me all about yourself?"

"I might consider trading even."

"I can't possibly trade even," Tom admitted. "You see, I'm a man and a man's life must be altogether out of the ordinary to be as adventurous as a woman's."

"That's absurd," Bernice exclaimed. "Women's lives aren't in the least adventurous. That's the whole trouble with being a woman—it's so much more exciting to be a man."

"No, you're wrong. You ran away from home and got a job with the Transcript stock company—I know that much about you—and that was a tremendously exciting thing to do."

"Yes," Bernice admitted, "it was."

"Well, I ran away from home and—eventually got a job with the Transcript stock company—and let me assure you there was nothing exciting about it. They didn't come after me with detectives and a warrant charging me with insanity because I had run away from a perfectly good home. That's the difference between being a man and being a woman. Nobody could possibly get a thrill out of listening to my story and I got mighty few out of living it. But you—why you've been through things that nobody would believe if he hadn't seen you."

He paused and since she did not speak he added: "Of course anybody who had one good look at you would believe anything you said. He'd believe it because he would be thinking 'That is the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life.'"

Bernice blushed in spite of herself.

"That was pretty nearly a rude remark, wasn't it?" she said after a moment.

"I suppose it was," Tom said gravely. "I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to be rude. But you won't flirt with me and so I am reduced to speaking directly. Forgive me and tell me about your step-father."

Bernice could not be angry. She could not help being flattered. For she knew that Tom Morgan could have turned an indirect compliment if he had wished and she felt that he was not making game of her. And so she launched into an account of all that had happened from the time when she had decided to leave "Red House" to the moment when Tom had interfered the morning that the Colonel had



There was another swimmer coming, his head half buried in the water. It was Tom.

appeared with the two detectives and a warrant for her arrest. She left out nothing except the part that Robert Mac-Cameron had played.

"And so," Tom said, when she had finished, "I am dining with an American princess, a lady whose wealth will be so great that she can never spend it."

"No," Bernice corrected, "you're talking to a young woman who wants to make good in your productions. 'Red House' and all that it stands for is part of the past. There have been times in the last two weeks when I've wished that I were back there with a maid to lay out my clothes and bring me my coffee in bed and do my hair. I suppose those times will come again. But I never will go back to it. If I don't make good as a movie actress I'll try something else. But I'm going to make good."

"Of course you are," Tom agreed. "I've never had the least doubt of it."

"I had begun to think you had, these last two weeks," Bernice admitted.

"I've been getting a play ready for you ever since the first day," Tom assured her, "and in the meantime I've been paying you as little attention as I could manage. It isn't politic to give the company any excuse for saying that your getting the lead is a piece of favoritism."

"My vanity is completely satisfied," Bernice commented, with a smile, "and now I've got to go back to Sarah."

"All right," Tom sighed. "But it's understood isn't it that this is only one restaurant and that there are many others in Chicago that you ought to see—with me?"

"No," Bernice said, "I shan't go to dinner again with you until you have come to dinner with me and met Sarah."

"Is this an invitation for tomorrow tonight?" Tom asked.

Bernice only laughed.

When she got home, she found Sarah sound asleep but Bernice had so much to tell that she woke her up.

"Think," she said, "I'm to begin working tomorrow and I'm to have the lead, or at least the leading woman's part!"

"Good for you," Sarah cried heartily. "But I hope you won't be too successful all at once. I hate to think of breaking up this flat."

"Don't you worry," Bernice assured her. "We aren't going to break up this little flat for a long time yet and when we do

we'll move together into a larger one. But, Sarah, you've got to meet Tom Morgan. I believe after all that he's the most real man I've met. I've invited him to dinner here."

"Tell me about him."

"Well, he's tall and very good looking and he has the nicest smile you ever saw—so slow and a little twisted. It's an endearing smile. You'll like him, Sarah."

"I don't doubt it," Sarah observed drily, "but what sort of a man is he? Where did he come from and who are his people and is he married or not?"

"Of course he's not married—but I don't know who his people are or where he came from. I've only been to dinner with him, Sarah."

"I see," Sarah said, "and what about the dress plot you mentioned in your note?"

"O, I've got that in my purse," Bernice cried. "Let's read it."

She sat down with the typewritten sheet on Sarah's bed.

"What's the play about?" Sarah asked.

"I haven't the least idea," Bernice admitted.

"Why, I thought you and Mr. Morgan went out to dinner to discuss it."

"Well—I—I," Bernice hesitated. "I guess we forgot all about it," she finished lamely.

Sarah smiled.

"I hope you aren't in love with him."

"Of course I'm not in love with him," Bernice protested. "How could I be?"

But Sarah insisted on going to sleep.

CHAPTER X

THE first scene which Bernice played before the camera proved to be the one in which, as she had planned, she wore the dinner dress of green and silver that, though it was only three weeks old and had been worn only once, had so many associations in her mind.

It was almost the setting she had so oddly dreamed when she sat down at the piano, except that the man who was her lover in the play was not Tom Morgan but James K. Budlong. Bernice thought Tom was unnecessarily cross about it. He gave them the most minute directions as to how he wanted the scene played and then summarized them that there might be no mistake.

"You, Miss Gale, are playing something sentimental—one of Schumann's songs, say—and Mr. Budlong is turning your music. You are very much in love with each other, but he has not proposed as yet, so that he doesn't know that you are in love with him, and officially you don't know that he is in love with you, although, of course, being a woman you know perfectly well. You say nothing at first. You are letting your beauty and your music speak for you. He pays you compliments, becoming more and more interested until the song is finished. Then he says, 'I love you' and bends over to kiss you. You let your head fall back in a gesture of acquiescence and your lips meet. Now, do you understand?"

"I think I understand perfectly." Bernice answered. Budlong nodded.

"All right," Tom said, "go ahead."

Bernice felt perfectly confident that the scene would end properly, but she was afraid she would have a good deal of difficulty in registering her response to Budlong while she was playing. She was not responsive enough to please Tom and he called for a repetition of the first part before they had gone half a minute.

"Remember," he cried, "you're in love with this man and you know that he is in love with you. You are just on the point of letting him kiss you and of telling him that you will marry him. Now get it across."

Tom's irritation made her forget the camera and the scene proceeded without any farther interruption from him.

As Budlong put his arm around her and she obediently put up her face to be kissed, she felt a sudden desire to wrench herself away, but she stifled it and permitted him to kiss her full upon the lips.

"That's fine," said Tom. But his tone was not congratulatory at all and he hurried them off to dress for the next scene.

They worked hard all morning, while Tom grew crosser and crosser. Bernice wondered if directing was such a nervous strain that he could not wholly keep his temper. It was Budlong who enlightened her.

"The boss doesn't seem to enjoy my making love to you a little bit, does he?" the famous "Our Buddie" whispered.

"Nonsense," Bernice said. But she realized that Budlong was perfectly right, and there was enough of the spirit of mis-

chief in her to make her play up to her lead after that and acting better, to increase Tom's resentment. She could not take his jealousy quite seriously and it annoyed her that Budlong should have noted it, but just the same she enjoyed it. She could not help it. She would have been nice to him, perhaps, if she had had a chance to talk to him, but she did not.

The next day she arrived at the studio five minutes late to find every one in a bustle of preparation for a trip up the north shore to take three or four out-door scenes which the scenario required. A party of eighteen or twenty, including two camera men, climbed into the Transcript's big motor bus and drove over to the railway station. The company took it as a lark, a pleasant variation on the daily routine of the studio. But Bernice had the feeling that she hardly belonged to the gay group, even though she had actually begun work, and so when they boarded the train she found a seat by herself and sat looking out of the window at the panorama of suburban residences which rolled by as the train hurried out of the city. She rather hoped that Tom would take this opportunity to come and sit beside her, but he did not. Instead, "Our Buddie" came and occupied the arm of her seat and chatted.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the boss"—he always referred to Tom as the "boss"—"has something up his sleeve for us. He was really peeved yesterday."

"Nonsense," Bernice said; "that's perfectly silly."

They got off only after an hour's ride up the shore and Tom led the way down to the bluff overlooking the lake. Three or four of the Transcript's men were there before them. They had tents up for dressing-rooms and a motor boat moored just off the end of a little pier that jutted out perhaps a hundred feet from the shore. There was a roaring fire of driftwood between the tents, for it was November and the breeze from off the lake made them all button up their coat collars.

When they had dressed, Tom explained the scene.

"This is an escape," he said. "You and Mr. Buddlong," he explained to Bernice, "are to come running down the bluff as fast as you can. Your father, Mr. Cochrane here, and two or three other men, Frank Forman and Bushnell, are only fifty yards

behind you. You keep looking over your shoulder at them. You run out on the pier, look back and realize that you have got to act quickly, and then dive into the water and swim to the motor boat, and get away. I'll have one camera half way up the bluff there and the other out on the pier. Now make the dive a pretty one."

As Bernice started off up the steep hundred foot climb with Budlong that famous personage growled.

"Confound him," Budlong continued. "I'll bet he's just putting this over. No scenario would call for swimming in Lake Michigan this time of the year. I'll have rheumatism. Can you swim, Miss Gale?"

"Surely," Bernice answered cheerfully.

"Well, you'd better strike out hard. That water'll be cold as ice. Swim the crawl stroke if you can."

"I'll beat you to the boat," Bernice warned him.

"You can't. It wouldn't do for the lady to get there first. It would spoil the picture if I couldn't help you into the boat."

"All right," Bernice granted. "But you'll have to swim fast because I'm going to."

"Take it from me," Budlong observed, "that man is jealous and he's taking it out on us. He wouldn't dive in himself. You couldn't get him to go in. And yet he orders us in as a matter of course."

It would hardly have occurred to Bernice to question the wisdom or the necessity of sending them into the lake on the first day of November if Budlong had not suggested it. But the more she thought about it the more outrageous it seemed. And, as they started pell mell down the bank in answer to Tom's wave there was a

plan half-formed in her mind, an impish scheme, for getting even with Tom.

The two slid and jumped, ran and slid down, the piles of fallen leaves saving them from severe bruises until they reached the bottom, then, breathless, they ran through the soft sand to the pier and out over the water. Tom was standing beside the camera man as Bernice passed him on the run. She looked over her shoulder at him but his expression told her nothing. As she reached the end of the pier she took a great sobbing breath and dived deep. She felt the shock of the water and began to swim, holding herself down as long as she could and trusting that she was pointed toward the boat. The cold enveloped her in a moment, striking through her garments to the bone.

Her teeth were shut tight with the effort she was making. She could hold her breath no longer and she rose. She wiped the water out of her eyes with a quick gesture and struck out for the boat. It was only a few yards away. She wondered if she could ever make it. She could hear Budlong splashing and as she touched the side he came alongside. With a last effort he made a feeble attempt to help her. He had caught a line that hung over the gunwale. She grasped it also. They tumbled in. Budlong reached for the spark lever on the motor. Bernice looked back. There was another swimmer coming, his head half buried in the water, his arms shooting forward like flails. It was Tom. And then, shivering as with an ague, she laughed. That long swim under the water had fooled him. And then the laugh died. He had dived in to get her. It was no laughing matter.

(To be continued next month.)

Augusta Rivals Angel Town

LOS ANGELES, the movie mecca, has a rival in the city of Augusta, Georgia. Several moving picture companies have used this place as a setting for many plays and now a company of William Fox players are going to camp in Augusta to produce "The New Governor"—a play dealing with the negro problem.

8,250 Feet of Film a Week

TWO new stock companies have been added to the staff of the American Film Company at Santa Barbara, Cal., one to produce for feature films and the other to act for the regular program. This addition to the number of players will make possible an output of 8,250 feet of film per week.

Going to the Movies in Japan

By George Vaux Bacon



One really doesn't know whether the grotesque flying three-sheets are advertising Gaby des Lys or "The Million Dollar Mystery."

FIVE o'clock in Yokohama. The sudden twilight of the Orient startled me into thinking it was night, and I sallied forth onto the street of the Hotels to see the town peep with many strange eyes out of the darkness; but twilight has a new trick up its ancient sleeve in those parts. After the sun sinks in an aura of gorgeous pink, there is the dark; then appears an after-sunset of the most wonderful golden hue that spreads up from the Western horizon to the very zenith. The wiseacres say it is caused by the ever-present volcanic dust in the atmosphere of

Asia—but be that as it may, it is very beautiful.

The sunset having been fully worth any amusement patron's attendance, I returned to my tavern in a very cheerful mood, and found that the Wall street man, the girl for Calcutta, the engineer enroute to Singapore, and one or two others who had been on our ship were planning to take rickshaws and go to the movies.

The movies of Yokohama! I could not imagine what they were like in Japan, but the man from Singapore told me they were usually very good, so I agreed to go.

It was genuine night when

All Yokohama moves toward the movies.



dinner was concluded, and very dark. The method of our going was exquisitely picturesque, and something which, when experienced, one will always remember.

One by one we filed out under the dimly lighted porte-cochere in the semi-circular front yard of the hotel, and one by one the rickshaw men came up with their rickshaws, lay the ends of the shafts on the ground while each passenger climbed in, wrapped the passenger warmly in a rug, picked up the shafts and was off. I was last, and Mitsu sped madly out to catch up with the others already on their way across the quaint bridge over the junk canal to the left of the hotel and bowling along in the general direction of Bentendori, the Yoshiwara and the Street of the Theatres.

Mitsu soon caught up with them, being a burly ruffian, and I became part of the procession that wound along the narrow little streets. Each rickshaw was lighted by a Japanese lantern placed on the miniature dashboard, right at the toe of one's right foot, and the sight of that caterpillar-like progress of brightly colored lanterns bobbing along the dark street in front of me was one of the most picturesque things I have ever seen in my life.

We passed a gabled Buddhist temple on a hill, filled with strange images, around which was much incense, and shaven priests in their robes of spotless white and blue and many worshippers.

As we drew nearer the bazaar district, the streets were lighted with endless rows of huge Chinese lanterns strung along before the shops in festive rows. The crowd grew thicker. The little Japanese women with their bright kimonos, their wonderfully pompadoured hair with great brilliantly colored hairpins sticking out of it, their white stockings, the baby, nine times out of ten, in the obi on their backs, looking exactly like the little Japanese dolls one buys at a church bazaar, and the men in their darker kimonos, invariable felt hats screeching American manufacture to the skies, and dark stockings, made a gathering the composite effect of which is indescribable. Above all was the strange, unfamiliar, insistent, all-pervading, almost hypnotizing clickety-click-click, clickety-click-click of wooden clogs worn by man, woman and child.

We came, eventually, to the Street of the Theatres, a street exclusively of motion

picture theatres. Occasionally a quaint native shop with its workmen sitting cross-legged on the immaculate floor of its open front appears; but the street is mainly a manifestation of showman's publicity at its wildest. Flaming arcs of American origin hang everywhere, illuminating to the public view vast painted stands on which the most terrific demons do Gargantuan battle with gods and men, wielding mountains and thunderbolts for battleaxes. European films advertised by lurid advertising of the most violent scenes in them are vividly portrayed. Blood flows as freely from one end of the Street of the Theatres to the other, as plenty of paint and imagination can possibly make it.

Japanese signs in characters made of electric bulbs add to the strange occidendo-oriental picturesqueness of the scene, and the people pour in and out of the theatres in a constant stream of brightly clad, yellow, gesticulating, babbling and clickety-clicking humanity.

We bobbed along down the middle of the street, the rickshaw men continually screaming to the crowds to make way, past the smaller theatres where gods and demons fought, till we came to a large building painted red, like a Shinto temple, in front of which frames like those to be seen in the lobbies of American theatres, informed us that here were films in English.

We alighted from our rickshaws, the rickshaw men (who will wait anywhere, at any time, for any length of time apparently without the slightest idea of being annoyed) lined their rickshaws up against what would be the pavement in New York or Chicago, and, each of us parting with twenty sen, our party entered the theatre.

It was beautifully and fantastically decorated inside, and the audience was tremendously enthusiastic, especially the women. English is spoken to a very great extent in Yokohama, as it is the center of the English commercial interests of Japan.

The films were highly adventuresome, and the blood letting in them would not have been permitted for one second by the American National Board of Censorship.

One showed the Japanese troops at the fall of Tsing Tau, and there was tremendous handclapping and much shouting at its end. Through the melodramatic photoplays, the audience watched with bated breath. One could hear occasionally

the sibilant intake of breath here and there which indicates that a Japanese is intensely interested or is enjoying himself, and continually there was a murmurous whispering—those who read English translating the legends of the various chapters to friends.

At a particularly striking denouement, the young women clapped their hands, and cried:

"Ai-e-e-e!" expression of delight amongst the Japanese women.

When a romantic film was shown (the picture was by a native manufacturer, apparently, and the scenes were in that beauty spot of Japan, Nikko) numbers of the men left. There is not much romance in Japanese men, and they are not interested by it; but the women were as quiet as mice. Women are the same all the world over.

A Pathe weekly showing the current events of the world's different countries, taken up largely, of course, at the time with the European war, was perhaps the thing which interested everyone most.

The thirst for information and knowledge of all things, particularly other lands and peoples which the Europeans have brought into Japan with them, seems insatiable. Educational films are amazingly successful. It is a country where people boast of their education with an ingenuousness equal only to the frank outspokenness of the average New York chorus girl regarding her Southern lineage.

We emerged from the theatre, after a band of doubtful ability had struck up "God Save the King" in honor of the Japanese alliance in the European war. The audience cheered. Japanese patriotism is the most vital I have seen anywhere;

but a Japanese cheer is a curious and wondrous thing. To me it sounds like a cross between a chirp and a cough. It is obviously a foreign method of expression amongst them.

The rickashaws were waiting for us. We jumped in, and, after a platonic visit to the "Nectarine" in the Yoshiwara, that most profitably profligate other monopoly of the Mikado's, we went out through the gate in the north wall of that city within a city dedicated to the Japanese Aphrodite, and passing by the sentry box wherein the guardian of the Emperor's will stood with scabbard glittering under the great lights on the gate post, our winding file of rickshaw fireflies wended their way back to the hotel.

Going to the movies in Japan is a very different experience from going in Kokomo or Coney Island; but the appeal is the same.

Every night that gaily colored crowd is in the Street of the Theatres, every night demanding new films, new thrills.

The great difference is that humorous films are not popular. No one manufacturing films has yet been able to arrive at what the Japanese consider a sense of humor.

The Wall Street man, who was in an unkind mood after being deprived of whiskies and sodas for a whole hour, said, before he went to bed, that it is probably because they have none.

But I am sure Mitsu has.

Otherwise I am positive it would not have occurred to him to short-change me thirty sen on my rickshaw fare.

Verily the simple Oriental has learned much from the white man's civilization.

Wanted—Photographs of Remote Movie Theatres!

KAMCHATKANS, TAKE NOTICE!

ALSO you who winter in Irkutsk, summer in Singapore, abide in Burma, travel to Teheran, aviate to the Arctic or isolate yourselves in the islands of the sea: PHOTOPLAY wants photographs of movie theatres in the world's out-of-the-way places—pictures of theatres where plain Unitedstatesians never dream theatres could be. They may be temples of art or sheds, but if you have such, send them to The Editor. Those used will be paid for; those not used will be returned immediately, if accompanied by the proper postage.

Film Naval Scoops in Wartime

HARD as it is to secure the co-operation of armies for photoplays, and in wartime to film them in action on the firing line, it is considerably more difficult to be granted a free hand with navies, no matter whether in times of war or peace.

The one conspicuous thing in regard to the present war has been the scarcity of records of the doings of the warring powers on the sea and ocean. It was only by clever ruses that the Universal Company succeeded in pulling off two scoops.

On receiving the information that a battleship was on the prowl off Sandy Hook, a squad of motion picture camera men went off in pursuit in a tug. For fully half a day they searched without avail, but were compensated for their perseverance by coming across the British cruiser, "Essex," proceeding at a good speed. Until the tug arrived close to the battleship the intentions of the film men were not obvious to the war vessel, for the photographers had been artful enough to mask their cameras. But when the cinematographers boldly openly focussed the machines on the ship at close range, an alert officer discovered their true object. The cruiser then swiftly took its departure.

Not many miles away several weeks afterwards operators of the same company hounded out the converted cruiser, "Caronia." Approaching the battleship of a warring nation when not in American waters was pretty venturesome. On nearing the cruiser, the officer demanded to know the business of the filming party.

"English newspapers for you—do you want them?" the one in command replied.

Did they want them? Ask a duck if it can swim.

Before many minutes had passed the once ocean liner was the center of excitement, the sailors clamoring for the good things that had come. The Stars and Stripes flying on the tug was cheered heartily. By distracting attention in this way it was quite easy to carry out filming operations without being detected. After all this interesting material had been recorded for the subsequent entertainment of movie fans, the cameras were detected. As the result, the captain ordered full steam ahead and cautioned the motion picture people against publishing the pictures, which, needless to say, they did not obey.

The film afforded an insight into how the British convert their liners into men of war.

Probably the most daring piece of work was when the German cruiser, "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," captured the British passenger steamer, "Galician," off Teneriffe on August 8. The German officers, on boarding the liner, requested all cameras to be taken below, but a Gaumont operator, who happened to be returning from a business trip, defied the order and concealed himself in the gangway. From this position he filmed the arrest of several British soldiers who were on furlough, and various other interesting scenes, including the agitated passengers. They wondered whether the Germans would blow the ship up with them in it. They did not.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

He was one of the men who never takes his wife out—one of the men who spend a dollar for lunch and fifty cents for cigars and then complain about the high cost of living.

He and his wife had retired for the evening, and he was just about to enter the land of dreams, when a loud crash startled him into wakefulness.

"What was that?" he asked of his wife as she came into the room.

"It's all right," said his better half. "The people next door are coming home from the picture show, and I just went down and slammed the front door so they would think we had been there too."

Everybody's Photoplaying—Even the Silk Worm

BUT STAGE FRIGHT AND NERVOUS PROSTRATION ALMOST ENDED THE ARTISTIC CAREERS OF THESE COY MATINEE IDOLS OF WRIGGLEDOM



Tiny moths emerging from the cocoon.

produce the life history in films of thirty different bugs and worms.

For he discovered nearly as many different temperaments among his microscopic "actors" as he would find in actors of larger growth and species. The development of life among them often being as slow as the making of a fairly good actor, Mr. Warner, to save time, started 30 at one time—and thereby started his troubles.

Quite unlike the actors usually seen on the film, these little fellows would neither take a cue nor give any as to when something interesting was about to happen.

The result was that the watched-for event would give every indication of occurring during the night, keeping him up all night to photograph it.

"The Life of the Silk Worm" presented its share of difficulties.

The first problem was to get them used to the strong light necessary, for unlike confirmed actors they objected to being in the "spot." If the light was strong enough, it either usually was so hot as to kill the worms, or made them "nervous" so that

THE troubles of an impresario descended upon Selden G. Warner, director of educational motion pictures at the Edison laboratory, when he undertook to

they would not "act natural." Above all, it being an educational film, the worm had to be taken in its natural state and action, there being no demand for stage-struck or affected silk worms. The danger of death and cause of the worm's nervousness was solved scientifically, first, by reflecting and diffusing the strong light by means of a specially constructed screen. But in some cases, the worm would not perform even then.

Then Director Warner discovered that a very mild anesthetic calmed their "nerves," so that they went about their business in a mechanical and instinctive way.

So that he would not be too dependent upon the moods of one, he secured a number of silk moths. Getting a picture of the moth laying its little batch of some 200 eggs was a detective's job. Ordinarily, the moth dies when it lays its eggs in summer, and the eggs are kept cool till spring, when the mulberry leaves, upon which it feeds, begin to grow, and are then

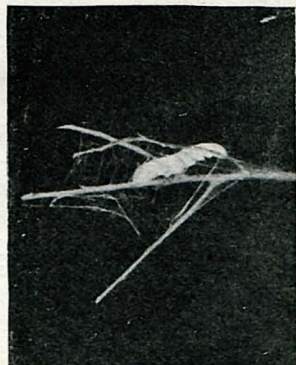


Silk worms feeding on mulberry leaves.

hatched.

But when it came to watching for the crucial moment, the hatching of eggs that were no larger than a pin head—and much the same in shape

Silkworm starting to spin its cocoon.



—the Director got nervous. He found, however, to his relief, that most of the eggs were of the same mind and that when one began to break its shell, they all followed suit.

With a microscope placed over the performers, and the lens of the camera looking into the microscope much like an eye, the little eggs and silk worms loom large on the film.

The camera in succession caught the tiny inhabitant coming out as a worm and its first meal on the mulberry leaf, from that time growing faster than any records so far published by baby food concerns.

In a week's time, with its voracious appe-

tite, it grows about four times its birth length, into a fuzzy, mottled worm, or caterpillar, when it changes its costume for the next act by shedding its skin, which it crawls out of.

The tiny actor changes his costume four times—moulting—before he gets ready to spin his silken garment in the form of a cocoon in which he encloses himself under many layers of silken strands.

Finally the worm takes a rest and goes into what is called "pupa," which in a few weeks emerges from the end of the cocoon a snow white moth.

The entire pictured life took nearly two months to "produce."

Santschi's Myriad Roles

In the opinion of thousands of moving picture theater patrons "Tom" Santschi is a very versatile actor. Whether or not that be true, it is a fact that he has played a total of fifteen hundred roles in the silent drama during the past seven years. In the legitimate, in which he appeared for several years before joining the "movies," Mr. Santschi played a large number of parts in various productions. He plays everything and anything, from cowboy to emperor.

Before going on the stage Mr. Santschi, whose first name is Paul and not "Tom," was a jeweler. He came from Switzerland and for a number of years worked at his trade in this country. Finally, however, the lure of the footlights proved irresistible and he gave up watch-making and diamond setting for good and all.

Mr. Santschi has an inherent liking for the real things of life and an equally strong dislike for the make-believe. He is a strong-minded, red-blooded fellow who takes his work seriously, but not too seriously, and who puts into it the best there is in him, regardless of its requirements. He is brimful of enthusiasm and is an indefatigable worker, in the opinion of those intimately associated with his studio life.

RECENTLY there have been named after Kathlyn Williams five babies, a hesitation waltz, a song, a perfume, a cock-tail, a cigar, a shirtwaist, a slipper, a hair-dressing style, a baby elephant, a puma, a lion, a lake, a watch-charm, and innumerable kittens and dolls.



Irene Fenwick,

who has just signed a three-year moving picture contract, and who will go to Europe, next summer, for the picturing of "Hawthorne, U. S. A." in its original scenes—war permitting. As Lily Kardos, in "The Song of Songs" at the Eltinge Theater, Miss Fenwick is the most talked-of actress in New York.

Questions and Answers

A Service to the Readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE through which they may get information about Anything Concerning the Movies.

J. S. K., ATLANTA, GA.—You have asked us a hard bunch of questions, because most of the films you mention were released months ago. Francis Ford did not play that part in the Kay Bee drama you mention, since Mr. Ford is a Universal, not a Mutual player.

ELMA N., RACINE, WIS.—We cannot tell you whether old Lubin releases in which Lawrence and Johnson appear are to be reissued or not. Biograph has already issued a number of the old films that proved so popular with the public.

HARRY A., MASON CITY, IA.—Ruth Roland was Mrs. *Hothead* in Kalem's "The Peach at the Beach." She is no longer a Kalemite, but now draws her salary as a member of the Balboa Company, another California picture-making concern. Yes, you are right in thinking it was the same girl that appeared as *Lizzie*, in "Lizzie the Life Saver."

MAISIE ST. C., DENVER, COLO.—Yes, the Ernest Truex who is now appearing on the legitimate stage in the production of "The Dummy" is the same young man who appeared in the Famous Players screen version of "The Good Little Devil" opposite Mary Pickford. "The Dummy" is now playing in Chicago, but it may be possible that it will appear in your city as it journeys West.

FANNY J., DALLAS, TEX.—Yes, you are quite right in thinking an announcement was made some time ago that the famous Gaby Deslys was to appear in a Famous Players production. The drama is entitled "Her Triumph," and is five reels long. It is scheduled for release on February 8.

BERTHA K., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Henry Walthall is, as you read, now a Balboa star. The first production in which he is to appear, we understand, will be a six-reel one entitled "Beulah."

PATRICIA F., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Yes, the John Brennan who recently left the Kalem Company to join the Universal, was born in your city. His fame on the stage began with his creation of the role of *Hi Holler* in "Way Down East." Anybody who ever saw him in that part will always recall his work with pleasure, and smile at the remembrance of *Hi* and his "Pickings from Puck."

TOMMIE W., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Yes, several Universal films in which Ben Wilson, the star secured from the Edison Company, has appeared have been released. The most recent one that we recall was "Hounded," in which Mr. Wilson appeared as *Jim Nolan*. It was released on December 31.

K. P., CHICAGO, ILL.—*Damon*, in the Universal production of "Damon and Pythias" which you recently saw, is William Worthington, while *Pythias* is played by Herbert Rawlinson. The Cleo Madison who played *Hermione* is the same star who was featured in "The Master Key" serial also produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

KITTY H., JOLIET, ILL.—The complete cast on Victor's "The Accusation" is as follows: *James Dayton*, Harry Myers; *John Dix*, Brinsley Shaw; *Col. Lund*, Neil Morna; *Cora Lund*, Rosemary Theby; *Mary Dix*, I. Eidding. Lee Moran was the detective in Nestor's "Who Stole the Bridegroom?"

CURIOUS, AURORA, ILL.—The cast insofar as we are able to obtain it for Box Office Attraction's "A Fool There Was" is as follows: *The Fool*, Edward Jose; *the Vampire*, Theda Bara; *the Child*, Runa Hodges; *the Wife*, Mabel Freneyar; *Her Sister*, May Allison; *the Friend*, Clifford Bruce; *the Doctor*, Frank Powell; *His Fiancee*, Minna Gale. Arthur Donaldson plays the "Man With the Black Van Dyke" in the "Runaway June" serial.

F. J. S., TRENTON, N. J.—Letters addressed to Miss Violet Merserau and Miss Grace Cunard, care of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City, will reach both of these popular stars.

L. VAN V., SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.—Sorry to disappoint you, but really there isn't a motion picture concern we know of, in New York City or elsewhere, that will offer the amateur a chance to succeed in the pictures. You've got to have experience, you've got to prove what you have done and your ability to do it again before there would even be the ghost of a chance for you to "get on." If you'll look in the department headed "Where to send your scripts" found in March Photoplay Magazine you'll learn the addresses of the various film companies.

M. S. MAC L., EAST ORANGE, N. J.—My, all New Jersey seems to be asking us questions this month! This is the third one in a row. However, we'll try our best to answer your inquiries, though your address be Borneo or Timbuctoo. Francis X. Bushman, the publicity man says, is not married. He lives in Chicago and is said to appear at his best in "Graustark," a big multiple reel production soon to be released.

MAE E. S., GRAND ISLAND, NEB.—Really we don't quite see what you want to know. You refer to the title of the picture, give the name of the leading man and write as though you had seen and enjoyed it. When you say, "What information can we give you about it?" we are puzzled. You already know its name, its maker, its star and seem to have seen it, so apparently you know as much or more about it than we do. If you'll make it clearer, however, just what you want to know we'll try and answer.

MRS. W. S. D., DANVILLE, ILL.—If you'll look through the March issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE you'll find a scenario that will give you an idea of the form in which such manuscript should be prepared.

HENRY W., NEW YORK CITY.—We've about decided, Henry, that you have no sense of humor. If Roscoe Arbuckle's picture won't make you laugh, go to the nearest theater where smiling Roscoe can be seen in a Keystone comedy and see if you can't find something to chuckle at there.

J. F. H., WESTERLY, R. I.—Honestly, J. F. H., the only method by which you can find out whether a film manufacturer can use you will be to apply to him for a position and see what happens. If you had insisted on becoming an actor we should have instantly discouraged you, for there are hundreds and hundreds of experienced actors who can't get jobs now, but since you are ready to try being a stage hand, an office boy, or something of that sort, the only thing we can advise you to do is to apply.

ELIZABETH S., YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.—The effect was obtained by what is called "double exposure." That is, the actress first appeared in one scene and did what the scenario required, and then appeared again as the second character and went through the "business" of that scene, the second scene being photographed right on top of the first one, on the same strip of negative. Probably the film was reversed, just as you suggest, in the taking of the scene you refer to. The reason actors occasionally appear perfectly dry in a scene immediately following the one in which they have been seen in water is a bit of carelessness on the part of the director. The scenes were, of course, taken at different times, and in the scene ashore the players wore perfectly dry clothes, something they should not, of course, have done, since it spoiled the illusion.

C. J. G., BERKELEY, CAL.—Your own opinion of the "fades" shown in a fireplace scene, to indicate what the actor was thinking of, proves that the idea is a good one. Why not try that in your scripts. It is done by "double exposure," which, of course, you understand. A copy of the Script can be obtained by writing Russell E. Smith, care of the Reliance-Majestic studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

H. F. G., NEW YORK CITY.—The fact that you admit you have no experience as an actor is reason enough why no reputable film concern would employ you as a comedian. Hundreds of actors of talent find themselves unable to obtain positions at the various studios, so you see what small chance an amateur, who acknowledges that he is without experience, would have. Better give up the idea altogether.

J. A. T., WINNIPEG, CANADA.—If your photoplay is prepared in the proper form (see the sample script in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE) send it along to the company. There is the only way to tell whether they will buy it or not. The address of the Keystone company is 1712 Alessandro street, Edendale, Los Angeles, Cal. Keystone buys only plots. They don't care for detailed synopsis, and they buy only very good comedies.

RAYMOND C. D., WORCESTER, MASS.—The photoplay you want to submit to the "Big U" brand should be sent to the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City. Scripts sent there are considered for all the various brands of Universal.

N. L. B., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Mrs. Harry Benham, when she appears on the screen, is usually known as Ethyl Cooke Benham. Francis X. Bushman, the press agent says, is unmarried. Yes, Roscoe and Maelyn Arbuckle are related.

CLYDE A. B., TRENTON, TENN.—Really, Clyde, without any experience you haven't a chance in a thousand of getting a position with a motion picture concern. As we have stated hundreds of times in these columns, there are hundreds and hundreds of talented, experienced players who find themselves unable to land a steady position with film concerns all over the country, so you see an amateur has even less chances. Better give up the idea altogether. We know of no reliable schools than can teach you to act for the pictures. Experience is the only teacher, it seems.

"SENORITA," NASHVILLE, TENN.—The address of the Chicago plant of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company is 1333 Argyle street, Chicago, Ill. The business office is located at 521 First National Bank Building, in the same city.

EFFIE P., KESLO, WASH.—Sorry, but we have never heard of the player you mention, and feel quite sure he is not with the film company you name. It is possible, of course, though, that he may be employed as an "extra" in which case his name would never appear on the screen or in cast sheets, though he might be working in films every day.

MRS. J. C. M., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Guess you were mistaken, weren't you, and have Owen and Tom Moore mixed up? Owen played that part opposite "Little Mary," so you did after all see Little Mary and her husband together.

FRIEDA L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—If you'll read a lot of other answers appearing this month you'll discover that we have told all who inquired that there wasn't a chance for them to succeed in pictures unless they had oodles and oodles of experience. We must say the same thing to you, for it's the truth. Frankly, we believe, without expe-

rience, you would be wasting your time visiting the various studios in search of work.

WM. N. B., CHICAGO, ILL.—The way characters play one or more parts on the screen at the same time is by what is known as "double exposure"—that is, one scene is photographed and then another is taken right on top of the same negative. Really, the actor only plays one part at a time, but when the two separate roles are photographed on the same bit of negative it makes it look as though the actor were "double."

MRS. J. A. C., DENVER, CO.—Princess Mona Darkfeather is still appearing in films, though no longer with the Kalem Company. The man you refer to must be Frank Montgomery.

B. W. ST. C., NEWPORT, R. I.—The actor playing the role of "Angelone" in "The Alarm of Angelone" was George Field. Does that help you to win your wager? Ordinarily we don't like to decide bets, but your question was a fair one, so we made an exception in your case.

"MARIE"—We agree with you that Mary Fuller is very charming on the screen, and you really must have overlooked the issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in which articles about her appeared, for indeed she has not been slighted in our pages. Look over your back numbers and you'll find many items of interest in regard to her. The players you name are not supposed to be married, though that's only the press agents' say so. Yes, there are lots of Catholics among the players, but matters of religion we cannot discuss or give answers to.

MARY AND MYRLE, LEXINGTON, KY.—Guess James Kirkwood was the man you have in mind in that Famous Players release. The girl in "On Desert Sands" Big U brand was Doris Pawn. No Jack Kerrigan is unmarried. Mary Pickford is still with Famous Players. She received another offer and probably it was a rumor of that which you heard that made you think she was leaving.

MRS. FRED W., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The actress you mention has not been with Rex for some time. Can't tell you where she is now employed, but probably before long she will bob up in some new company.

HARRY C., OLDHAM, S. D.—You'll have to give us the brand name of the film before we can tell you who any of the cast were. Just off-hand we don't ever recall such a film being made, but if you'll give us the brand name we'll try and find a cast sheet on it for you.

GEORGE B., PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Since you merely mention the names of the film in which he appeared and do not state the roles he enacted it is next to impossible for us to give you the information you seek about that Lubin player. The lead in those pictures was played by Romaine Fielding, we believe, and surely you must know him, so we feel sure it is some other player than the lead to which you refer.

E. HENRIQUEZ, KEY WEST, FLA.—See reply to Wm. N. B., Chicago, Ill., and to Elizabeth of Youngstown, Ohio, for explanation as to how an actor can take two different parts at the same time on the screen.

MRS. W. M. F., COLUMBUS, OHIO.—Of the players you name Ethel Grandin, Jack Richardson and Pearl White are the only ones who have been married. Miss Grandin, in private life, is Mrs. Smallwood, and Mr. Richardson is the husband of Louise Lester, while Miss White is divorced from her husband and we understand has resumed her maiden name.

MRS. LELIA C., ATLANTA.—Awfully sorry to disappoint you, but the two Kay Bee releases you mention are so old that we have long since destroyed the cast sheets. We went back as far as February 1, 1914, without finding either. The manager of the theater you attend must be running moth-eaten films. Can't answer your Biograph questions for the reason that they were released at a time when Biograph gave no publicity to its players and issued no cast sheets whatever. As to picture of Winifred Greenwood, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will probably publish one in the near future. Watch for its appearance.

ELSIE S., WHEELING, WEST VA.—The complete cast on Kay Bee's "The Game of Life" is as follows: Amy Clune—Rhea Mitchell; John Boyd—Mr. Ephe; Jim Malone—George Osborne.

ELIZABETH C. MEDIA, PA.—Mary Pickford is just now at the Famous Players studio in Los Angeles, Cal. A letter addressed to her there will reach her, though if you wish to be doubly sure you might address her care Famous Players Film Company, 213 West 26th St., New York City, and the letter will be forwarded. Alice Joyce should be addressed care of the Kalem Company, 235 West 23d St., New York City, and the letter will be forwarded to her. Charles Chaplin should be addressed care of Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, Niles, Cal.

FRANK M. MODESTO, CAL.—There are no trade journals devoted alone to the subject of motion picture cameras that we know of. If you mean motion picture trade journals we would suggest your reading such papers as the Motion Picture News, Motography and the Moving Picture World.

J. R. H., CARROLLTON, OHIO.—For list of companies that buy motion picture scenarios we would refer you to the list published on page 172 of the March issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. You will find both names and addresses there, together with a mention of the particular sort of scripts for which the various companies are in the market.

J. B. J., PORTLAND, ORE.—You can find full reports of the Thanhouser and other Mutual releases by writing the Mutual Film Corporation, 29 Union Square, New York City, to send you its house organ, called "Reel Life." It is issued weekly and contains descriptions and advertising matter relating to all Mutual releases.

O. P. F., CHICAGO, ILL.—The only large film plants in your city are those of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, 1333 Argyle St.; the Selig Polyscope Company, whose main office is located at 20 East Randolph St.; and the American Film Manufacturing Company, at 6225 Broadway. A permit will have to be secured before you can visit any of these plants, and permits are none too easy to secure.

LILLIE C., POTTERSVILLE, N. J.—Address Miss LaBadie, care of the Thanhouser Film Corporation, New Rochelle, N. Y.

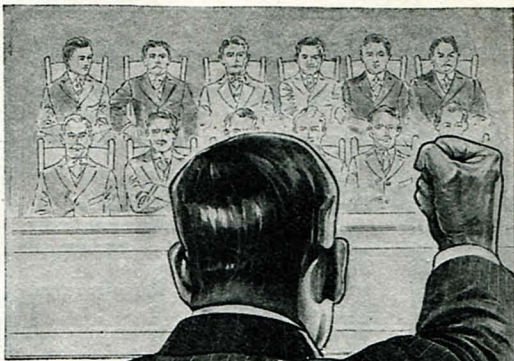
FAY S., JOHNSTOWN, PA.—No "catalogue" that we could send you would help you in the least in learning to be a motion picture actor, and we greatly fear the schools which advertise that they teach their pupils how to become stars in the silent drama are unable to make good on their promises. It's a fact that hundreds of experienced actors are unable to get work at the picture studios, so you see an amateur would have little or no chance. Better give up altogether your plans for becoming an actor.

E. L. H., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—See reply to Fay S. above. The amateur has no chance of making good at the picture studio, and even has a hard time in getting so far as to talk to the director. The mere fact that you have been successful in amateur theatricals at college doesn't necessarily mean that you would be "a hit" on the screen.

W. L. E., TERRYVILLE, CONN.—Since we know nothing of the course you are considering taking at the School of Photography at Syracuse University, it is next to impossible for us to tell you what its advantages or disadvantages are. If you mean will it qualify you for the position of cameraman with some motion picture company, it would be our guess that it would not, though that is only a guess. Most successful cameramen secured their positions after long and trying experiences in the studios themselves and months and months of apprenticeship under an experienced cameraman. Undoubtedly the school will ground you in the principles of photography, but it is experience under trying conditions which makes a successful cameraman.

ARLENE S., ONEIDA, N. Y.—Players of the Domino and Kay Bee companies may be addressed care New York Motion Picture Studios, Glendale, Los Angeles, Cal. You are mistaken in thinking Mary Pickford is to appear on the Mutual program. She is still one of the Famous Players stars.

MRS. META K., MEADVILLE, PA.—Miss Warren in Essanay's "The Seventh Prelude" was Gerda Holmes. The complete cast of Kay Bee's "The Spark Eternal" was as follows: Dan McFadden—Arthur Jarrett; Lola Harris—Leona Hutton; Dr. Deering—Charles French. The principal role in Selig's "Thor, Lord of the Jungles," was taken by Kathlyn Williams, the heroine of the "Adventures of Kathlyn" series.



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W. H. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—If you glance over page 164 of our March issue we feel quite sure you will understand the form in which a scenario should be prepared. Some companies, Keystone for instance, does not want such a scene plot, but merely a brief synopsis of the story and the staff writers then prepare the scenario in the form in which the Keystone directors desire to have them.

GLADYS, E. P., ATLANTA, GA.—No, you have been misinformed. Anita Stewart, whom you call "Adorable," is still with Vitagraph. Mary Pickford is with Famous Players. That film you name was an old one made in the days when she was with the Imp Company and which is now being released for the second time. No, Helen Badgeley is not the child of James Cruze and Marguerite Snow. No, to the Alice Hollister question. Florence Lawrence has announced that she will shortly return to the screen but we can't tell you at this time what company is to have her services.

MRS. F. T. YONKERS, N. Y.—Mary Pickford first appeared in Biograph productions, later went to Imp, and is now with Famous Players. Just at this writing (February) she is in Los Angeles, although it is rumored that early in the spring she is going to Japan to appear in a Japanese production for Famous Players.

ELSIE K. S., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—Yes, such scenes as you refer to are known as "fades" or "visions."

MRS. ESTHER H., NORTH PLEASANTON, TEX.—If you'll read page 172 of the March issue of PHOTOPLAY you'll discover the addresses of a lot of film companies which are in the market for scenarios.

MRS. LYDA S., FORT WORTH, TEX.—Most film concerns refuse to allow visitors on the studio floor, so we fear you can't "gain admission to the picture stage." If you mean as an actress, forget your desire right now. Without a world of talent you wouldn't have one chance in a thousand of getting on. Hundreds and hundreds that have talent are turned down daily at the studios. Yes, the sub-titles should be suggested in your scenario. If the manufacturer buys your story he reserves the right however to change the sub-titles if he thinks that will improve the story.

GEORGE A. CRAIG, OGDEN, UTAH.—The projection machines are of different types. We would suggest your writing to such concerns as the following: Nicholas Power Co., 90 Gold St., New York City; The Precision Machine Co., Inc., 317 East 34th St., New York City, and the Enterprise Optical Mfg. Co., 564 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. If you will go to a film exchange in your city or at the nearest point to your home, models of the different makes of machines will probably be demonstrated for you and prices quoted you on the different types. Yes, there are papers devoted solely to the exhibitor. Write to Motography, 1253 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill., and the Moving Picture World, New York City.

MRS. JOSEPHINE E., SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.—The player you mention we understand is on the legitimate stage and not appearing in pictures. If you'll tell us the brand name of the film "Brandon's Last Ride" we'll try and answer your question regarding that production, otherwise it is impossible. We never had known before that Thomas Chatterton was called "the young Crane Wilbur" so it is impossible for us to tell you how that nickname originated. Crane Wilbur is no longer with Pathé.

LEONORE L., CEDARHURST, LONG ISLAND.—Blanche Sweet played "Judith" in Biograph's "Judith of Bethulia." Marguerite Clayton is not related in any way to Ethel Clayton of the Lubin Company.

HELENA O'C., NORWICH, CONN.—On page 172 of the March issue you will find the addresses of all companies that you mention. Write to each of the players you have named, addressing your letter care of the studio of the company for which they work, and your epistle will reach the players without doubt.

KATE C. B., PHOENIX, ARIZ.—You are right, Blanche Sweet played the lead in both "Painted Lady" productions. In the Majestic one the other members of the cast were Dorothy Gish and Mrs. Crowell.

MARY S., RICHMOND, IND.—The title of "Zudora" has been changed to "The Twenty Million Dollar Mystery," and you will find the latest episodes of the story full of action as compared to the earlier ones. Zudora, the role played by Marguerite Snow, is still a prominent character in the story. Sorry, but we can't give you that Biograph cast. Don't know surely which character you refer to in Broncho's "The Face on the Ceiling," so we give the complete cast as follows: Buck Ryan—Walter Edwards; Dick Wells—Arthur Meade; "Squint" McGowan—Gordon Mullen; Elsie Ryan—Elizabeth Burbridge.

F. W. R., BALTIMORE, MD.—We know of no book entitled "Zudora" based on the serial now running, but have no doubt that one will be issued ere the continued film ends.

MRS. T. H. T., CINCINNATI, OHIO—Better give up your plan of becoming an actress. Hundreds of players of the legitimate stage, all of whom possess years of experience, are vainly seeking work at the picture studios, so what chance would you have with a very little talent and almost no experience?

MARIE J., OMAHA, NEB.—William Clifford should be addressed care of Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

ALMA B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Carlyle Blackwell is the star and part owner of the Favorite Players Film Company. He organized that concern after appearing with Famous Players. As to his popularity that is purely a question of opinion. Some folks like him, some do not. He is understood to have a very large following both in this country and abroad, so we guess you display good judgment in liking him.

GRACE R., DULUTH, MINN.—Your suggestion is exactly like another received this month. Perhaps we can act favorably upon it. At any rate, we appreciate having our readers tell us what they like and how we can make PHOTOPLAY still better.

"FRISCO KID," SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—We understand "Salomy Jane" was taken in the more northern part of your state, though in exactly what month we can't say. Yes, many scenes in "The Littlest Rebel" were filmed in the South.

DORA R., FRANKFORT, KY.—We can supply you that back issue of PHOTOPLAY if you will send stamps to cover cost. Yes, there are a number of Jewish actors in the films, but race and religion are two things we aim never to discuss in this department. Mercy, no, Dora; Broncho Billy is neither deaf nor dumb. Wherever did you get such an idea? None of the list of players your name is supposed to be married.

A. MCD., PETALUMA, CAL.—There are lots of historical dramas in film. Edison, Vitagraph, Thanhouser and lots of other companies have made them. We are also inclined to believe there are lots of heart interest dramas available. Perhaps you have been unfortunate in attending a theater that does not run them, but it isn't because they haven't been made. Appropriate music is a thing that the film manufacturer can only suggest. The music that accompanies a film is up to the house manager. Though the film men suggest certain compositions, the theater managers often ignore the suggestions.

AMELIA H., BROOKVILLE, IND.—We believe your point is very well taken, and we ourselves have noticed it time and again. Sometimes it seems as though certain companies are putting out too many reels per week to pay the necessary attention to the details of each production. When a director has to make so many films per week he is apt to get careless and slight details.

W. E. S.—Nearly any industrial film concern will develop film for you. The prices are not standard, so you would have to get quotations on the work you want done from the man who is going to do it. Write Bell & Howell Company, 1803 Larchmont avenue, Chicago, Ill., about camera.

SARAH P., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne's most recent release at the time this is written is "The Accounting." They are soon to appear in a multiple reel production of "Graustark." PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may publish the photographs of the horse and dog you mention, though we can't say just what issue they will appear in.

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S. L. G., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Thanks for the kind words and also for the suggestion. If the department were to continue as a regular feature of the magazine we believe it would be a good one, but probably the April number will be the last issue containing the particular department to which you refer. As to your other suggestion that we give brief synopses, cast of characters, etc., for the photoplays soon to be released, we feel sure it would prove unfeasible for the reason that there are now so many hundreds of new films released every month that we wouldn't have anywhere near enough pages in which to list them all. You can obtain such information in nearly any of the weekly trade journals.

GEORGIA W., SEATTLE, WASH.—No, Georgia, we haven't any information regarding a motion picture company at work in or near the place you name. Perhaps it is one of the smaller companies whose activities are infrequently chronicled.

JNO. V. L., EVANSVILLE, IND.—We have your awfully nice letter and want to thank you for telling us how much you enjoy PHOTOPLAY. We shall try to make it better and better as time goes on, and we know you'll never be ashamed to recommend it to your friends.

WALTER G., MT. VERNON, IND.—Guess the "blonde" you refer to was Virginia Kirtley, who is now being featured in releases of the Beauty brand, being manufactured by the American Film Manufacturing Company. The other player seems to have completely disappeared from the screen, doesn't she? We, too, have wondered what has become of her.

EDA N., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Francis Ford was able to appear twice that way in different costumes by what is called "double exposure." He was filmed first in one costume and then on the same piece of film he was snapped again in the other costume, though of course the pictures were taken at different times.

"FRITZ," EAST CLEVELAND, OHIO—Sorry to disappoint you, but the cast sheet on that particular release doesn't even mention who played the role you ask about. It just gives the names of the leads.

BLANCHE J. S., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—No, we can't tell you anything about the salary Mary Fuller receives. We have always believed that the salary this or that player draws was a matter that concerned them and their employer alone. Don't you think so, too?

WM. B., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Guess you have been misinformed, for surely no scenario editor of a reputable company would deliberately "steal" the plot of a scenario that was submitted to him, and then return the script to the author. In case you know of a similar story to your own being produced it probably just happened that a similar plot was submitted. It would surprise you to know how many stories written around the same events or idea are received in every studio every week.

A. B. S., MAPLEWOOD, MO.—The directors are the men directly in charge of the cameramen in the various studios and the salaries paid differ so widely that it would be useless for us to try to answer that part of your question. Stories should be in synopsis form for consideration by Majestic-Reliance studios, we understand.

L. C. S., CHICAGO, ILL.—The Universal's main studios are located at what is known as Universal City, near Los Angeles, Cal., though several companies work in and about New York City; the Mutual Film Corporation is the name of the releasing medium and has no studios of its own. The studios of the companies which release through Mutual are in New York City, New Rochelle, N. Y., Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, Cal. The Keystone studio is located in Los Angeles, the Sterling brand is made at Universal City, near Los Angeles; the Essanay company has studios in Chicago and at Niles, Cal.; the Selig Polyscope Company has studios at Chicago and in Los Angeles. The Biograph home plant is located in New York City, but just now the company is at work in its California studios, near Los Angeles.

JESSE H., COLUMBUS, OHIO—We fear, Jesse, you would stand no chance at all of becoming an actor. You've got to do a lot of other things besides "ride, dance, juggle, typewrite, turn somersaults and perform other acrobatic stunts."

ELMER S. H., BATAVIA—We know of no book which contains the names and addresses of all the actors and actresses. Did you ever hear of one? Imagine it would frequently be referred to if we had one.

ED. M., NASHVILLE, TENN.—The Pathe Weekly is rented to exhibitors through what is called the Pathe exchanges; the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial is booked by the General Film Company; the Animated Weekly is released by the Universal film exchanges and the weekly made by the Gaumont Company is handled by the Mutual exchanges. The charge for these weeklies is based upon how old they are. The first day, for instance, they cost lots more to rent than they do when two or three weeks old. Any theater, we believe, can rent one of these weeklies upon applying to the proper exchange and paying down the rental fee. The mere fact that your opposition house is showing a weekly will not in any way prevent your renting one and showing it.

MABEL G., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—No, Mary Pickford has not left the Famous Players organization. Guess you have listed all the films in which she has appeared except "Miss Nell," and that wasn't released yet on the date you wrote us. Perhaps you have seen it by this time. We don't believe there was any truth to that story about her nearly being killed in an accident. It's a funny thing, but stories of that kind get started about this or that famous star very frequently.

"RAGS," WATERTOWN, N. Y.—Francis Ford and Grace Cunard should both be addressed care of Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

F. E. T., WORCESTER, MASS.—Guess the clipping you enclosed referred to the fact that so many well known novelists are selling their product to the film manufacturers. You know yourself how many celebrated books and novels are being put into celluloid drama. Naturally a manufacturer would accept the work of George Barr McCutcheon, Harold MacGrath or George Ade before he would that of John Jones or Richard Roe. But it doesn't necessarily mean that John Jones and Richard Roe can't sell a script if it has real merit.

F. H. W., ST. LOUIS, MO.—It would take altogether too long for us to go over the plots of all the Vitaphone releases since last summer to find the title of the picture you refer to. We shouldn't have time left in which to answer the great heap of questions that still remains on our desk. Our suggestion would be for you to write direct to Mr. Samuel Spedon, the publicity man of the Vitaphone Company, East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. and ask him the question. Probably he can give you the information you seek in a minute's time.

MRS. R. M. B., HARRISONBURG, VA.—If you'll look on page 164 of the March issue of PHOTOPLAY you'll find a suggestion as to the proper way in which to prepare your script, and on page 174 you'll find a hint as to the proper market for your script after you have finished it.

MRS. W. H. S., ST. PAUL, MINN.—We enjoyed your letter very much and are indeed glad that the pictures have proven such fun for you. We hope to make PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE more and more interesting as time goes on. It is letters like yours which help encourage us.

"CONSTANT READER"—We really can't say when Florence Lawrence will return to the screen, but probably before long. PHOTOPLAY may have that Mabel Trunnelle interview in a near issue. Watch for it.

M. B. T., ALBIA, IOWA—Enjoyed your letter, but the suggestion you make for a correspondence club is one which we hardly feel like adopting right away, anyhow. Perhaps it could be worked out, but it would be a tremendous task to keep track of all the letters and see that they all reached the parties for whom they were intended.

LOUIS B., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—See page 164 of the March issue for a suggestion as to the proper arrangement of your scenario, and page 174 for a hint as to the best market for it when completed.

NORBERT L., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Yes, many of Charles Dickens' works have been filmed. Thanhouser did "Nicholas Nickleby," "David Copperfield" and "Oliver Twist," while American has filmed "The Cricket on the Hearth" and Vitaphone offered "A Tale of Two Cities" together with others. The little blonde to whom you refer is Virginia Kirtley, we imagine, and she is now appearing in the Beauty brand on the Mutual program.

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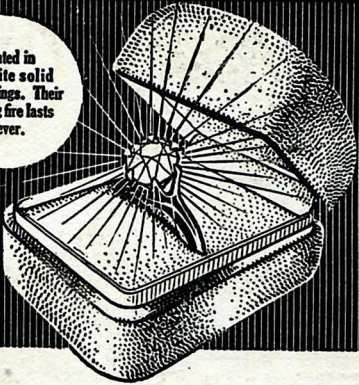
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VERA L. H., MONTREAL, CANADA—Yes, Charles Clary appeared in the film you mention. J. Warren Kerrigan is unmarried. It is Owen Moore, not Matt Moore, to whom Mary Pickford is married.

ED. S. W., SOUTH HILL, VA.—There is no certain specified number of scenes for a one reel scenario. We have seen them with as many as eighty or more, and also with less than twenty-five. It altogether depends on the subject and the expense incurred by the manufacturer. It costs money to set up and take down scenery, and if a play of thirty scenes is just as good as one of eighty, the chances are more than even that the manufacturer will buy the one that will be least expensive to produce. You should include a synopsis with each scenario, of

RUBIE, R. D., SCHELL CITY, MO.—You had better leave the copyrighting of your scenario to the film company. The purchaser will probably copyright the film rather than the scenario. The chances that you would receive a royalty instead of a cash payment are very limited. Since you state the scenario has been written for advertising purposes, we think your chances of selling it are smaller than ever. Film manufacturers fight shy of producing advertising films, as the exhibitors object to showing them in their theaters.

SHELLA, E. M., MARYSVILLE, MO.—You know of course which film concerns all those players are working for. If you will address an envelope to the player, and send it marked care of the studio of the particular company for which he or she acts you may be sure the letter will reach its destination all right. Your list of players was so long that if we answered you in detail giving the addresses of each individual player we would not have any room left to answer the other folks who have asked us questions this month.

CLAIRE, G., YONKERS, N. Y.—It all depends on the company to which you wish to submit your story. Some companies want only a synopsis, while others insist upon having the scenario all outlined scene by scene. In the latter case a synopsis should accompany the scene plot. Read page 172 of March issue on "Where to Send Your Scripts."

MRS. E. S., MAYFIELD, KY.—The Kalem studios are located in New York City and in California. Send scripts to 235 West 23rd St., New York City. The Vitagraph studios are in Brooklyn, N. Y., and in California. Send scripts to East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. The Biograph Company is at present in California. In the spring it will return to its New York studios. Pathe Freres have studios in nearly all of the European countries and at Jersey City, N. J. The Selig Polyscope Company has its largest plant at Los Angeles, Cal., big studios in Chicago and one company now at work in the Panama Canal Zone. Send all scripts to 20 East Randolph St., Chicago.

MISS G. F., BALTIMORE, MD.—Yes, that player is married to the actress you named, but sssh! he doesn't want it generally known, so please don't tell any of your friends.

FRED W., THOMASTON, CONN.—As this department has several times explained pictures in which one player appears in two or more different roles at the same time are made by what is called "double exposure." That is first the player is photographed as one character and later on the same negative piece of film he or she is again photographed in the second character. When projected on the screen at the theater it looks of course as though he was photographed in two separate spots at the same time, which it is self evident is impossible. We haven't heard of a book on "The Trey of Hearts" serial filmed by Universal but there may be one in preparation.

NORA K., OSWEGO, N. Y.—Yes, a picture of G. M. Anderson (Broncho Billy) appeared in the April 1914 issue of PHOTOPLAY, and before so very long a new portrait of this Essanay star will appear. Watch for it.

MARY A. K., PORTLAND, ME.—On page 172 of the March issue of PHOTOPLAY you will find a list of various film companies and the kind of scripts each is in the market for. You might try some one of these companies, although we really doubt whether enough people would be interested in a whole series of photoplays dealing with the lives of famous musicians to make it worth while for a film manufacturer to produce such a series. Perhaps, though, you could make the series of such interest that it would be a really big feature for some company to produce.

EMMA L. W., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Among the Famous Players in which Mary Pickford has appeared are the following: "In the Bishop's Carriage," "Caprice," "Hearts Adrift," "A Good Little Devil," "Tess of the Storm Country," "The Eagle's Mate," "Such a Little Queen," "Cinderella," and "Miss Nell." You are mistaken in thinking that she ever appeared in a picture called "The Master Key." That is the title of a Universal serial story.

JOHN B., CHICAGO, ILL.—If you'll look on page 164 of the March issue of PHOTOPLAY you'll find there a scenario, which will give you the best kind of an idea as to the proper form in which to prepare your story. The address of the Thanhouser Film Corporation is New Rochelle, N. Y.

MRS. F. B. T., AUBURN, N. Y.—It is nonsense to suppose that you have to pay any exorbitant sum to so called schools to learn how to properly prepare photoplays. Anyone of a half dozen books, costing less than \$3, will give you the fundamentals, and on page 164 of the March issue of PHOTOPLAY you'll find a scenario published, which will give you a great big hint as to the proper style in which to prepare your story. See announcement in this magazine about Helps For Scenario Writers.

GENEVIEVE C., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Thanks for the compliments on our publication. We're going to try hard to make it still better for you. Your suggestion that casts be published at the beginning of each storyized photoplay has been passed along to the editor. We shall probably publish Marguerite Clark's picture ere long.

MRS. J. A. B., BERLIN, N. H.—Pearl White's address is care of Pathe Freres, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. You'll have to ask her for that birthday information as we don't consider it would be fair for us to publish it right out loud here where everybody could read it.

LORETTA S., CLEVELAND, O.—Guess James Kirkwood was the player you refer to in that Famous Players production, as appearing opposite

MISS V. O., WAUKESHA, WIS.—Usually in such serials as "The Master Key" five or six of the installments are finished up before the first one is released. With the present Universal serial called "The Black Fox" we understand it was all completed before the very first episode was released, but that isn't always true.

MISS CAROLINE E. P., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The circular you sent us is from a concern that we should consider a dangerous one to do business with. We know of no schools which can truthfully agree to teach you to act for the movies and help you to get a job in a regular studio when you have finished their course. Chances are less than one in a hundred that you could make good or would even be given a chance to even show the director what you could do if you were to apply to the nearest studio for work. Since you have had experience on the legitimate stage you have a decided advantage over many who seek a position at the film factory, but there are hundreds of applicants turned down every day who probably have as much talent as you claim to have. If you happened to be so fortunate as to be the exact "type" the director was in search of at the time you sought an interview with him you might—remember we say might, get work.

FLORENCE S., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Yes, a number of the film companies are sincere in saying that they might manuscripts from amateurs. It is no doubt true that the idea behind the story is about all they are really buying, since the average amateur's scenario itself is hopeless, but the idea can be turned over to a staff writer and made into a really acceptable photoplay. If you submit your story to a reliable and long established company we believe there is little if any danger that the pot will be "swiped" as some assert is the case. The nearest thing to a model scenario that we have ever published you will find on page 164 of our March issue.

PHOEBE B., HARRISONBURG, VA.—The players you mention have had their pictures in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. You must have missed the issue in which they appeared, but never mind we'll try and give you a new pose of each of them before so very long, and also a chat.



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NUMA H. WEST DULUTH, MINN.—A similar suggestion has been received from another reader. We hope we may be able to adopt it. Thanks, anyway, for telling us what you like.

A. J. O'N., LOCUST GAP, PA.—Cleo Madison appeared as both Rose and Judith in that film by "double exposure." That is, the negative was exposed twice. Once when she appeared as Rose, and then again when she appeared as Judith. When prints were made from the negative she appeared to be playing two parts in different parts of the screen at the same time, though really of course she did nothing of the kind. If, by mistake, you ever took one kodak picture on top of another, you will in a slight way understand what happened in the studio when Miss Madison was playing those two roles.

MRS. HARRY P. EUREKA, ORE.—Biograph never supplied a cast sheet on that particular release, so we are as much in the dark as you are to who played that role.

STEWART T. B. PONTIAC, MICH.—Sorry, but Keystone does not supply a cast sheet telling who appears in its comedies. That particular company wants the public to know only its stars like Chaplin, Arbuckle and Normand.

NORMAN C. OTTAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA—See pages 164 and 172 of March issue PHOTOPLAY for form in which to prepare a scenario and where to sell it after you have it written.

E. D. BERKELEY, CAL.—Beatriz Michelena, we understand, is a decided brunette, though we can't tell you anything about her height. Mary Pickford is medium.

C. B. P., PULASKI, TENN.—We cannot recommend any director to you. Write some of the nearest film concerns and see if they would loan you a man.

BERNARD B., NEW YORK CITY—We never heard of your mysterious Mr. Randolph, who has disappeared, so can't tell you where he has gone. As to your securing a position with some manufacturer of pictures in or near your home, we don't believe there's a chance in a thousand for you to even be given a trial.

CARL S., RICHMOND, IND.—So far as we are able to learn the film concern you mention is unreliable. We have been told it was organized purely to sell stock.

VIVIAN G., SOUTH CHICAGO, ILL.—Both Warren Kerrigan and Vera Sisson would probably answer your letters if you were to address them care of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

C. A. T., WACO, TEX.—The name LaBadie is pronounced with the accent on the "La."

ZOE G., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—No, it was not Mary Pickford's mother who appeared in that role in "One of Millions." We can't tell you where the waterfall scene was taken, but it must have been somewhere in the vicinity of New York City. A very pretty background, wasn't it?

NEVA BEATY, AUBURN, IND.—Sorry, Neva, but you see Leah Baird is in Brooklyn, N. Y., and we are in Chicago, so we don't see exactly how we can ask her if she ever got the book you made and sent her which you entitled, "Life History of Leah Baird." Perhaps if this meets her eye she will write and acknowledge the book or else tell you it never came to hand, on account of your mistake in addressing it. Why don't you write direct to her, care of the Vitaphone Company?

FLORENCE B., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Mr. Lockwood is appearing with the Famous Players Film Company. Jack Kerrigan is unmarried and his parents live in Indiana, we understand.

MAME K., DETROIT, MICH.—If enough of you get together and ask the manager of that theater to run the films you want to see it is quite likely he will change his service. Surely he will if he thinks it will bring him bigger houses and consequently more money at the box office. Yes, Francis X. Bushman is with the Chicago Essanay Company, while Anderson and Chaplin are the stars at the Niles studio.

FRED A., JR., HARVEY, ILL.—John Bunny isn't appearing in any films just now, but is on the road with a show of his own. He is still under contract to the Vitaphone Company, however, and when he finishes his theatrical tour will again appear in Vitaphone films, we suppose.

GEORGE T. D., MINERSVILLE, PA.—In preparing a scenario you should arrange it something after the form of the one given on page 164 of the March issue of PHOTOPLAY and include a short synopsis of the story. The subscription price to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is \$1.50 in the United States.

A. C. G., WORCESTER, MASS.—No, you will not have to have your photoplay plot copyrighted before submitting it to the film manufacturer.

PEARL K., WATERLOO, IA.—Your first question we can't answer until you tell us what company made the film. Mary Pickford has been married only once. She has no children. Jack Kerrigan has a twin brother, Wallace Kerrigan. The brother does not appear in pictures.

F. W. P., PATERSON, N. J.—There is no standard price for scripts according to their lengths. One company might only pay you \$3 for your plot, while another might go as high as \$75 or \$100 a reel if it was deemed sufficiently good. It is the quality of your story that will determine the price, not its length. Do not under any consideration ask one photoplay editor to send your script on to another editor, in case he finds it unavailable. Have it returned to you and then ship it over again yourself.

E. F., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—"After the Ball" is sold on the state's rights basis and consequently has no fixed release date. It has been shown in Chicago for some months, but it is impossible for us to say when it will be seen in your city. Probably as soon as the state rights buyer for New York can arrange a booking with some theater.

ETHEL M. E., TOLEDO, O.—Irene Hough, adjudged the most beautiful telephone operator, returned to her home immediately after appearing in the one film for which she was selected. Charles Chaplin has a brother who is at present appearing with the Keystone Company. John Bunny is still touring the country in person, but when his trip is finished expects to return to the Vitagraph studio.

MARTHA H., NEW YORK CITY.—You have the name of the film wrong. Mary Pickford has never appeared in a picture of that title, so we can't tell you who played opposite her. Owen Moore is now appearing in films released on the Paramount Program. Gee, we couldn't read your letter if you were to ask your next bunch of questions in shorthand, so you'd better not try it.

CLARENCE V., SALINA, KAN.—Your favorites play double parts, but what is called "double exposures." First they pose in one position, then on the same piece of negative film, they pose in the other position, being careful not to get in front of themselves in the picture previously taken, and when the finished picture is thrown on the screen it looks as though they had posed in two places at the same time.

M. MARCHWITZBERG, CHICAGO, ILL.—Page 164 of the March issue of PHOTOPLAY shows you roughly how to prepare your scenario, and page 172 gives you a list of the companies to whom you might send it. As to prices paid that all depends on how good your story is. You may get as low as \$5 and if it's worth it, you may receive a check for \$100. Of course they may not want it at any price and then you'll get it back.

C. M. E., CLEVELAND, O.—That Chicago Tribune Thanhouser prize contest is decided. You will find the winner's name in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. The serial you mention is to be made by the American Film Manufacturing Company at its Santa Barbara studios.

MISS E. W. P., HOFFMAN, N. Y.—Harold Lockwood is the player you mean. The photo can probably be obtained by writing the Paramount people, but the player himself is now in the employ of the American Film Manufacturing Company, and you'll be able to get his very latest pictures by writing to him care of their studio in Santa Barbara, Cal. Be sure and enclose at least a quarter to pay for postage and packing.

GLADYS K. S., GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.—Write to Miss Young, addressing her care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West 46th St., New York City. The letter will be sent to her at the studio.

FRANK G., WHITMAN, MASS.—Write to Mr. Glendon, care of Lubin Film Company, Philadelphia, Pa., and the letter will reach him safely. Wouldn't it be interesting if he did after all prove to be your missing relative?

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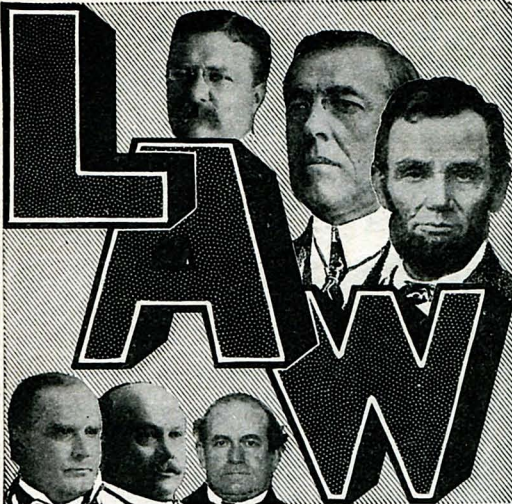
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The visible supply of select Hillsborough County grape fruit land is melting away very fast. Prosperous homes are scattered around the Lithia Tract—grape fruit and orange groves are flourishing on all sides. Already buyers are building homes on our new Lithia Tract, and values are due to rise here just as they have in our two former suburban farm tracts in this same county.

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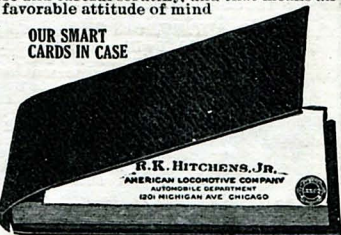
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I Will Help You to Start. The very proposition that made me, should do the same for you. Don't slave away for some one else. Start in the Crispette Business for Yourself. Build a business of your own as I did. Get a window—a small store—a cozy nook, where the rent is low. Keep all the profits. I'll teach you the Crispette business—tell you how to succeed—show you how to make Crispettes by my special secret formula. I do it right here in Springfield—personally or by mail. But the thing for you to do is to start.

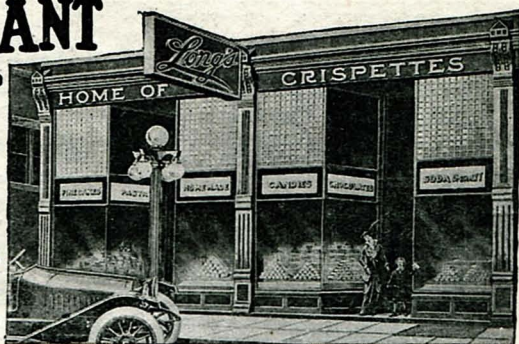
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This is a recent picture of the man who made \$1,500 in one month with a Long Crispette machine, in a store window.

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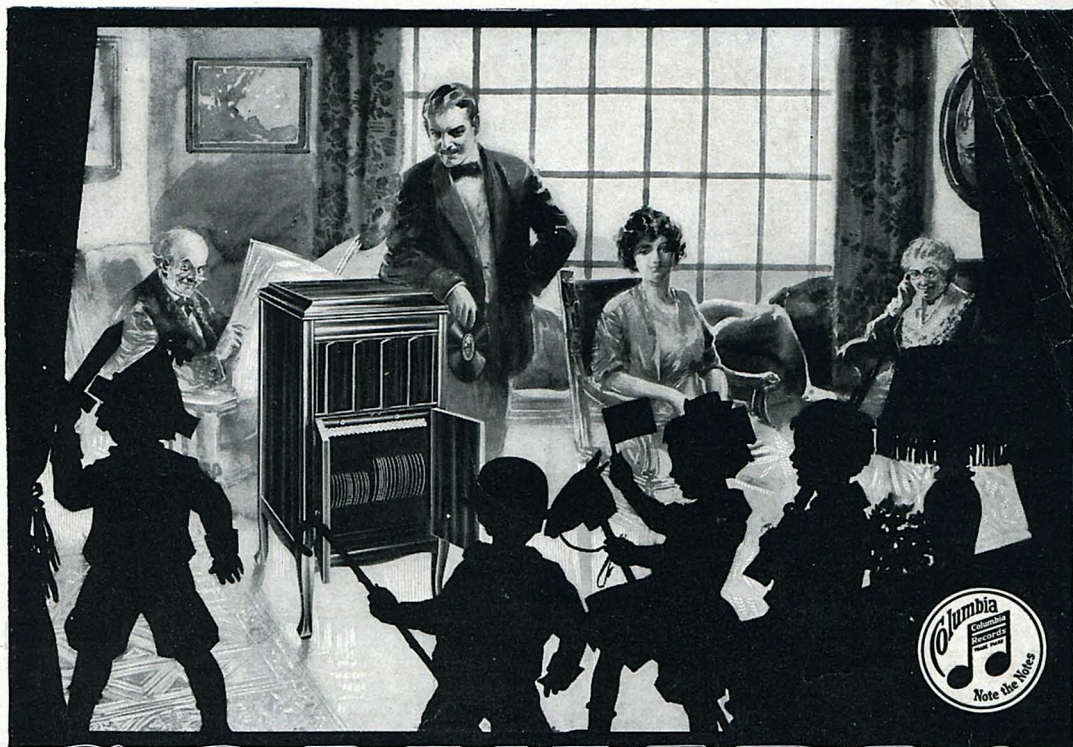


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